



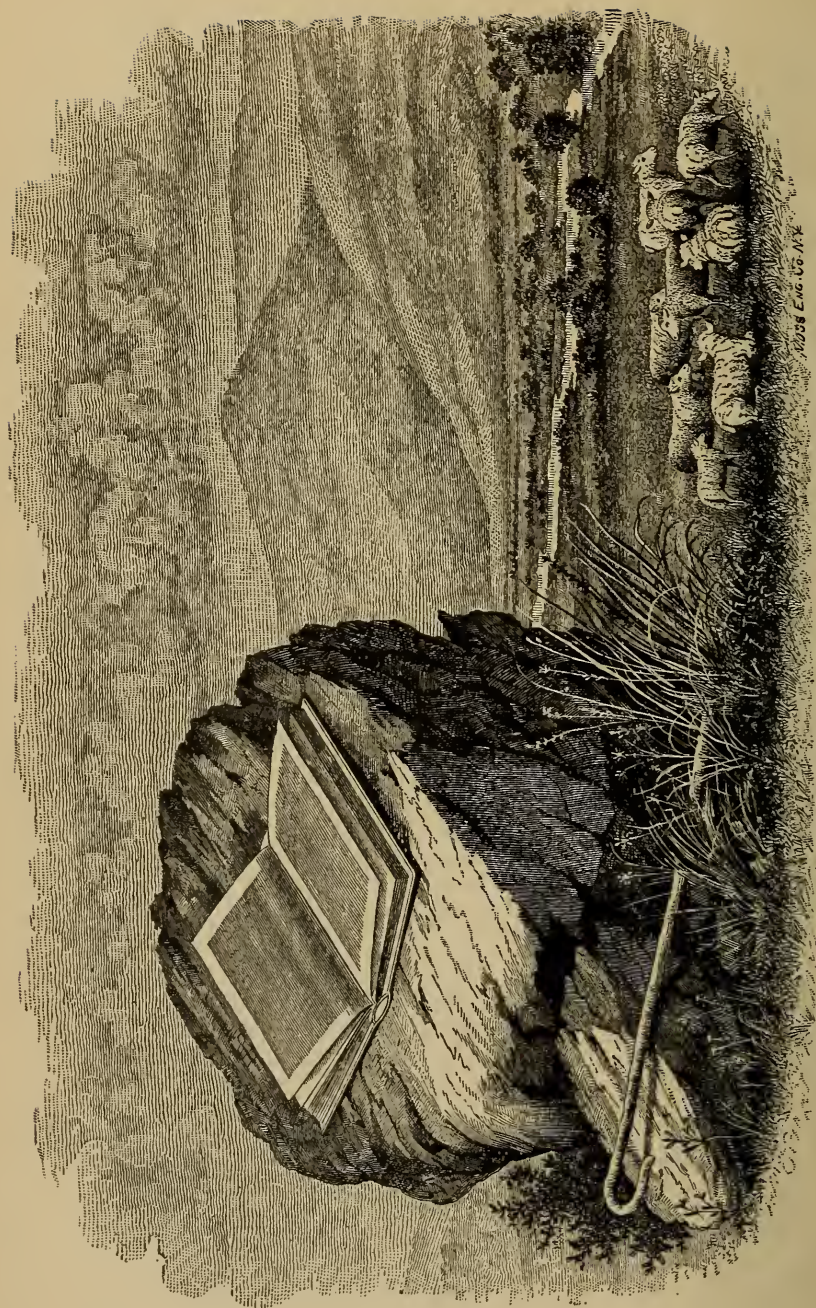
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"MY LIFE IS AN OPEN BOOK."

MY LIFE

—IS AN—

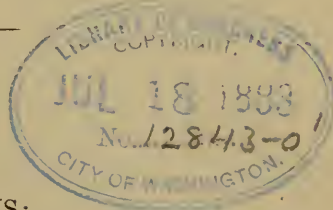
OPEN BOOK.

BY

CHAPLAIN G. G. MULLINS,

25 U. S. Infantry,

In Charge of Education in the Army.

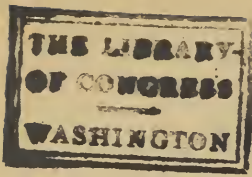


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Yours in the valley
but in sight of the top thank God!
Burt Stover

To the Memory of

Berty G. Stover,

The ELOQUENT BOY PREACHER of the
CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

Some said, "John print it,"
Others said, "Not so,"
Some said, "It might do good,"
Others said, "No."

—Bunyan.

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CHAPTER I.

RIGHT ESTIMATE OF LIFE.

“ We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God !”—BAILEY.

We never look for any great quantity of fruit from a young tree: The apples may be large and mellow, but they will be few in number.

Hence, in order to fill our barrels and bins for winter use, we drive our wagons to the old gnarled trees of the orchard. They have lived through a half century; they wear many a scar; and the clubs and stones lodged in the branches, show that they have had rough treatment; but with their long roots, huge trunks, sturdy boughs, and millions of leaves—they gather from year to year enormous stores of the crude material from which to make blossoms and fruit.

And yet, it is among the green branches of the young tree that we search for the largest and juiciest apples.

And so it is with men: It generally requires long years and a broad experience to produce any very fruitful life.

On this account, so far from expecting important deeds, or notable manifestations of wisdom and goodness from the young, most people fail to suspect that there may be anything in a youthful life worth being written and read.

It never occurs to them that genius wedded to virtue may unblushingly claim commanding prowess and dignity for its offspring; that genius may sometimes overleap and set at nought the ordinary necessities of time, rule and patronage; and in fulfilling its destined mission, may crowd the drama of a generation into the space of a few years.

In every department of human activity, some of the most illustrious of heroic names are of men who won immortality while they were still young.

Indeed, careful search among the folios of biography discovers that the majority of great men thought their best thoughts, and did their mightest works in early life.

Customs and institutions are hallowed by years, and paintings are clothed with richness by old age; but it is not necessarily so with man, else time would be the most considerable factor in his history. In that case life should not be analyzed, but duration of existence only measured.

Then, the brown and hoary rock of paleozoic ages would be an object of more venerable interest than any man that ever lived; then, the old Lombardy poplar which never gave even a seed to a sparrow, but—

“Which solemnly stands,
And with deedless hands
Piously points to heaven!”

would be a more precious thing than the sweet memory

of the woman whose busy hand planted it long ago to adorn the gateway of her new home.

Time should bring to every one the chastened prudence and goodness of instructive experience ; should dispel the throttling spirit of diffidence, and impart a manly self-reliance ; but, to many it brings an obstinacy of opinion and an arrogance of authority—to which they have purchased no right ; and it is about impossible for such indurated and self-luminous people ever to grow either in knowledge or in grace.

Nature reveals her secrets most unreservedly to those who woo her with humblest entreaty ; while she coldly frowns upon the proud and overwise, and defiantly hides her charms from their sight.

It is not the mind of the old, but the mind of the young that is quickest to interpret the strange whisperings heard everywhere in the physical world ; and it is not the eye of the critic, but the child heart that discerns most clearly spiritual truth ; that sees most vividly mirrored in the Bible that superlative miracle, the image of the Son of God.

Furthermore, a little child's heart may be, and alas ! sometimes is, a very Garden of Gethsemane where a mortal in crying anguish sweats great drops of blood ; or it may be a wilderness battle field, to which angels in pity and admiration troop unseen to bless and crown a moral hero, of whom the world knows not.

Such truthful reflections ought to superinduce a more philosophical and humane treatment of the young ; and should at least awaken respectful inquiry concerning the wants and unasserted claims of those who display talents and energy of superior order.

Notwithstanding its splendid progress in the paths of science and civilization, our age—strange to say, has hardly glanced at the study of that nondescript creature, the boy.

However it may be explained, certainly no apology can be offered for the damaging if not fatal neglect.

Boys cannot be studied, and in turn adequately taught and trained if regarded as one homogeneous mass of human beings; and that system of education alone can be eminently successful which singles out the individual, and treats him as though a separate and important genus in himself.

Such was the manner of education among the Romans of the Augustan age; and in the wonderful literary monuments of the greatest minds of that period, we find grateful acknowledgments of the wisdom and love which deemed each one in his youth worthy the personal watch-care and instruction of some able master.

Rome was quick too, to recognize and encourage with helpful honors any youth of extraordinary talents and high aspirations.

She eagerly made use of the rich materials which nature lavished upon her; and from them realized those incomparable productions, which have been treasured near two thousand years as models for the whole world.

Unfortunately such beneficent and discriminating wisdom is now little known among men.

In our generation, a youth may possess the finest native intellect, he may be a novel, and exquisitely complicated masterpiece—evidently fashioned for some great and special purpose; nevertheless he must pass through the same invariable discipline as the multitude; and at

school must scramble to procure his mental porridge from the common class bowl of everlasting Pythagorean beans.

Having run far ahead of his fellows, should he dare come forth with clear eye, strong arm, and unconventional sling to undertake great things for God and humanity,—not all men will hail him with delight,—and few will cheer him on.

It may be that his own brethren will deride his girlish cheeks, cruelly exaggerate every semblance of mistake, and with pious regret cast a darkly ominous horoscope of his future career.

If he protest and rebel ; if he question the infallibility of those who have made for themselves papal caps ; if he modestly suggest that possibly the fathers left some veins of truth undiscovered, immediately some would be Bossuet will thunder against him the charge and verdict of treason and heresy.

The popular manner of estimating persons and authorities is irrational and full of mischief. Men should receive consideration for their intrinsic might and worth ; and not for their race, or profession, or for the long time that they may have existed under the sun. Nor should it be thought impossible for one to be truly great, unless he may have won renown on the crowded and dusty highway of the world.

Many of the most potent forces of the universe are veiled and noiseless.

History would be more righteous and useful did it wander more among quiet rural scenes, and oftener visit the humble homes of the simple people ; did it take more pictures of childhood life, and note with thoughtful sym-

pathy the condition, hopes, dreams, trials and meritorious efforts of the young.

As it is, History is to a deplorable extent evil-minded and does not rate men and things aright.

The standards of measurement are wrong, and the proper tests of worth are not applied to character.

She hears only the loud sounds, and sees none but the garish colors of life.

She delights most to gather around her the children of fashion and vanity, and has a morbid taste for the story of violence and blood.

And in all this, she is true to the prescriptive ethical code of worldly society, for what comparatively is the silent individual to the noisy crowd,—the ill-clad peasant to the empurpled prince,—the unsophisticated youth to the desperate pretender of high-sounding deeds !

Several years ago, in a winter night away out West a brave boy volunteered to go fifteen miles across the mountains to get medicine for a widow's sick child.

There were strong rough men there, and all were touched with pity, but they shrunk back from the perilous undertaking.

She had no claim upon the boy, save that which sometimes a great heart freely accords suffering humanity.

He trudged on through the night, the bitter cold and deep snow ; he climbed over jagged peaks, and passed through dismal forests of pine ; he delayed not for rest, and when a day and night had gone, when the now almost crazed mother and some miners of the camp sat in hopeless silence near the moaning fever-tossed child—they were suddenly startled by a shout in the valley.

The grand souled boy had returned !

His whole body ached from the toil and cold ; his face and hands were cracked and bleeding, and one poor foot was so badly frosted, that he became a limping cripple for life.

But, he got the medicine, and saved the life of the little orphan girl.

A more chivalrous soul than he, old King Arthur never dubbed knight of the Round Table !

Here indeed, was a character more refreshingly beautiful than is the rare little plant, sometimes found blooming high up on those same mountains with its fragrant blue bells dangling above the snow.

And yet no telegram ever told the nation of his unselfish heroism, and no brilliant assembly tendered him an ovation.

Let some aimless traveler return from wandering thousands of miles over the earth ; simply because he has visited remote regions, and mayhap can add a curious mite of ancient pottery to our collection in the museum, we at once hail him with loud enthusiasm,—furnish him with a luxurious bath, put soft sandals upon his feet, and costly raiment on his body, while we ridiculously invest his every word with charming interest.

One of the most incomprehensible mysteries is man's poor and perverted conception of the meaning and end of life, his blind insensibility to real greatness, and to the glory of that soft light, which has been beaming on the nation for over eighteen hundred years.

Under the fatal spell of ignorance and sin he attributes to things material and perishing the weighty importance that belongs only to things spiritual and eternal.

The writer recently saw in a Mexican roadside encampment an eagle tied with a string to a stake.

The sight could not be other than intolerable—the very genius of freedom in bonds and down in the dust!

After much persuasion and the gift of a piece of silver, the owner was induced to cut the string and allow the eagle its liberty.

Now according to all tradition, the noble bird would shake his wings with dignity—gaze for a moment at the sky—slowly lift himself up into the air, and after one wild scream of joy—at last sweep away for a glorious flight miles and miles above the purple hills.

But that eagle did no such thing: He lazily circled about in the air a few times, and then suddenly pounced down upon the body of a dead goat. To my disgust there he stood groveling in dirt and blood; but, one listening to him delightedly cawing and shrieking over his prize, might have supposed that the kingly creature had just found an eyrie of gold in the blue mountains of the sky.

In religious fervor it has been exultingly proclaimed that “our age longs to be religious; the multitudes are turning their eyes heavenward; the souls of men cry out for God,” and we would fain believe it, but after all is there not serious cause for thinking that such statements are the sanguine assertions of pious optimism?

Carefully considering his conduct do we not find a thousand proofs, that “man is of the earth earthy” where there is one suggestion that his spirit is seeking after God and immortality?

And now, Oh! man, walking through this land of the shadow of death, is there aught beside the hope of heaven

to satisfy the infinite longings of the soul ; and can human life have any real gladness, or any glory, or any sublime end except in the transfiguring beauty of the Lord our God !

Standing before the blaze of the revelation of Jesus Christ what awful yet joyous significance is seen in this our life on earth.

In that light, what profit is there in pretended greatness ? What charm has age without wisdom, and eminence without virtue ?

What are the years that ripen no precious fruit and garner no golden grain ; and what is the life of man or woman unless glorified by the faith and hope and love of a little child ?

“It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night :
—It was the plant and flower of light.”

CHAPTER II.

MAN—THE BOOK MAKER.

“I would gladly, after my death, have that which never happened to any other author—all my thoughts given to the world ; not one should be concealed.”—J. PAUL RICHTER.

“What thou art in the sight of God, that thou truly art.”
—THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

There is a quaint Spanish tradition, which relates the story of a child, who by sad accident was left upon an unpeopled island.

With its vast plains and forests, its mountains and lakes ; its perpetual air of balm, and its indigenous fruits, the island might have been a fit home for a nation ; but the little boy was the only human being upon all its soil.

After a few days of bewildering grief, by that rebound of feeling natural to children in vigorous health, he became submissively accustomed, and in a manner reconciled to his lonely lot. Hunger and suffering soon instinctively aroused him to the work of self-preservation. He learned to pluck the delicious fruit that hung in wild profusion around him, for food. He had found a small cave in the rock near the beach, in which he made for himself a bed of dry leaves and grasses.

He spent the long days in watching the booming waves roll up against the shore; in wandering to gather fruit and flowers; in childishly courting the society of the animals and beautiful birds that lived in the forests. They soon lost their shy timidity, and many of them after a while became so strangely fond of his presence that they lingered ever about his cave.

Here in solitude he grew up to rugged manhood; still, ever dreaming vaguely of the great world of men—somewhere over the waters, he knew not where.

Although, untutored by men, he was endowed by nature with strong intellect; and from his constant habit of talking to himself, to the waves and the sympathetic animals; from deep meditation upon the silent lessons of earth and sky, he unconsciously grew to be a philosopher and poet of rarely brilliant powers.

“The humblest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze, as clearly
As the pipe—whose virgin gold
Befits the lips of Phoebus.”

Often would there steal over this isolated being a tightly stretched longing to see again the peopled world, and the want of human fellowship would at times send piteous wails from his heart. He knew nothing of sin, of falsehood and cruelty, but the childlike man was full of innocence and benevolence.

At last one morning, after long years, there came a ship to the shore, and he fearlessly hastened to reveal himself to the crew. At first, somewhat overawed, they shrunk back from him; and gazing upon him in his wild,

nude state with curious wonderment, they concluded that he was a specimen of some hitherto unknown race of savage men. However, by broken speech and rude gesture he finally succeeded in making them comprehend his melancholy history. They gladly took him on board, and carried him back to the civilized world. Philosophers, statesmen, poets and priests hailed him as a rich discovery, a proper subject for closest examination and study.

Patiently did they endeavor to learn all that could be drawn out concerning his life; and especially his impressions and thoughts received from and in nature, uninfluenced by the society and teachings of men.

This astonished delight in a person so novel is not of difficult explanation—for an eager curiosity concerning the distant and unknown is common to mankind.

Should an angel from some star-world come on an open visit to the people of earth, all men would be seized with a most irrepressible desire to see him; and to hear all that he could be induced to disclose concerning his own mysterious existence.

And would not the revelation of such a sublime life flash and shine like a pillar of fire in this dark world? It would for a little time, and excite tremendous interest; but it would then, by familiarity, lose its novelty, and men would cease to regard it. This thirst for the unknown is very queer in some of its leadings. It gives only now and then a vacant glance at that which is near, but zealously puts out its eyes gazing upon the remote. It magnifies the strange, and dwarfs the common.

It is said that there are those living within the sound of the awful roar of Niagara, who never give a passing

thought to that marvellous work of nature. Strangers stand wrapped in mute amazement, gazing upon the mighty waters rushing, thundering over the terrible precipice; and in the stormy roar, spell-bound, they seem to hear earth's sublimest hymn of Omnipotence.

There are many people living in the region of the Mammoth Cave who never cared to enter it. They have seen hundreds of eager visitors come and go with each summer. They have often heard of those magnificent halls and chambers, which, by the light even of torches, outshine the lyrical glory of the Moorish Alhambra; but they have never been tempted to go and see for themselves the far-famed wonder. The same people would be elated by an opportunity to cross the ocean and look upon the Alps

Many a man devotes years to learning the names, position, shape, colors and movements of the heavenly bodies, who would consider it beneath the dignity of his profession to bestow an hour's study upon a garden plant, or in devising a kite for his boy. Scientists may be met here and there, unable to tell a column of trap rock from a ledge of limestone; but they would be thrown into ecstasies could they possibly obtain a piece of the moon even the size of a man's hand.

Now, each human being is in himself a store of wonders, a miniature world—an epitome of universal experience—a cosmos worthy the prying ken of a Humboldt; and while all pertaining to it is of transcendent importance, that cosmos remains unexplored. Nothing can be less doubtful, and more inexplicable, than our ignorance of men.

For, after all, how very little we do know, even of those with whom we are most intimately associated.

The life we know is but the outside—the river flowing above ground. The words we learn, and the actions we behold, are no more than surface ripples upon the water. The eye cannot penetrate the deeply hidden springs, and there look upon thought and feeling—the source of all that is said and done.

This unsatisfactory ignorance cannot be attributed solely to inattention, for it must be owing in part, at least, to a more seriously discouraging cause. Men are unwilling to be known, and hence studiously keep themselves under cover of disguise. They live a sort of dual life, the inner and the outer, the private and the public, the seen and the not seen. These, two, are not unfrequently surprisingly different.

As the word *person*, which originally meant only the mask, afterward the character played by an actor, in time came to denote the actor himself, so it is with the apparent life of men. They choose to impersonate a character, and often become so identified with that which they have assumed, that they themselves lose all acquaintance with the real self; and in the language of Pope, “The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones.”

If men and society could for a season be so constituted that every act should be seen, and every thought be known, perhaps, evil would be repressed, and virtue greatly increased upon the earth. Those bent on wicked deeds have been known to steal away abashed and rebuked before the discovery and look of a child.

Were it possible, by miracle, suddenly to remove all bodies from their spirits; and compel every one to gaze upon his own and other's naked souls—insufferable would be the disclosure. Society would be shaken from its present foundations, and for a time the darkness and confusion of chaos would prevail. But from out the troubled night might come a glorious morning for the human race.

Dark secrecy is the chief element in the condition most favorable to sin; and the consciousness of sin is the powerful advocate of dissimulation. They either go hand in hand, or follow immediately upon each other's footsteps.

In the poetic account of the primeval couple in Paradise, we find that man's first thrill of shame was for his nakedness, and as naturally as we lift the hand involuntarily to shield the eye from a sudden light, so, unconsciously attempting to hide the stained spirit—he made aprons of fig-leaves to cover his blushing body. The true motive of that action, and of his hiding among the trees of the garden, is generally overlooked. Conscience sent the blush to his cheek and brow, and rendered him a wretched coward, ashamed to be seen. He could not bear to have it known that he had fallen from his princely estate of innocence; and had it been possible, he would have concealed forever his ruin from God and the angels. The children inherited the proud spirit and bitter portion of their great first father.

As the lightning sometimes shimmers faintly through the blackest clouds, so through all the oblivion of ages there still comes ever and anon to humanity a dim recollection of the period when man stood but little lower

than the angels. He feels that he is not the happy and exalted creature he was designed to be. Often too weak to attempt to rise above sin, and too proud to acknowledge his shameful condition, he sees no other alternative than to march through life under false colors. The inscrutable mystery is, that he not only becomes reconciled to his degrading choice, but in many cases by some potent illusion, or from the pleasing temporary rewards of successfully acting a false part, he is persuaded that he does wisely and well.

Conscience, stultified or dead, no longer gives law to his life, and he utterly fails to discriminate between right and wrong.

When we quietly reflect upon Hagar's exclamation, "Thou God seest me!" who can be so weak as to imagine that flimsy veils can mock the eye of Omnipotence? David, in a passage, which for its awful burden and sublimity of language can hardly be found equaled elsewhere in universal literature, proclaims the absolute impossibility of hiding any thing from God:

"O Lord thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compassedst my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in the unseen world, thou art there! If I take the

wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light above me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are alike to thee!"

These instructive words should be painted upon the walls of all our homes, and be woven into the memory of every child in the nation. A full persuasion of their truth would render people less anxious about vain appearance, and more concerned with stern realities. They would be led to despise the cloaks of pretension, and to strive to live true and brave lives. It would certainly be a most powerful incentive to virtue, to be ever mindful that we are in full view of a sleepless and watching eye; that our actions are seen, and our thoughts heard in heaven.

If the dogma of modern science be true that, "All things are but altered—nothing dies," then what stupendous importance inheres in all that we do, and all that we are.

Each star in the immensity of space sends out its every flash, as a picture star, sailing on the wings of light through journeys of awful ages. And

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight."

The most delicate fern prints its shadowy photograph upon the everlasting rocks; and our every fugitive

thought leaves some tint or shade of color; and every seemingly insignificant act is a steel chisel, cutting some trace upon the character which we fashion for eternity.

“E’en a snowflake lets a shadow fall,
As softly to the earth it sinks to rest.”

Hence the humblest life may start concentric and ever-widening waves of influence, for good or evil, that shall only break against the shores of the eternal ocean.

Our theatre of action is not bounded by earth and time. Man lives, acts, and then dies; but his life inaugurates a force whose influence cannot perish—until time shall be no more; until all things shall be made new, and former things have forever passed away.

By an inevitable necessity of our nature and condition, we are a race of bookmakers. Each human being must contribute one volume to the library of the universe. Man composes, but the angels of God print and bind the works in volumes imperishable. Happy, forever, they whose lives shall be eloquent treatises on truth and goodness—who had the moral courage to live as God’s men. But woe to them whose books shall be dark stories of shame, falsehood and sin: whose whole life was one miserable struggle to appear to be that which they took no pains actually to be.

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened—which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.”

In the light of the preceding reflections, the writer proposes to tell the story of the good and eloquent young

shepherd BERTY STOVER. Several years have quickly passed since he left us, and to-day the rank summer grass is waving over the crook that fell from his hands; but hundreds scattered through the land still remember his dear face, sweet voice and thrilling words. And this memory is alone enough to rekindle love, and awaken something of that enthusiasm for virtue and godliness, which we always felt when he stood as a messenger of grace before us. His history will be given faithful to life; for the brush of fancy shall touch no figure, and the hand of squeamish taste shall not hide a single leaf. From childhood, through youth to early manhood, and at the grave to the edge of "The land o' the leal," step by step will we follow him. The old home; his father, and family, and the sainted mother, of whom he so often spoke with words of singular beauty and pathos; the village school, and his days at college; his trials and afflictions, as well as his joys and solid triumphs; the gifted young woman whom he loved with a love more royal and beautiful than that of Abelard; his faith and the "Current Reformation;" his sparkling letters, with a few of his essays, orations and sermons, and his original opinions of public men and things, shall all claim our attention in passing.

If the book at places seems sensational—if it outrage the proud conceit of some would-be leaders, and even shock the nerves of some of our churches; then let it be remembered that no enemy has done this; but a gentle and unpretending hand, bent upon painting some scenes of life just as they were and are, without any effort at ornamentation.

Away off here upon the wild frontier of our country, in

a glorious climate, away from the din and scramble of the world, in a wondrous stillness, only relieved ever and anon during the day by the blast of the soldier's bugle, and at night by the sentry's cry, that "All's well!" often seated high up on a huge rock on the mountain side, and in the solemn shade of the live oaks—in leisure hours—I have lovingly worked to build a simple monument to the memory of my friend.

When dear Bertie knew that he was now about to die, with the sweet light of that other world already upon his face, he fearlessly pronounced what must be deemed his own most appropriate and honorable epitaph—

"My Life is an Open Book!"

CHAPTER III.

PARENTAGE.

"It is seldom that genius is isolated in a race: the germ of it almost always appears before the perfect fruit bursts forth. By tracing up a family for several generations we usually find some precursors of the great man whom nature seems gradually preparing in it.

Thus with the poetical family of Tasso whose father was a poet of second rank; thus with Mirabeau whose father and uncles were all natural and untaught orators. Nature takes a long time in preparing its masterpieces of the human race, as it does in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

Man is a creature of succession; who sometimes collects and combines in a single individual, the mental qualities of perhaps a hundred generations."—M. DE LAMARTINE.

George Gilbert Stover, named for both of his grandfathers — George Stover, and Gilbert T. Harney,—was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, June 26th, 1853.

From earliest infancy he went by the name "Berty," and in fact, he himself never recognized any other.

He was the second child and son of Daniel C. and Francis Harney Stover.

He was a finely developed, bright-faced, blue-eyed little fellow, very nervous, and too wakeful.

Family tradition reports him descended from a fine and even royal old stock of people; and there are some treasured proofs showing the claim to be just.

His father, son of George Stover, Jr., was born near Bedford Springs, Virginia, November 18th, 1822. He was the seventh child of his parents, who had a large family of seven sons and five daughters.

George Stover, Jr., was a son of Dr. George Stover, of Virginia, who, despite the hardships of the medical practice one hundred years ago, won love and a high reputation in his profession, and lived to the ripe age of eighty years.

The Doctor and his wife, Hannah Price Stover, moved from Pennsylvania to Virginia in 1798.

Hannah Price, the great grandmother of Berty, was born in Berlin, and was the daughter of a half brother of the King of Prussia, who fled to this country with his family on account of political and religious persecution.

She was a rarely beautiful woman, with large blue eyes, fair and rosy complexion, hair like the corn silk, a tall, rounded and graceful body.

The old moth-eaten family record tells us, that she was indeed a queenly woman of gentle manners and brilliant mind.

Away back from her, Berty probably inherited his fine blue eyes, and his nervous sanguine temperament, his inborn dignity, and that natural spring of eloquent speech.

George Stover, Jr., who had married Anna Rader, December 16th, 1810, in Botetourt Co., Virginia, finding himself blessed with an old-fashioned number of children, and desiring to rear them beyond the influence of what

he always emphatically pronounced—"the curse of slavery," moved to the free state of Indiana in the fall of 1832. He settled with his family upon a rich tract of wild land, lying on Haw Creek, Montgomery County, Indiana.

There in honest and peaceful toil he spent the remainder of his years, and died May 5th, 1863.

His son, Daniel was one of those plucky youths, whose inborn energy and ambition impel them to surmount all obstacles and climb ever higher and higher in life.

The worm rail fences of his fathers fields, and the boundary of the clearing in the forest could not confine his aspirations. His dreams and hopes early carried him out to the activities and honors of a much wider sphere.

As a boy he had a clear, quick brain, a will of most tenacious grip; and a heart full of good humor and generous sympathies. And in addition to all this, he was blessed with a robust body, capable of the severest endurance.

As might have been predicted, Daniel soon learned to read, and henceforth greedily devoured the few books that fell within his reach.

When but sixteen years of age he threw aside the axe and sickle—took up the ferule, and entered the country school house to teach the young Hoosiers—"Readin, Ritin and Rithmetick."

It is a curious fact that the majority of the best and most distinguished men of our country, seem to have laid the foundations of their future success while teachers in the old log school house.

Writers on social science might find it a subject for an interesting philosophical chapter.

Daniel continued teaching until he had hoarded up enough money to enable him to go to college.

About this time he was chosen by his fellow citizens to be orator of the day, at a great celebration on July 4, 1839 ; and his oration awakened the most patriotic enthusiasm of the multitude. Indeed, he has always been a public speaker of enviable power ; though seldom exercising his talent.

In 1839, he entered Wabash College, at which institution he continued a student, in separate periods, for three years.

During this time he had taken up the study of the Law, and in October, 1842, at Iowa City, he began to study under the instruction of Hon. W. R. Harrison and Gov. Lucas, the first governor of Iowa. There he remained during the winter—the coldest ever known at that point—until the summer of 1843, when he went to Washington County, and there continued his legal studies with his brother, G. R. Stover, who was U. S. District Clerk.

Under him, Daniel served for some months as deputy clerk.

He and Samuel A. James, located the town of Sigourney, Iowa ; and they two conducted the first election ever held in Keokuk County.

He was admitted to the bar, to practice law in September, 1844 ; and soon thereafter decided to return to Indiana, and to remain a citizen of that state.

He went across the country on horseback, in those days a hard and lonely trip.

There were no stage lines and railroads then ; and but

few small settlements in what is now the great State of Illinois.

In the spring of 1847, he was graduated as "Bachelor of Laws" in the Law Department of Indiana State University; and was unanimously elected class representative to deliver the oration on the Profession of the Law at the University's annual Commencement.

Returning home, the same season he located in Crawfordsville; and in the following August was elected Attorney for his Judicial District, and for two years prosecuted the pleas of the State.

On the 2d of November, 1847, he married Francis M. Harney, at the old Harney home on Haw Creek; and immediately took the young wife to their new home in Crawfordsville.

Here their two sons, James Harney and Berty were born.

In 1849, Daniel accepted the position of principal clerk to Colonel A. May, Indiana State Agent at New York; and while there he alone managed the Indiana suspended State debt.

He was sent to the House of Representatives from the county in which he was reared; and was an active member of the Indiana Legislature during the long session of 1852 and 1853, when it revised the laws of the State.

Although the youngest man in the House, he was chosen with Robert Dale Owen and James S. Hester, to revise all the laws so as to conform them to the new Constitution of 1852.

He himself revised and wrote out over one-third of the Revised Statutes, as they now stand and remain in force.

In 1854 he removed to Ladoga, a growing town about ten miles from Crawfordsville, and there established his permanent family residence. He took all pains to select a lovely site ; on elevated ground, overlooking the village. The large and elegant house was nestled in the midst of a rich grove of maple and walnut trees. It soon became a beautiful home, a fit place for the early growth and aesthetical culture of a creature so exquisitely organized, and so impressionable as was the child Berty.

In 1857, D. C. Stover, Oliver P. Morton, and Samuel H. Buskirk were the Democratic candidates before the Indiana Legislature for the office of State Agent.

Stover was elected, but owing to political wrangling, and a bolting Legislature, he did not get possession of his office for nearly two years. He served two years ; and in 1861, was defeated in the race for the same office by only two votes. After that, he acted as manager of the office in New York, for his successor, R. N. Hudson.

His wife died in August, 1862, and he returned home to live with his three motherless children.

At this time there were some flattering openings for him in public life ; but he declared that nothing should now separate him from his two boys, and his tender and beautiful little daughter Lida ; that he felt it his most sacred duty to see personally to their welfare and education.

For the sake of employment at home, he built a large woolen mill at Ladoga, ran it four years and then sold it out.

On the 13th of September, 1864, he married M. C. Harney, a younger sister of his first wife, and a noble and an accomplished Christian woman.

They have two children, Urban C., and Anna Charlotte.

All the family, including James and Berty moved to Denver, Colorado, in the spring of 1873. Upon arrival at Denver, they opened a real estate and mining office.

The two sons had been very actively engaged in preaching for several years ; were worn down from constant study and public speaking, and their father wisely persuaded them to engage for a time with him in a business which would keep them much in the open air.

They organized several large mining companies ; and by much labor, and expense, prepared a full and complete set of Abstract Books of the city of Denver and the county of Arapahoe.

In short, Berty's father, Daniel C. Stover, has been through life a great worker, and is a man of uncommon mind and character. From early manhood he has been a leader among men, and has exercised dominant influence both in church and community wherever he lived.

He has always cherished a deep interest in the cause of popular education ; was the founder of Ladoga Academy, and for a number of years was a prominent member of the Board of Trustees of Northwestern Christian University of Indiana.

He is a man of charmingly sunny nature, of strong faith in God, and in humanity. He regards many men, in their misfortune or degradation, as being but overloaded children of circumstances, who have not had a fair chance to bring out the good that is in them.

He is wide awake to all subjects of importance, is well read, and both thinks and lives under certain clearly defined and fixed master principles of life. He despises

bigotry, is intelligently liberal and catholic in all his views. Especially has he strong sympathies for the struggling young, and has rarely known a young man without making some kind effort to arouse high ambition within him.

There are now a goodly number of men eminent in the nation, who laughingly but gratefully tell of the delicious conceit with which Uncle Daniel's persuasive talk inspired them when boys. He has the peculiar faculty of putting himself in your place, in order to help you out, and into a better one.

As might be conjectured concerning such a strong, positive and self-asserting nature, he is a genuine optimist, and consequently his conduct is sometimes marked by seemingly undue selfishness. While he would not abuse the world, he would use it most exactly for his own advancement, and does not believe in tamely submitting to be used as a tool, or slave, or stepping-stone by others.

His relation with his children was an intimate and sacred one.

Many a privileged guest has gone from his hospitable house, thoughtfully impressed with a sense of the holiness of that perfect love which casts out all fear, and renders home a sweet and heavenly place.

His sons told him their every secret, every care and plan, and even fearlessly confided to him their little love affairs. He seemed to understand it all, to feel it all, and with warm sympathy entered fully into their childish joys and sorrows.

No wonder they grew up to regard him as a real fortress into which they could flee in their times of trouble.

In their great respect for his wise judgment they deferred to his opinions; and in their gratitude, they were ever anxious to please him, and only afraid of wounding his feelings, or disappointing his fond expectations. Happy father in having such sons, and thrice blessed sons in having such a father!

Gilbert T. Harney, Berty's maternal grandfather, son of Selby Harney and his wife Hannah Hopkins, was born in Nicholas County, Kentucky, July 16th, 1801.

Selby Harney was one of the early settlers of Kentucky, and the family name is inseparably connected with the historical honor of the State.

Indeed, through the renowned sagacity and prowess of General Harney, of the same old family, the name has been long illustrious in our nation. He is said to have been the only soldier whom the fierce Sioux Indians ever dreaded.

Both Selby Harney and his wife Hannah died from *Black Tongue*, within the short space of two weeks.

This terrible disease, at that time also called "Cold Plague," or "Black Death," from the appearance of black spots over the body, and the sensation of being frozen, had filled the country with mourning and horror.

The accounts given by old people of those days of darkness and woe, remind one of the appalling description by Thucydides of the plague at Athens, or of Bulwer's account in "Rienzi," of the same fell pestilence.

The spots which appeared over the body, and the blackened, paralyzed tongue were soon known to be seals of a doom which medicine had no power to avert; and which many people, in shuddering despair, anticipated by suicide.

Selby and wife left nine children, of whom Gilbert, then only thirteen years of age, was the eldest son.

On him, at once devolved the care of the younger children.

He was made of sounder stuff than most boys, had a powerful brain and a dauntless heart; and right nobly did he strive to fill his father's place. Such were his hard struggles and strangely able management that they called forth the admiration and friendly help of all the few neighbors that he had.

His brother Selby, Jr., grew up to be a scholarly man, became a Professor in Washington College, Pennsylvania, and died while yet an honored member of the faculty of that institution.

Another brother was the widely known John H. Harney, the author of the "Harney Series of Mathematical Works," at one time extensively used in the schools of the West and South. He was a regular graduate of old Hanover College; and for several years Professor of Mathematics in Indiana State University. From there he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and established a High School for young ladies.

At last, having abandoned the school room, he became editor and publisher of the *Louisville Democrat*, which he soon made a formidable competitor of Geo. D. Prentice's celebrated *Journal*, for he proved to be an able journalist; and Senator Stephan A. Douglas delighted to style Harney "The Lion of the Press of America."

He succeeded Prentice as editor of the *Journal*; and having won great honor and influence in his native state and throughout the southwest, died at his beautiful residence near Louisville in 1870.

A sister, Lucinda Harney became the wife of the distinguished educator and Grammarian, Professor Noble Butler.

William Wallace Harney, a cousin of Berty, is an acknowledged literary genius, and his popular productions command a place in the best periodicals of our country.

Gilbert T. Harney married Charlotte Kyle of Shelby County, Kentucky, April 25th, 1823.

They removed from Kentucky to Montgomery County, Indiana, in the fall of 1835. They had two sons, James F. and John H., four daughters, Frances, the eldest, Susan, Martha, and Mahala. The surviving son, James F., is now one of the prominent public men of Indiana.

The name of Gilbert T. Harney is familiar to the Disciples in America as that of a powerful preacher of the Gospel of Christ.

He died suddenly July 22d, 1846, from the effect of mephitic air at the bottom of a well.

He, who had devoted his whole life to the unselfish service of others, prematurely cut short that noble life in a frantic effort to save his loved son.

For an account of his tragical end, I take an extract from an old paper, the *Monthly Record* of 1846 :

“Our beloved brother, Eld. Gilbert T. Harney is no more. He died at his own house, on Haw Creek, Montgomery County, Indiana, very suddenly, on the 22d day of July, together with his youngest son, John Harney. The circumstances of his death were these, as I learned them from Brother Bowen of New Maysville :

“The pump in the well had got out of order, and John Harney went down into the well to examine and repair

it, and on reaching the bottom instantly fell insensible. The life-destroying *damp* had struck him! No one was present to assist him but his father, Bro. G. T. Harney, who, seeing him fall, with all the intensity of a father's affection, at once descended into the same abode of death, to rescue his son, but alas! he was able to render him no assistance, for the fatal *damp* struck him too, and he closed his eyes forever upon the things of time! No one was present to witness this terrible sight, except sister Harney, and the female members of the family, who could render no assistance in such a trying moment. The bodies remained in the well for several hours, until the neighbors could be convened, and take out the pump, and destroy the poisoning gas.

"Eld. Gilbert T. Harney was well known in Indiana and Kentucky, as an able proclaimer of the gospel of Christ. No man had a stronger aversion to the vain traditions of men, by which the word of God is made of none effect, and none perhaps loved the truth more ardently than Bro. G. T. Harney. He was a bold and uncompromising advocate of primitive christianity. The church of God at Haw Creek, over which he presided as an overseer, and all the churches to whom he ministered, will long feel his loss. But his family! O how can words describe the anguish they feel! But I will not indulge in this strain—they are left in comfortable circumstances, so far as the good things of this life are concerned, and are in the midst of kind and intelligent brethren, who will supply their every want."—EDITOR.

Frances M. Harney, Berty's own mother, inherited largely the mental powers and graces characteristic of her family. She possessed an energetic, sensitive

and warmly affectionate disposition. There was something seemingly proud, even lofty in her bearing, but she was really one of the gentlest and most kindly of women. Over her home she presided with simple and quiet dignity, always patient, always elegant, and ever as fresh and sweet in spirit and appearance as a new blown rose.

She was even passionately devoted to her children, and yet a model mother in her wise care for them; and she earnestly sought to teach them to regard falsehood and selfishness with abhorrence, to aspire to noble things, above all to fear and love God.

The last words she ever spoke to her children, were:

“Love God, spend your lives in his love, all else counts for nothing when you come here!”

When she died the whole community mourned, and thronged weeping to her funeral; and it was remarked by many, that no other woman in all the county would have been so generally and sadly missed as she was.

In the troubled lives of the poor there was made a void, and there was no one who could take her place.

But,

“To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is—not to die!”

And rarely has it ever happened to a mother, *Beatae memoriae*, sweetly to live in such singular power and beauty, as this sainted woman lived in the soul of her gifted son.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOY AT SCHOOL.

“Childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.”—MILTON.

Berty began going to Ladoga Academy in September, 1858, when but five years old.

His first teacher was Prof. Jesse Walden, now ranked among the most useful preachers in the State of Kentucky. He soon became deeply interested in his little pupil, and often took Berty upon his knee, while teaching him the first lessons.

During this session his prescient teacher, and a number of observing friends began to predict that the child would lead no common career in life.

He attended the Academy four years, enjoying the instruction of such good men as R. M. Johnson, A.M., John Young, L.L.D., John Campbell, A.M., and Aaron Goodwin, A.M.

He learned rapidly, and soon left his fellows of the same age far behind; and yet, because of his modest disposition, his indisputable mental superiority, and evident vocation of literature, his schoolmates never appeared at all envious of him.

The boys, like the comrades of Helvia's son in Arpinum, were proud to do the bright little fellow honor; and the girls, only jealous of one another, shyly gave him gifts of fruits and flowers; and often followed him with their sighs.

These early attentions, he received with an unconscious matter-of-course air, as though one used to tribute; but he received them with exquisite politeness, always lifting his cap with naive grace, and making some pretty speech.

A fair woman writes, "When he was about ten years old, Berty, with whom I got acquainted at a country meeting, was at once enshrined as the first hero of my soul. One morning I ventured to give him a very large red apple. I cannot forget the tone and manner with which he thanked me, and said: "I cannot think of anything which would more tempt me to take a bite; unless it is your own rosy cheek!" I was several years older than he, but the dear audacious little gallant made me blush, and hastily retreat. Foolish girl! I was happy all that day long, and kept thinking to myself, that should Berty ever bite my cheek, an easy bite, I would not be very angry with him."

In childhood, and on through life he seemed absolutely devoid of any sense of fear.

It is related of the great sea warrior, Lord Nelson, that when a lad he one day curiously asked his mother:

"What is fear?" and Berty might have done the same; for indeed, such was his physical, mental, and moral courage, that he feared no man, question or temptation.

He always had a quick, high temper ; but while naturally inclined to be vindictive, he put a bridle upon his spirit, and tried hard to restrain bad feeling, and never allowed the sun to go down upon his wrath. He said that he " would be ashamed to go to God in his evening prayer, with any unjust anger, or cruel enmity lurking in his heart ; that no one could afford to allow the Devil to make a hiding place of the soul for snakes, scorpions and slimy things."

But, so intense were his feelings, and so decided his convictions of right and wrong ; so highly did he esteem truth and justice, that he could never be any white, quivering lipped opponent of wrong ; hence he was a whole souled champion, or a fierce enemy.

Such was the quick interest and the decision of his mind, that Berty Stover could never see two chickens, or two dogs fighting, without instantly, and with shouting enthusiasm, taking the side of one or the other : He could not be neutral if he tried

In his happy faith which seldom knew a cloud, he believed that God was always with him, to help him be invincible.

And this was the secret of the abrupt frankness with which he would say to one's face, " I like you, and want you to be my friend !" or, " I don't respect you Sir, and wish to have nothing to do with you, unless you turn about and mend your mean wicked ways "

This too, in his later years was the secret of that fearful eloquence, by which, with words on fire he sometimes, and at most unexpected moments, arraigned the aged sinner, and made him tremble.

He never hesitated to preach "out of season," and it was wonderful to see a pale boy thus storming and cleaving the hearts of old hardened men and women, with the sword of the spirit!

He early gave proofs of a keenly sympathetic and very generous disposition; he showed an earnest desire to make all around him happy; and despised selfish meanness. On one occasion, while still very young, one of his little companions was attacked by a much larger boy, and was being very roughly handled; Berty who stood near, looked on for a few moments with pallid countenance; but then he could stand it no longer, and rushing to the rescue, began to pommel with all his might and main, indignantly exclaiming, "If you strike him, you strike me; you are a bad coward to beat a little bit a boy; but we both can whip you!"

And whip him they did, until he bellowed, "ENOUGH!"

That night, Berty told God all about the fight, and gave thanks for the victory over the bad boy, just with as good grace as David ever shouted over his fallen enemies.

He could never be brought to profess the Christian doctrine of submission and utter non-resistance—as commonly interpreted; and never got over the notion that it was his privilege and duty to stand by a friend, or a principle of right, with the suasive power of words, money, or physical force, as occasion might require.

In a pleasant discussion one evening with a Quaker friend who contended that the followers of Christ are restricted to moral weapons, and are debarred from all wars and fightings; that Christ never appealed to anything but truth and love to influence men.

Berty exclaimed, "Imagine our Lord mounting a bench in the temple, and lovingly telling the Shylocks of their sin and shame, and trying to persuade them to cease from prostituting His Father's house! Why Sir, they would have laughed the Master to scorn—nay, they would have killed him or sold him, and cut short his mission, had he possessed the spirit you attribute to him. Jesus understood human nature, and he knew that there is ever a large class of men who can be controlled only by the hand of power armed with the lash and chain. And he certainly intended that such reprobates should be controlled for the good of society and the glory of God. When you get home I would have you study out the meaning of this passage of Scripture:"

" 'Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changer of money sitting: And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out the temple, and the oxen and the sheep; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables.' "

Berty was exceedingly jealous of his rights, and no one could ever trample them, or put the least indignity upon him, with impunity. He could not rest under what he believed to be willful wrong; and this marked trait of his character was undoubtedly inherited, for it is found in all the family.

In the summer of 1856, when he was three years old, his aged grandfather, and his great uncle Abram Stover were on a visit to his father.

One afternoon the old folks sat out in the shade of the trees, while the children romped on the grass in the yard.

In their play brother Jim was somewhat too rough, and hurt Berty; after several vain protestations, his anger was aroused, and instead of childish crying, the little fellow, with amusing pluck, pitched in and began to belabor Jim most furiously.

The two old hardy men were greatly diverted by the scene:

Uncle Abe especially, who had all his life prided himself upon his pugilistic abilities, was delighted, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. Turning to the father he said, "Daniel, take care of that fine boy—I have not seen such grit for nigh forty years; he has the old Virginia spirit in him sure; give him a fair chance and he will make a man worth talking about."

In 1858, While Eld. O. P. Badger was on a visit at the home in Ladoga, having noticed Berty walking about the house, he was struck by his noble appearance, and said, "Why, that little fellow has the most decided step and soldierly bearing of any child I ever saw; he walks like a young Julius Cæsar; if he live, I predict that he will become a great man, and make himself felt in the land."

About this time, Berty one night perched himself upon his dear old grandmother's lap, saying, "Now, Grandma tell me all about the Good Man's house, and what he has got in it." "Well," said Grandma, "it is a most beautiful house, and big enough for millions of people; the floors are made of shining gold; the walls of precious stones, like diamonds and rubies; the gates of splendid pearls. It don't get dark there; the people never get sick, and they never die. There is a beautiful river on whose banks grows the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

After quietly musing for a while, he seriously asked, "But say Grandma, if people don't get sick up there, what's that medicine tree there for?"

The good old woman instantly cut short the conversation, gently put him down, and bade him run out to play.

While still at school, one day a boy about twice his size attacked him with an ugly Barlow knife; but Bertie sprang with the swiftness of a mad young tiger, snatched the knife from his hand, and threw it far away. Then with singular coolness, calmly delivered him a sound lecture, shaming him for having drawn a knife upon a boy so much smaller than himself, and concluded by saying that he would never speak to him again.

A few years thereafter, when Bertie was about to join the church, he sought out this same boy to whom he had not spoken since the trouble, and told him that he felt very much ashamed of himself that he had not spoken to him, and now begged his pardon for having acted so spitefully toward him.

He then plead with the boy for a long time to come with him and join the church, and such was his knowledge of the story of the Cross, and such his zeal that he then won his first convert.

It was in November, 1862, when Eld. John O'Kane was conducting a protracted meeting in Ladoga. The meeting had continued for many days, and no one had accepted the invitation of the Gospel.

Bertie had been an earnest listener to every sermon.

At last, one frosty morning he was at the wood pile trying to split some sticks for the stove, when his father happened to come by. He stopped his axe, settled his foot on a log, and began;

"Say Pa! I think the best thing I can do now is to join the church."

"Why, Berty what makes you think so?"

"Well, you know most boys are good when they are little, but as they grow up they get with bad company—learn bad things and become trifling: I never did anything bad yet; and I think if I should join the church I would always be in the company of good folks, and would not be led off into bad habits.

"When one is a good boy it must be a great deal easier to stay good, than it is for one to become good after he has been a wicked person. I think if I join the church now I can keep on being a good boy all the time. Besides more than all that, maybe Jesus wants me to go to work right away!"

Deeply moved, his father replied,

"Well, son I will see about it to-day!" and then turned away to hide his tears. Going into the house, he immediately laid the case before Elders O'Kane and Hopkins and asked their advice.

Having called Berty to him, Bro. O'Kane had a long talk with him, was astonished at his knowledge of the Scriptures—at the strength and sweet simplicity of his faith in Christ.

Finally, he said,

"Bro. Stover, let the dear, dear boy do as he wishes, he fully understands what he is about, I have a strong impression that he is bound to be a bright burning light in the church—the Lord bless him!"

So his father told him,

"Berty you can do as you think right, but one thing

remember—whatever you do do, stand up to your profession like a man, and never go back on yourself!”

His face brightened with a joyous smile, and he quickly replied,

“ Why Pa I know nothing about *going backward!*”

That same day, he first hunted up his quondam enemy, and then together with him formally enlisted in the army of Christ.

The icy indifference of the community was melted by the sight of those two youths being baptized; and seventy other persons soon followed their example.

The meeting was long remembered as the time of a great revival of religious interest in the town.

Berty loved the Sunday School; was always in his place at the head of the class, and when prizes were offered, he invariably won the first. Once, within eight months, he committed to memory and repeated fluently four thousand verses from the Psalms and the Gospels.

While he grew up to deprecate and denounce the prize system in education as a hurtful mistake, and an almost unmitigated evil; he was always grateful that when a child he had been led to print the word of God upon his mind. So thoroughly had he learned his verses and so ready was his memory, that he could at any time with but little effort recall and recite passages, Psalms, and whole chapters from all parts of the Bible.

This familiarity with the Bible may account in part, for his poetic and oriental richness of language in the pulpit and on the platform.

In 1867 he entered as a student Kentucky University

at Lexington, with his brother James who had been attending school there for two years.

Berty had already begun to preach before going to Lexington, and began his college life with the title of "Boy Preacher."

He joined the Philothean Society, and entered into the debates and society proceedings with much zest and energy. His essays and speeches all bore some stamp of original genius, and were generally pronounced remarkable productions for one so young.

His talents were too versatile, his mind too inquisitive, and his body too frail for him to devote himself ploddingly to any one branch of study.

Moreover so grasping and concentrated was his attention that he burned out more vital fluid in one hour's study, than most students do in three.

He had no ambition to become eminent in any one department of science, except that of the Bible.

Greek, the language so

"Blessed in the marriage of sweet words,"

was one of his favorite studies. He liked it much better than Latin, because of what he called its smooth beauty and matchless perfection ; and no doubt in part, because of his great admiration for that master man, John H. Neville, Professor of Greek ;—of whom in after years he could never speak without waxing eloquent.

He admired him for his deep learning, his lordly dignity, and honest character ; and declared that the class of young men who attended the University needed just such severe discipline in their studies, such remorseless crit-

icism of their work, and such an example of true manhood as Prof. Neville gave.

And with this grateful enthusiasm, the old boys, who *exercised* the Professor from '58 to '62, almost to a man, will fully sympathize.

He had too a profound respect and love for Regent John B. Bowman. He frequently expressed his belief that God had raised up, and peculiarly fitted Regent Bowman to found and conduct a great institution of learning, whose influence for good upon the rising and coming generations should be immeasurable.

At college Berty suffered from one great inconvenience above his fellows; his hearing was impaired, and he was subject to spells of deafness, when it was impossible for him to hear the ordinary conversational tone of voice.

At these periods, he would be considered by those who did not know of his affliction, listless and dull.

One morning, he was severely reprimanded by a young Professor for apparent indifference to the lecture; and his excuse that he could not hear the speaker, was impatiently rejected.

He was cut to the heart, and could not rest under the humiliating wrong put upon him.

He resolved that if justice should be denied to him, he would ask of the Faculty at once that his name be honorably stricken from the roll of the University.

That evening he dressed himself in an elegant suit of clothes, and went to the Professor's house, rang the bell, handed his card, and asked to see Prof. A.; then sat down in the parlor and awaited his coming.

When he made his appearance, Berty advanced, bowed, and said:

“ Professor, I have come over to receive your apology for speaking to me so harshly, and so unjustly in the class-room to-day.”

Answered the Professor, with a look of mingled frown and surprise at such a demand from a mere stripling, “ I have no apology to offer Sir !”

“ Oh ! yes you have, I know you have. God never gave me good ears as he did you and my fellow students. There are times when I am almost shut up in silence, and I do labor at great disadvantage. I did not—could not hear your lecture, and being assured of this, you will not withhold the apology due me.”

The Professor stood a moment looking into the open face of the brave, proud, sensitive boy, then warmly grasped his hand and said :

“ I fully accept your statement ; you have my earnest apology ; I regret that I wounded your feelings, and in the future your affliction shall be remembered.”

After that a chair was placed very near the Professor for Berty. And there he sat, and, to use his own words, “ swallowed in the Professor’s lectures, happy as a sun-flower drinking the light.”

During the college sessions of 1867, 1868 and 1869, he lived in the excellent Christian family of William Van Pelt at Lexington ; and the family became strongly attached to him because of his goodness, modesty and intelligence.

He was popular with his fellow students, and esteemed by all the Faculty.

He was then at spells, as in after life an enormous reader. Put a good book into his hands, and he would

soon become oblivious of all around him. He had a pure and cultivated taste, and was a very discriminating critic.

Of many books he would only read the preface and last page; but some he rapidly devoured from beginning to end.

Seeing him in one of these periodic seasons of bibliolatry, one would be reminded of a hungry camel feeding and drinking upon the eve of a long desert journey.

Then he would put aside his books, and impose a sabbath upon himself; and continued for days rapt in silent meditation; and he grew to be rich in

“The harvest of the quiet eye,
That sleeps and broods on its own heart.”

What he read was ever after at his command, not in words, but in thought or fact. The great thoughts of others became the pabulum and stimulant of his mind, and not mere labelled curiosities stored in a museum.

As a musician studies the harmonies and symphonies of the grand old masters, in order to educate his own genius, and purify his taste, so he read classical literature, history and science to develop the powers of his mind and heart; he was a human epiphyte.

Before he was twenty years of age, by eager reading he had become familiar with Rollins, Goldsmith, Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, Hawthorne in the *Scarlet Letter*, Milton's prose works, Boswell's Johnson, Jeremy Taylor, Wordsworth, Burns, Shakespeare, Coleridge, Bacon, *Noctes Ambrosianae*, Jean Paul, Hugo, Hum-

boldt, Sir William Hamilton, John Stuart Mills, Lyell's Geology, Hume, Macaulay, Prescott, Gibbon, Grote, Bancroft, Dante, Draper, Dana, Blackstone, Wendell Holmes, Longfellow; besides everything he could get concerning the ocean, which subject had a strange fascination for him.

He liked to read aloud Dickens, and often found most refreshing enjoyment in the company of his characters.

Dr. March too, was a favorite author; his "Night Scenes of the Bible," and "The Unwritten Word," he loved much to read.

In the spring of 1869, he had a dangerous attack of typhoid pneumonia, and came near dying.

Shortly after this by unforeseen accident and complications his father lost a large fortune. His delicate health, and "*res augusta domi*," now impelled him to quit the University, and enter the field for the toils and battles of life. What he did will be related in another chapter.

In the fall of 1871, Mr. William Carter, of Dubuque, Iowa, who had become anxiously interested in Berty, kindly offered to furnish the means for him to return to college. After consulting his brother James, he concluded to avail himself of the opportunity.

So, he returned to Lexington and attended the University one more year, during which time he made rapid progress in his studies; and by his occasional pulpit efforts in various places, won a bright and precious name in the churches of the state.

CHAPTER V.

THE WORM-EATEN PULPIT.

“The pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue’s cause.”—COWPER.

The learned German Hueffell says that, “without the pulpit Christianity would not last a century; a blight would fall upon our civilization, and the world would inevitably relapse into a state of barbarism.”

While many will reject this, as gratuitous assumption, few can deny that there is good ground for Cowper’s position. Indeed, a little sober study will discover two notable things about the pulpit.

First, through ages it has been the source of tremendous moral and spiritual power; Second, from some cause that power has been greatly diminished, and seems to be so rapidly loosing its hold upon men, as to intimate that the day may possibly come, when the pulpit shall be as obsolete as the stone altar of the ancient Druids.

This is enough to invest the subject with momentous interest, and challenge the attention of all those who do not blink at the serious questions of social and spiritual science.

In view of the fact, that a power which once swayed the world is now apparently waning, indifference and unanxious complacency are both alike unpardonable.

Surely it is, any how, high noon of time that preachers at least begin to recognize the actual status of the modern pulpit; that they open their eyes to the ugly rocks before them in the sea, dilligently examine their charts, and prepare to steer through the storm of a night which threatens to be the most perilous ever known by the church.

It would conduce to great good, to determine as clearly as possible the origin, scope, and burden of preaching as a religious institution; and especially to discover the cause of the mournful decay which is gradually destroying this source of high and precious power.

There is in the printing press, of course, a cause that would naturally be expected to circumscribe the pulpit, and greatly modify the influence of the preacher. But it should not necessarily weaken that influence. Its legitimate effect should only be to strengthen the preacher, by throwing his energies back into the one appointed sacred channel; and by furnishing him an intelligent and appreciative people to listen to his message. The press is continually engaged in disentangling, eliminating and distilling truth; in working away to solve the intricate problems of human life and government; in portraying the sad consequence of sin, in contrast with the blessedness of virtue.

Then, unless ignorance be the ground of religion, the press is not a ruthless enemy, but a friendly and puissant ally of the pulpit.

However, notwithstanding this pleasing consideration, we must acknowledge that the press, in changing the face of the world, and in giving undreamed of movements and combinations to life's great battle, has laid strong hands upon the pulpit; and has placed the ministry under pressing necessity to abandon its long train of baggage wagons, to throw aside every encumbering weight and with the simple armor and sword of Christ, begin to war for the truth, as has not been done in the last score of years.

In order to find the efficient cause which, unless it be removed, will soon or late bring irremediable ruin upon the now already worm-eaten pulpit; it may be well to review some of the clearest characteristics of our generation.

We live in a period of history that might be fittingly termed the Meteoric Age. Everything is marked by breathless hurry, flash and boom, followed by intervals of silence and night. The very atmosphere about our heads is tremulous with abnormal excitement; and the spirit of peace, like a frightened bird, has flown beyond our horizon. Men's nerves have become intensely electrified; their brains are feverish, and all their actions are hurried.

True, here and there may be seen some eccentric individual who is content to live and work in the old conservative way; but the multitudes rush—struggling wildly on, as though stung and driven by the very demon of unrest. Impatience with any and every kind of restraint is universal; the absolute and unlimited rights of freemen, is a favorite topic; and the prevalent idea of

freedom is license to do, or not to do, simply as individual inclination may prompt.

Pride is as strong as the love of life; and people are possessed with an almost unscrupulous ambition to keep up, in the fashionable sense, with the times. They demand novelty and excitement. Hence the impress of the spirit of vanity and restlessness may be seen upon all the manifestations of modern life.

In education, the time was when it required hard study, thorough drill, and restricted application to a few studies to make the respectable scholar. And while, on account of the labor and patience requisite, comparatively few were turned out upon the world as scholars, yet they were men of strong ability, because of their massive attainments and ripe culture.

Now, there is an immense amount of show and sham in our educational system. There are magnificent buildings, splendid libraries, Boards of Education, and Institutes. There are Colleges and Universities without number. There is plenty of system, stilted theory and abominable regime; but there is very little solid worth in the inflating, veneering factories called schools. Of course, we recognize some noble exceptions.

Every child in the land is given an armful of text books; but only a few ever get more than a vain smattering of what is in them. Hurried over the universe as though riding a comet, they return with a blurred, dim notion of many things, but with a clear conception or positive knowledge of nothing. Perhaps, the influence of this nineteenth century spirit has nowhere fallen with more damaging effect than it has upon the pulpit. In a generation almost gone, the preacher was emphatically

God's man. He was a humble messenger who caused the people to tremble by his terrible denunciations of sin ; who, in God's name, and without respect to persons, commanded all men everywhere to repent ; who with eloquence made sublime by awful earnestness, pointed to the Lamb of God, and proclaimed a sinless immortality.

He came avowedly not in his own strength, and believed with whole-souled faith that all that gave authority and power to his mission was in the divine message he brought.

He was so unphilosophical, according to the world's estimate, as to think that the way of Christ and his Apostles is the only way to save the world. He made a passion of his calling, and worked with holy enthusiasm. He delighted day and night to meditate upon the Word of God, and often stole apart to pray in secret. He did not regard himself set for opposition to the solecisms of railing infidels, or the dreamy hypotheses of scientists, but for a grander work—the defense and proclamation of the Gospel.

He may not have been able to lecture on the one-celled monad, as being the tiny gate through which the vast procession of life on the globe has evolved ; but he could and did speak of the Omnipotent God who made heaven and earth ; of the Holy One who cannot look with the least degree of allowance upon sin ; of the glorious Savior whom men must accept or perish ; and of the Pearly Gates through which the white-robed throng shall enter into the City of Peace.

And men heard him gladly ! There was but little of ease and bodily comfort in his life. He would ride on horse-back a hundred miles over the wild prairie, or through

the primeval forest to preach to a few lowly people in a barn or log school-house.

Such men deserve to be honored and remembered among earth's well-doers; and are bound to stand up high

"In the kingdom a coming!"

It is related of Bishop Warburton that on one occasion, when a young man asked, "Would you advise me to become a preacher?" he instantly replied, "Not if you can help it!"

And the typical preacher of whom I speak could not help it. His whole being was instinct with love of Christ. It was simply a moral impossibility for him to move on in selfish, thankless silence, and tell no man. A fireless sun swinging darkling in the heavens, is as conceivable as the soul of such a man held mute by any earthly consideration.

But, now it has come to pass that the ministry is looked upon as a sort of polite and easy profession; and young men at college quietly discuss the comparative honors and advantages of Ministry, Law and Medicine; while the zealous Professor of the Chair of the Bible, feels called upon to persuade all the goodish students of the University to enter his class.

At the end of each collegiate session he turns out smooth and finished preachers, in almost as great quantity and with as much facility, as a patent machine turns out shingles, "all of the same timber, size and weight!" And to the tempest-threatened world what are they worth a hundred?

They are rarely ever well rounded, broad leafed, deep rooted men of sturdy manhood ; but are often one sided, weak and unnatural—so unmanlike and even unwomanlike, that many people have come to think that there is a simple statement of fact in the laughing irony of Sydney Smith, who borrowed from the French the saying :

“ There are three sexes—
Men, women, and clergymen.”

Many a professional preacher of our day is little more than a moral essayist, a religio-philosophical lecturer, or a skilled pulpit fighter who has much more taste for polemic speech than for the ministry of grace.

He is rated a great preacher, if he have learning, eloquence and tact to satisfy the dainty and dyspeptic appetite of the public.

This modern popular minister is expected to send up a coruscating rocket once a week. He must cull from the garden of all literature the sweetest exotic flowers, and present them dripping with dew, fresh and beautiful, to his admirers. He must fill the air with gold mist and delicious perfumes ; and, assisted by the finest musicians, make his service the very ideal of paradisiacal delight.

Of course he avoids that rudeness of speech which would jostle the consciences of his people, and therefore ignores all unpleasant truth. Many of the dreadful warnings of the Bible, this clergyman of lily fingers and exquisite delicacy, would consider it ungentlemanly to repeat before his congregation.

He is ready and glad to preach upon the latest exciting topics of the day. He entertains his soul-famished flock with readings of choice selections from the poets and the school of Mark Twain. He delivers lectures upon scientific themes; and while the profound but modest sage of science may decline to dogmatize upon the conjectural theories of material philosophy, hesitates not to announce that he will on the next Sunday explode the last theory of the thinkers, and furnish the indubitable solution of the vexed question.

Around his lectures he wreathes a great deal of sentiment which he is pleased to dignify with the name of love; but his conceptions of Divine love are in no wise modified by any thought of the majesty and eternal rightness of the law of God. The only notion of benevolence in which he delights is that of Uncle Toby, who would not kill or hurt a fly for the world, but take it tenderly by the leg and put it out of the window.

Now, I am no owl to hide in the dark and hoot at the sunbright world; but surely this prostitution of the sacred desk has grown to be a gigantic folly—an enormous evil in our land; and unless it is speedily put away, there can be no high hope for the church and the nation.

Can it be a matter for reasonable surprise that there is so little of prayer, reverence and piety in the church; that there is no cohesive power to bind the members, and that there is often anarchy and unblushing sin rampant in the congregation, when preachers are given to any and everything under the sun, save the one sacred work to which they are called by the voice of God and of humanity?

The clergy need not anathematize the infidel and the secular press; need not weakly conclude that Christianity is waning—it is God's truth and cannot wane! They may not think that the last days have come, and charge the gloomy state of religious affairs to the natural depravity of human nature, or to a possible want of efficiency in the gospel of Christ. But they do need to recognize the fact that, while occupying the position of its ministers, they themselves, by their folly, have been the most dangerous foes of the Christian religion.

By yielding to the tide of the world, and listening to the overtures of earthly ambition, they have, alas —

“ * * * lent their gift
To blight and mar the moral universe,
And set adrift
The anchored hopes of millions.”

In other words, I mean to affirm that preachers have themselves to blame for the deterioration of their influence, and the gradual decay of the pulpit; and all, because they have lost sight of the truth, that preaching is a strictly divine institution, and the preacher only an humble agent for a specific and definite work. It is a historical fact that this institution did not originate in the wisdom of man, but in the wisdom of the founder of the Christian religion, and is really one of its distinctive peculiarities.

True, whenever and wherever men have been gathered into communities, as in tribes, nations and cities, individuals have, from force of nature and of circumstances, risen up to instruct, persuade and command their fellow-men by the power of oratory. Hence public speaking

may be regarded a thing of necessity, growing out of the wants of society. But public speaking and preaching are far from being the same thing. As a divine appointment, preaching should be held just as sacred as the religion which it was intended to proclaim.

Were it an institution that had gradually grown out of the religious aspirations and expedients of men, there would be the greatest latitude in the province of the preacher; and the pulpit might with propriety become the rostrum for the discussion of any subject within the realm of thought. As it is, both religiously and logically, not only is the preacher shut up to the pulpit, but over that pulpit is written the charge, as if in letters of blood, more impressive than the fiery hand writing upon Belshazzar's wall—

PREACH THE WORD!

This may suggest the important question: What is the true scope and intention of preaching? The answer involves some points worth consideration, rarely thought of, and the neglect of which has produced much confusion and evil. We find then, that the aim of preaching most certainly is not political. Indeed, unless indirectly, it hardly touches the affairs of State. And this may not cause any alarm among the intelligently patriotic. For we have statesmen, politicians and the great public press, to occupy the field of politics; and, beyond question, they are far more competent than the ministry to educate and control the people in the things of Cæsar's empire.

It is not philosophical; and the vain discussions of Philosophy and Science should be summarily remanded to the schools and lecture halls, where they rightly

belong. In brief, to speak positively, the aim of preaching is one worthy an institution born of infinite wisdom and goodness,—it is to save men. To save them from the power of sin and despair and death. The human race has been ruined by sin; it is lost and doomed to die. Men have no knowledge or power to save themselves. Universal history proclaims that if ever redeemed at all, man must look for help and deliverance from on high. For thousands of years the spirit of humanity cried out through the dark for light and salvation. And mighty was the effort to find the answer.

Men who had climbed up, and stood overawed upon the sublimest heights of thought and men trudging along on the lowly ground of common sense, alike endeavored to find some remedy for the evil which has stricken the race with woe and death.

But all in vain! Human philosophy had undertaken a task which was above and beyond the reach of finite hands; which the Almighty and Omniscient God alone could accomplish. So that when the fullness of time had come, and “the world by wisdom knew not God; it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.” In God’s great name to preach Christ and Him crucified; to persuade men to obey the will of God, in order that they may be saved, comprehends the all in all of the preacher’s mission. And in that clear and glorious mission is man’s only hope. In itself it is all sufficient; outside of it, there is nothing to break the thralldom of sin, or dispel the fear of death and the darkness of despair!

The youthful subject of this memorial, Berty Stover, was in many respects a model preacher, worthy of study

and of imitation—if we should imitate any earthly being. It cannot be questioned among those who saw and heard him, that he stood ever in the pulpit and before men clad in singular strength ; that there was strange might in his words ; and that the good which he accomplished was remarkable, if not astounding.

I think the secret of his success was his absolute consecration to the work, his glowing enthusiasm, and his perfect reliance upon the gospel to achieve the work whereunto God appointed it.

No one could look upon his face, listen to his speech, so full of tender pathos and soul power, and then for a moment doubt his sincerity. The Bible was his constant and absorbing study ; and he loved the New Testament especially, “ with a fervid love passing strange.” Despite the anxious advice of friends, and the interdict of many physicians, it was impossible for him to rest and refrain from preaching. In the pulpit and out of the pulpit, traveling on the highway, or sitting by the fire-side, he was everywhere the same busy preacher, anxious for the spread of the truth and the salvation of souls. Sometimes, when I have been walking or sitting by his side, I have known him suddenly to become absent-minded, wrapt in silence, while a distressed look stole over his pale face, and then at last he would audibly murmur to himself his favorite battle-cry :

“ Time flies, death urges, knells
Call * * heaven invites.”

CHAPTER VI.

HIS EARLY PREACHING.

“Let no man despise thy youth!”

—PAUL, the aged Apostle, to Timothy.

One bright, beautiful Sunday morning, the morning of Berty's fourteenth birthday, June 26, 1867, he fixed himself up, had his horse, old “Pony,” saddled, and started off without saying a word to any one of his intention, and rode out to Indian Creek Church, some eight miles west of Ladoga.

At that place, and on that day, young Newton Wilson, son of the noted preacher, blind Billy Wilson, and a former schoolmate of Berty, had an appointment to preach. Upon his arrival at the church, Berty was invited to a seat in the pulpit. Wilson delivered a short sermon on the subject of the “Christian Armor,” having first announced that the youthful brother Berty Stover, would follow him, in exhortation.

At the close of the sermon, Berty rose up before the audience; with a pale face, but without any tremor of fear. He was so small that he could hardly look out over the front board of the old-fashioned pulpit stand. In a subdued, sweet and clear tone of voice he began, and spoke twenty minutes on the same theme. He very

graphically pictured the Christian soldier, clad in his beautiful and impenetrable armor, his terrible foes, his sublime warfare, his heaven-wrought sword, and the glorious crown awaiting him at last. While he spoke the people listened with profound and astonished attention; and many of the older men and women sat weeping from joy—while they wondered at his gracious speech.

He was so young, so small, so childlike, yet so powerful in eloquence, that he was at once recognized as one born to be a master of assemblies. Being requested to do so, he administered the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper, and with grace and dignity, as though a veteran minister.

The sensation in the community was great; and from that time on he was called—The Boy Preacher.

A number of people insisted that he should consent to preach at old Hebron, Putnam County, on Sunday, one month from that day. He did so, and the appointment was quickly spread abroad. The day came and brought early a great multitude together, so that the church and yard were both filled with people. He spoke nearly one hour, and with fine effect.

When he returned home, his father inquired, "Well, Berty how did you come out at Hebron?"

"Oh! I made a sort of failure: A lot of women kept up such a crying all the time that it troubled me, and I did not do so well as I might have done!" Said his step-mother, "Berty, I guess they all felt sorry for you—because you are so small, and they could not help crying for fear you would break down."

“Well,” said he, “I wish they had kept their mouths shut, and not bothered me so much. There’s Mahona the Catholic girl, why, she was as big a simpleton as the old woman who teaches school over there. They kept crying and sobbing the whole time. They need not have been so scared about me any how!”

Many men declared that they had never heard such thrilling appeals in the name of Christ, as they heard that day from the lips of this mere child.

One who was present, recently writing of the occasion, says:

“Yes, I love to remember that day at old Hebron—the way that boy talked of the Savior was grand beyond description. Those who were there, will never forget it.”

From that time forward, the name of Berty Stover would call together all ages, classes and conditions of people, whenever he was announced to preach at his own home church, or anywhere in the neighboring towns and counties.

He had honor in his own country. The people were always proud of him as their own most talented son, and loved him for his faultless character.

They knew him to be gentle, pure, spotless—and free from all falsehood.

If it be possible for poor mortality to demonstrate the falsity of the doctrine of “The hereditary depravity of human nature,” in his whole life he gave that demonstration to the world.

By the time that he was seventeen he was a preacher of considerable experience and reputation.

On July 9th, 1870, he started from home on a preaching tour through Indiana and Illinois, in compliance

with numerous invitations, and from the desire to see for himself the condition of the churches in that section of country. He first preached at the Battle ground church in Tippecanoe County, where, to use his own words in a letter to his father, he "found religious life low and feeble, the church really broken up—no preacher, no elder, no deacons, no meetings, the fire all gone out." From there he went to Gilman, finding the church in the same deplorable state of ruin. Thence on to Remington where the Methodists had been given the use of the meeting house, as the Disciples rarely met for public worship.

Having visited and preached at several other points beside those mentioned, on the last of the month he arrived at Marshall, Illinois, and stopped with Mr. Charles Chenoweth, by whom he was treated with high and kind consideration. At that place he preached a number of rousing discourses, as usual to large and attentive audiences. Says the Marshall newspaper, August 6, 1870. "A young lad of the name of Stover, only seventeen years of age, has been occupying the pulpit of the Christian Church for several nights during the week. Every one that has heard him, speaks in terms of the highest admiration of his abilities, and religious zeal. He has commenced his ministerial labors remarkably early in life, and it is to be hoped that his future progress will be what his wonderful precocity seems to foreshadow. We wish the boy all he may desire."

What Berty saw of the churches during this tour had a very depressing influence upon his spirit. He had met many hundreds who were professedly Disciples of Christ, but he was troubled to find comparatively so

very few who were actually living as prayerful, humble and loving followers of the Lord.

He boldly declared from the pulpit his sorrowful conviction that the mass of the church were under some fatal, stupefying spell of delusion. That he found men and women everywhere in the churches, wrapped in wondrous self-complacency, but who had not the dimmest conception of the true mission of Christ, the meaning of the Gospel, and the intention of the church. Their idea of the Christian profession—apparent in their talk and conduct, began and ended with “the first principles.” There was something radically wrong; the Disciples were undeniably becoming narrow and bigoted in mind, and fruitless in life. They were doing little to save the world—very little to become Christians in character. They were full of partisan spirit, wasting their time and strength in unprofitable controversies about the mode and design of baptism, about the eldership, musical instruments in churches, and missionary societies. These had been lifted into the place of first importance, to the great and alarming neglect of all questions of real vital interest. They were the sweet and copious themes, that had about monopolized speakers, talkers and writers. He thought the time had come when Christians should be ashamed to waste their lives in fighting harmless bug-bears; when they should begin in hot earnest, all along the line, the battle against the world, the flesh and the devil.

His stirring appeals to the church to repent, shook, surprised and troubled the people, and much good resulted from his efforts. However, some persons murmured; and some knowing saints hesitated not to pronounce him a heretic.

One old elder known to be "sound in the faith," who had never made a sacrifice in his life to save a soul, took Berty to one side, and gravely exhorted him—"Read the Sound Organ" and travel a while with some one of our big preachers, and learn how to handle the old Jerusalem blade, so that you can carry the war into Afriky, and make the sects give up their sinful creeds. This thing, my son, of fighting your own people, brings shame on "the Reformation," and gives the sectarians and infidels a chance to scoff at us. It is a very bad business!"

Berty thanked him in gentle words, for his weighty advice, and then walked away; remarking afterwards that his heart would not allow him to answer harshly the blind, and he regarded the old elder as a hopelessly blind man.

He returned home about the middle of the month, sick, and broken down from fatigue and too great mental excitement. * * * *

Berty again left home in April, 1871, to visit the churches in southern Illinois; and preached at Shaker Prairie, Oaktown, Vincennes and Effingham. While at the last place, Rev. William Sweeney of Iowa heard of his preaching, and came on at once to see and hear him.

He soon began to urge Berty to return with him to Iowa, and visit the churches at Dubuque. Finally, after much persuasion, he consented to go, and arrived at the city of Dubuque on the first of May. He was warmly received into the pleasant home of Mr. William Carter; and within a few days was surprised to find himself unanimously elected Pastor of the Christian church at Dubuque.

The two city papers frequently noticed in complimentary manner his efforts in the pulpit.

I insert the first two that appeared, as giving interesting items of his history :

A PULPIT PRODIGY.

Dubuque *Herald*, Tuesday, May 2, 1871: "Mr. B. Stover, a young man of seventeen years, has been occupying the pulpit of the Christian church for the two Sabbaths last past and astonishing and delighting his hearers with his eloquence and philosophy. He earnestly protests against newspaper mention, but his numerous friends predict that if he retains his health, he will make a stir in the theological world before he arrives at maturity. He was out, very unwillingly though, at Good Templar's Hall, in the afternoon Sunday, and talked upon temperance. He afterward confessed to feeling entirely nonplussed by the invitation to speak. He had never heard but two lectures on the subject, though he had read some on it, and he did not know what to say. The thought of "the formation of the coral reef," however occurred to him, and making this a starting point he talked temperance very freely for some thirty minutes. The meeting was addressed briefly by two or three other speakers. Elder Sweeny had been advertised to speak at this hall, but he spoke in DeWitt instead.

"Mr. Stover is the son of Mr. Daniel C. Stover who will be remembered by some of our older citizens, as he lived in this region in the days of the Blackhawk war, and if we are rightly informed was one of the early settlers of Iowa City. He afterwards removed to Ladoga, Indiana.

His son, who is now justly drawing some attention to the name of this ancient and honorable family, is now going through a course of studies at the Kentucky University, and his visit here is for recreation and the improvement of his health."

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Dubuque Times, May 12: "The boy preacher, Mr. Stover, preached as usual in the Christian church on Sunday. The text from which he preached in the evening was: "Search the Scriptures, etc." We are informed by an excellent judge of pulpit oratory and effective appeal, that the boy preacher made a remarkably fine and forcible address. He was not in the least disconcerted, it is said, though a drunken loafer, who came in and took a seat near the door was muttering in an audible voice for a long time, while he was speaking; and the commotion caused by two or three men seizing the intruder and pitching him out the door, was so great that it caused a young lady present to faint—yet the young preacher maintained his position, kept the thread of his discourse, and (only remarking when the pestilential fellow had been pitched out, that he thought they would now be permitted to finish the service, as the disturbance seemed to have been quelled) finished his address with all the ease and fervor of an old preacher. The child is father to the man."

On the last of August, he left Dubuque and returned to Kentucky University.

As previously stated, he preached during his University life as often as his strength, and duties at college

would permit. And there, as elsewhere the people heard him with delight. He made a noise wherever he went !

Below is one of many public tributes called forth by his singular pulpit power. Bro. John Sweeney was one of Berty's dearest friends, and must have been amused to see how his youthful substitute for one Sunday, had taken the community by storm ; even more amused by the after thought, and meek apology of the editor.

The True Kentuckian, Paris, June 5th, 1872: "Rev. Stover, a young student at Kentucky University, preached two admirable discourses last Sunday at the Christian church. His themes although simple were a happy relief from the dull platitudes with which we are so often regarded. We hope he may come often."

One week later.—"Rev. Stover, who preached here last Sunday week, is only eighteen years of age, and has been preaching since he was fourteen years of age. Considering that, we complimented him, and said that his discourses were a happy relief from the dull platitudes with which we were so often regaled, meaning by *we* the world in general. Not meaning, as some have construed our language, that Elder Sweeney was in the habit of delivering dull platitudes. We have too often complimented Elder S. for us to have intended to wound his feelings."

The *Journal* of another city, later in the same month of June, says: "Berty Stover, a youth of about eighteen summers, preached last Sunday morning and evening at the Christian church. For one of his years it can be truly said that he is a remarkable preacher. If he is not spoiled before he reaches mature manhood he will be

capable of accomplishing great good for the cause of which he is now such a zealous and eloquent advocate."

He preached at Carlisle, Mt. Sterling, Paris, North Middletown, Elkhorn, Nicholasville and other places.

At all these places he had large audiences, and was instrumental in adding many converts to the churches. He received several flattering calls to locate in the state, but declined them all, as he preferred to return to Dubuque. Berty was a shrewd observer, and a good judge of human nature; would form an estimate of a man or woman almost at first glance, and very seldom was his opinion changed after a more extended acquaintance. He had the strange intuitive faculty of a woman in thus coming to a conclusion about the character of others. He claimed that he was instantly, and sensibly either attracted, or repelled by almost every one that he met. He never forgot a face; and his memory, and comparative study and classification of persons, made that department of his mind like the workshop of a phrenologist. He studied carefully to find the real character of the preachers in Kentucky, for they impressed him as being a different style of men from those he had met on the other side of the Ohio. To give in detail the features of each individual character as he delineated it would make a curious and interesting paper.

Some of the preachers in central Kentucky he learned to esteem as great and good men. Some of them he thought rated their own abilities far too high, and demanded entirely too much homage. These he said seemed to him to believe that Kentucky was Heaven, and they themselves the keepers of the gates. It struck him

as being very funny, that several priestly gentlemen—who were themselves from other states, and who were fattening on the fields which they never planted, whilst the old toilers were actually driven away, took pains to let people know that he was an Indiana abolitionist!

Being a fearless and very pleasing speaker the people were inclined to lionize him, and very naturally spoke with admiration of his rare gifts. This aroused some jealousy, and there were several preachers—of what imponderable littleness, and what manner of spirit! who never lost an opportunity to stab this popular enthusiasm, and if possible his fair and enviable reputation. One prominent preacher took public occasion to express in biting words his august contempt for the pulpit efforts of beardless boys!

The pure, loving and brilliant boy, Berty, had preached Jesus from that same pulpit the Sunday previous; and with such rare and moving eloquence, that the people were loud in his praise. It is said, that the aged Comanche Indian Chief is filled with wrath, when he hears the tribe proudly rehearsing the heroic deeds of some young and rising brave; he watches his chance with great cunning, secretly to send a poisoned arrow to the young brave's heart.

With as much admiration for the savage chieftain, as for the spirit of that distinguished priest in Kentucky's Israel, I here put upon record the fact, that those bitter, unmanly, and unchristianly words, which he spoke that long ago Sunday morning, went as poisoned darts to the heart of Berty Stover; they painfully wounded him, and crippled his beautiful childlike faith.

It may be all right for such men to assume the authority of absolute oracles to as noble a people as the sun shines upon ; but we envy not the preacher whose Christian sympathy cannot cross a river ; or who has no tender fellow feeling, no cheering word, no willing hand to smoothe the way of the young minister of the Gospel.

Berty's preaching was not puerile—he spoke not as a child, but as a very thoughtful man, and his sermons were rich in the wealth of Gospel truth. True, his speech was so simple that children could understand it, but men and women, aged and experienced, by it were induced to accept the Savior. A majority of those whom he baptized were heads of families.

It was a novel and touching sight to see him, a slender youth, sixteen or seventeen years of age, leading old men and women down into the water and baptizing them.

No person could witness the solemn scene and be unmoved ; and the gravity that he would always lend the occasion, rendered it all the more impressive.

CHAPTER VII.

ADDRESS BY BERTY STOVER AT A CHRISTMAS EVE FESTIVAL IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, LADOGA, DECEMBER 24TH, 1872.

“Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven’s melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres
Make Music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high.

“Glory to God !” the sounding skies,
Loud with their anthems ring,
“Peace to earth, good will to men !”
From heaven’s eternal King.”

The morning stars together sung, and the beautiful angels shouted joyously praises to the Great I Am, when he meted out the land and sea, and hung over them the sun-lit arch of heaven.

More joyous far than earth's prime hour, was the momentous morn when Bethlehem's wondrous star announced the Savior's birth.

More glorious the song of the angels, sublimer the music of the spheres, grander the bells of the universe, as they all rang out and sounded the sweet refrain, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will to men!"

The first were songs of admiration over a new world created; the second were grateful shouts of joy over that world, so long lost—now redeemed.

The same night on which the loving angels sang the first Christmas carol has come again with all its glory and sweetness. It has come to earth 1872 times, but never growing old; it is still clothed in a beauty which is a joy forever; and still wakes the nations to thankfulness.

Its very name to the childish mind is an open sesame to the realms of wonder and delight; to the older it brings impressive thought of the unspeakable mercy and goodness of our Heavenly Father. With its every approach come to sin troubled men recollections of Christ, his lowly birth, his ministering life, his saving death. At no other time are we so forcibly reminded of the fact, that Jesus was not alone the Son of God, but also Son of David; in the sweetest, tenderest, fullest sense, *The Man*—our elder Brother—The Man of Sorrows. And this the day we celebrate in memory of the birth of Him whom prophets said should come; the day which Abraham looking forward saw and was glad, the day which the saints of the old ages anticipated and longed for.

Glorious day, on which God stooped to kiss mankind, and with his own loving hand wipe away the tears of a world's agony. Day when men open their long shut up hearts, and think of the people around and below them as fellow travelers, fellow sufferers and fellow hoppers. When the children come home from far and near, and gathered around the log-heaped ingle, to gladden once more the hearts of aged fathers and mothers. When Mammon locks up the shop, lays aside the scorpion lash, and allows the sons of toil a little rest in their hard, hard lives. When even old miser Scrooge sees ghosts that fill him with alarm at his own selfish meanness, and lead him to begin a new life by sending the biggest and fattest turkey in the market to poor Bob Cratchit's family for a Christmas dinner; when, the heart of poor dear Tiny Tim is overflowing with gladness, and he shouts—"God bless us every one!"

"Then carol, sweetly carol all,
Throw all your cares away,
Rememb'ring that Christ our Lord
Was born on Christmas day."

May each one of us, standing here on the threshold of the most glorious of all anniversaries, have a share of that grateful joy experienced by the shepherds, as from the hilltops of Judea they saw the new fire burning and flashing on the plains of heaven, and as they enraptured, listened to the strain of the angelic messengers!

The veritable star of Bethlehem may long since have faded, but its light still lingers in the world, and shines

in our hearts. The angelic song we may not hear, but the echoes of its glad refrain thrill our souls. I do not say that the song is over and hushed, but simply not heard. Who knows! It may be that as on each return of Christmas we renew our carol of praise; so the grand angel choir that sung in the clear star-lit sky of that first Christmas morn, may sing in the darkness of each succeeding one.

Who as a child has not thought this?

Who has not thought "If I could wake early enough on the blessed day; could rise, and go out under the twinkling stars, before the dawning, perhaps I too might see the star and the heavenly glory, and hear 'the multitude of the heavenly host' chanting again the great song of praise!"

And I sometimes think, that maybe we little children were wiser than we knew; that although our earth born sense cannot catch the celestial cadence; yet, up yonder in the blessed home of rest, the angel chorus does chant again, on each returning Christmas the same song that floated over the hills and valleys of Judea—when they themselves first wondering saw, "The star, the manger and the child."

There is something in the atmosphere of this monumental period that thrills the heart with a strange sense of undefined, but restful joy, even though outside affairs are not at their brightest, skies are dark, and underfoot it is damp and frosty.

There is a feeling of such blessedness abroad, one might almost believe that at this time the Master had for a little while left his throne in glory, to walk again, though invisible, once more on earth, by his personal

presence to shed abroad love and peace, and comfort in this sorrowful world.

Let us now for a moment if possible work ourselves up to the belief that this thing might be—nay, rather let us think that He—the glorious Lord, is coming in person, openly and visible to all, to spend this Christmas here in our midst. How think you he would act?

He would scarce tarry long in the house of feasting; not long even in the house of prayer; but among the troubled, among the poor, the freezing and starving, among the sick and dying, would the Master go, to carry sympathy and comfort for all! The lowly suffering ones—even the wretches who are without the pale of what the world calls respectability—would again, as once before, be the objects of his pity and ministering love.

You, O! man of business, strong and proud in your conscious integrity and sense of power, but wedded to business, to the greed of gain, insomuch that you lose sight of the query, “What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” Should the Divine Presence, pausing in your office, look over your shoulder upon the ledger, might not you find the long lines of figures which chronicle your gains erased, and in their stead, traced by the celestial hand, the one brief sentence “He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!”

Lift up your eyes from the earth, and see the star that guided the wise men to a poor abode, even to a rude stable, and then look around and see if there are no poor abodes to which you also may be led.

And you earnest Christians who withal, sometimes forget that the spirit of the law is above the letter, put aside now for a time your Bible, your hymn book; take your staff in hand and go your way among the miserable, the poor and oppressed; go where sin and pain, crime and anguish have their gloomy retreats, and see if you cannot find some little work of mercy and loving kindness ready to your hands. If any of us have malice or hatred, have burning thoughts of evil concerning our fellow man, let us this night banish them, and walk henceforth among all bearing the spirit of Him who has taught us to love our brother man as ourself.

“Let us be merry and thankful withal
And feast our poor neighbors—
The great and the small!”

carols a quaint old poet; and even though the words be not so very grand, they have caught and embodied the very spirit of Christmas; which is not only the season of rejoicing and of fervent thankfulness, but above all the season for benevolence, when every heart should feel its fellowship with all humanity; in trial and sorrow and joy, its partnership with both “The great and the small!”

For we are all bound together in one common bond of brotherhood; and any one who strives to attain an individual happiness, independent of the sympathies and needs of the world around him, fails ignominiously soon or late, and learns through that failure that true life means self-abnegation, as well as self-culture; charity and loving kindness to the multitude, as well as selfish aggrandizement and enjoyment for the individual.

This is the great lesson which Christ came among men to teach. This the meaning of that injunction so often upon his lips, and the lips of his holy Apostles, "Love one another—love thy neighbor as thyself."

The world is just beginning to understand and appreciate the beautiful doctrine of the universal fatherhood of God, and brotherhood of man. Our generation has given some grand results from the acceptance of this great doctrine.

Review the heroic and stupendous struggles of thousands, through blood and storm and fire, who fought in our late war, to break and destroy forever the cruel chains of slavery. Look at the noble work of the Sanitary Commission as it hovered like some strong, white angel of pity and love about the woeful battle-field. Witness how the heart of the world throbbed in sympathy and aroused millions, in a charity truly sublime, to send bountiful help to Chicago, Boston and Wisconsin, when remorseless fire had left thousands of families homeless, and at the point of starving and freezing. These all, are but some of the patent fruits of the life and teaching of Him, whose birth we celebrate to-night.

Our father above, grant that the time may come when it shall be written of us as a nation, "They followed Christ; they helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother—'Be of good courage!'"

This is a brave, grand old world after all; worth living in and worth working in!

Our race is going up, not down; forward, not backward, and is worth dying for now if ever; and the Son of God gave his life for it long, long ago.

Slowly but none the less surely is earth learning to echo back the angel chant. Men are looking more to the glorious Christ, closer, nearer are men drawing to God, and closer to one another. And the time is coming when hatred shall cease to be, when man shall no longer persecute his fellow man, when the sword shall be broken, and the cannon's fearful thunder be forever hushed.

It is well that the world stops its busy din; well that they who love God, who love man, the true and the good, should pause and give a little season in grateful memory of the birth of the ever glorious Prince, the world's Redeemer. May our hearts glow with love as we think of Him to-night; and to-morrow may we every one try to carry light and joy to some poor heart for His sake.

“Say to those whose hearts are fainting
Rise, be strong, cast out your fear,
Is not God, a God of mercy?
When you call Him, he is near.
Unto those who sat in darkness,
Rose a wondrous shining light;
Those who dwelt in death's dark shadow,
Passed from out sin's gloomy night.
In the darkness, ere the dawning
Over fair Judea's plain—
Brightly rose the star of morning;
Gladly burst the joyous strain,
Through the blazing star lit heavens,
Floated the celestial throng,
And the awe-struck shepherds kneeling,
Heard the glorious angel song.

“Glory be to God—the highest!”
Thus the heavenly carol ran,
“To the world is born her Savior,

Peace on earth, good will to man !”
Be not fearful, O ye people,
Tidings of great joy we bring,
Go ! to-day in David’s city
Now is born your Lord and King.”

Echoing downward through the ages,
Rings the joyful song to-day,
Out upon the ear of nations,
Driving gloom and fear away.
Lift your hearts in adoration,
O my people far and wide,
Thanks to God, that the Redeemer,
Christ our Savior, lived and died !

Father, in each sinful bosom
Bid the star of hope arise,
Roll the clouds of doubt and darkness,
Backward from Faith’s star-lit skies,
Haste the day when from all nations,
Loud the joyous song shall ring
“Glory be to God the Highest,
Hallelujah to our King !”

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE, AND RUBY ROLLINS.

“She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts
Which terminated all.”—BYRON.

“The sense of the world is short,
Long and various the report,—
To love and be beloved;
Men and gods have not outlearned it;
And, how oft so'er they've turned it,
'Twill not be improved.”—EMERSON.

“Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.”—SCOTT.

“Yes, I will be true to you! My whole life and all my love shall be devoted to you; and if at sometime you will come and take me for your wife, I can and will wait for you through long years without distrust; and if I die before you come, with my last breath will I pray for you; if I have sense and memory left.”

These words so eloquent in their expression of a brave and trustful devotion, were spoken by a young girl,

about whose head sixteen summers had wreathed a nimbus of glory, even more beautiful than her rich crown of auburn hair.

Ruby Rollins was the only child of worthy parents, who lived in a snug home amid the green woods and yellow grain fields of a large farm in Indiana.

As yet she had never known sorrow or trial; and had enjoyed all the sweet and fostering influences which wealth and devoted parental love could command.

She could not have been styled beautiful; but her fair complexion in which there was an exquisite blending of the pink and snow of peach bloom, her large and lustrous blue eyes; her eloquent mouth, all made hers a rare and attractive face, about which one's eyes loved to linger. Her form was of medium height, finely developed and compactly built. She had a light, quick step, and her every motion was gracefully suggestive of buoyant health. There was witchery in her laugh or song, for her voice was soft and sweetly musical. She was very fond of flowers and music, and had a decided taste for polite literature. Refined and coy in her manners; her dress was ever as tasteful in its pure and modest beauty as the blossoms which were her favorite ornaments.

Possessed of brilliant conversational powers, she was a most captivating girl; and considering with all else, her kind heart, no wonder that she was much admired and courted by the young men, who succeeded in gaining admittance to her rather exclusive society.

When Ruby spoke the words recorded at the beginning of this chapter, she was standing in the evening twilight upon the lawn of a Southwestern college.

Her face was now very pale ; tears were on her cheeks, and her small white hand nestled lovingly in the hand of Bertie Stover.

He appeared at that time a youth but little older than she, of slender, trim and elastic body, erect and soldiery in mien ; of finely shaped head, about which the flaxen hair was closely cut ; high and prominent forehead, clear blue eyes, large mouth with white teeth, fair hands and long tapering fingers. As ever through life his dress was faultlessly elegant.

He was noble looking, and there was a peculiar air of greatness about him, which would have singled him out in any assembly as an extraordinary youth.

He first met Ruby one day, many months previous to this, while she was attending a Female College. So well esteemed was he, that with approval of her parents, the teachers, contrary to custom and rigid rules of the institution allowed him frequently to visit the young lady ; and he was selected to teach the class to which she belonged in the Sunday school.

For them both, that day of their first meeting, seemed a "dies faustus"—a day to be marked with a white stone ; for it was undoubtedly a violent case of mutual love at first sight !

For one, perhaps, only a passing fancy, a romantic passion that would soon be buried and forgotten ; but for the other a serious and stubborn reality ; a love which could not die ; which would fill his soul, pervade and color his whole existence ; at last break his heart and send him in sorrow to the grave.

There is a vine in the far South, which with green varnished leaves and white blossoms mantles the trees

with wild beauty. It does not simply creep over and entwine about the tree; it puts out numberless tiny fibrous roots which bury themselves in the trunk and branches of the tree.

This clinging vine may not be transplanted after it has once encircled its object.

Of course the tree would live on alone, but attempt to remove the vine, and you inflict a thousand bleeding wounds—you tear it from the very life of its life.

It is so with the intense and constant natures of some men; for them to change from the objects which they have once clasped with passion, is to perish. And so it was with the tenacious heart of Berty Stover.

He gave himself in blind unreserved idolatry to Ruby Rollins; and the charms of the most beautiful and accomplished women, who in after life provokingly smiled upon him, and in several instances even essayed to win his admiration, were powerless to cool in the least the ardor of his devotion at this, his first and last earthly shrine.

On the occasion of which we speak, the young lovers had been compelled reluctantly to face and think of the future. Berty was to leave on the morrow for a distant place. He had told her of his plans, his high and eager ambition; that he felt the time was at hand when he must begin to battle for position, honor and fortune. Said he, "Ruby from this time on, my mind and soul and body shall work, until I am able to come and ask you to share the worthy name and home that I hope to win. It may take long years! During that time probably many a man will sue for your hand; and it would be wrong for me to ask or accept any solemn vow from

you to-night. You must be as free as the birds of the air. No chain shall be left around that lovely neck to chafe your innocent soul—if you should be tempted to give yourself to another. As for me, with you or without you, blessed or cursed, I feel that I shall continue all the same forever yours, while I live, when I die, and when I go to live up above.

She replied, “Berty you talk so strangely, you must not imply a doubt; I cannot change, and gladly would I go with you now to help you, share your toil and lot wherever it may be. Something tells me, Dear Heart, that you will climb up and up in life; that you will succeed far more grandly than you dream; and I am only afraid that when you get to be a great man you will forget me. Oh! I dread to be left behind alone; I could endure anything for the sake of being with you. True, we are so very young to think of marrying!”

“Yes, Ruby we are too young, and I am not worthy. It would be mean and selfish for me to try to drag you through what I must pass. But Blue Eyes do you really love me so much, and may I be made strong for every trial by the sweet belief that you will be true to me to the last?”

We already know the answer which tremblingly rushed from her heart; and then Berty whispered one word, and hastened away. She returned to the seclusion of her peaceful home; and he went forth to engage actively in life's great and uncertain struggle.

He grew rapidly in power and influence; and although still so very young, before the end of two years he had won an enviable name in the pulpit and upon the rostrum.

His love for Ruby grew with his growth. He carried her picture in the inner vest pocket just over his heart; and looked only at his worn Bible more often than he did at it.

He told me once that he felt troubled on account of the fact, that sometimes when addressing large audiences, and when his speech seemed to flow without any conscious effort on his part, the eidolon of Ruby, vivid as life, would move about before him like a phantom.

While I write, there is lying before me now a pile of old letters, whose scattered dates cover a space of something over five years. The sight of them is enough to cause one to think tenderly of those relics of "Love's first young dream," which were so carefully put away out of sight long ago, but which still exist deep down in the heart among all the dear withered flowers of memory. These letters are a few of the many that passed between Berty and Ruby; and they reveal impassioned love and brilliancy of mind on the part of both.

Hers are prettily written in a clear, delicate and flowing hand; are short and breezy; and through a long period they are unmistakably the outpourings of a genuine devotion.

His are written in a vigorous and legible hand, although somewhat indistinctly, for he always wrote with flying rapidity.

While reading them, one might be reminded of the ever varying reports of a Signal Service officer.

At one time they indicate calm and delightful weather, when all the elements of nature are at rest, and the world is beautiful in the soft light of hope. At another, they tell of deluging rain, sweeping destruction over the land

and then of hot drought, when the heavens are like a huge inverted brass caldron, and there is no green thing on the earth.

Now, of cold and starless winter nights ; and then of mellow June days when the sky is blue, and the air is filled with the perfume of roses and the melody of birds. Anon it is a day and night of howling tempest, when men shrink and shudder under shelter ; and the poor little sparrows hide in the cedars, and may be, wonder if the end of the world has come ; when great ships are in distress at sea, and make awful efforts to gain the harbor ; and lifeless bodies, from wrecked vessels, are lashed in the foam all along against the shore. Then again it is calm Sunday—thank God ! the hallowed morn of the resurrection, when we hear the church bells calling the people up to the house of prayer, and a sense of holy peace steals over the soul.

Through all, however, there is a constant stream of electric fire, the fire of his ever burning and unchangeable love for Ruby Rollins.

To the very last he worships the fair young creature whom he had idealized, and to whom he had from his own pure imagination attributed graces and excellences of mind and heart almost divine.

As we continue reading Ruby's letters and notes, in the third year we begin to detect a change !

There is an absence of the wanted earnestness, of the old passionate and artless love. There is an air of embarrassment, an indefinable but palpable effort that now renders her writing forced and tame.

He began to suspect that something was wrong, and in 1874, brought me one day two of her letters, saying

"You know what Ruby is to me,—now read these, and tell me frankly your interpretation of them. Their tone worries me. Do I expect too much, or can it be possible that she is becoming estranged from me?"

I read the letters slowly and thoughtfully and at last answered—

"Berty, I do not doubt that Ruby has grown to be a most lovable woman, but she is evidently much changed. She has been too much affected by adulation, and has grown more wordly in spirit. She does not sympathize with your godly ambition or appreciate rightly your love. There is warm sincerity in her praise of that lawyer, but her professions to the preacher have something of the chill breath of a ghost. Should not wonder to learn that she has fallen in love with some one else. But you must remember that you have kept her waiting a long time; you have been too much away from her :

"Stars beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light!"

and the nature of most women demands an immediate personal object of affection; you have been to Ruby too much like an abstract idea. I fear too, that your conduct has led her to believe that she is and must ever be too much subordinate to your ambition."

Had I run the dear fellow through with a steel bayonet, the effect could have been but little more startling. His face became white as death, and spasms of pain shook his whole body.

After a few moments, in a broken voice he said, "Pray God that this may not be true—that I may not die—murdered by the angel of my life!"

He wrote at once announcing that she might expect him at her home any day after the next fortnight.

The next week brought the following response :

DEAR, DEAR BERTY :—Yes, and if you will come immediately I am sure you will never regret it. Ever since your surprising note came, my heart has been singing day and night—

“He is coming? He is coming!
I thank God for this great joy.”

I want to see you more than any one else in all the wide world. My noble and loved One, I have had, Oh! such a heavy aching heart; and thought a thousand times, if I could only go to you, tell you all, then I might be happy again. Come! for once let me take the place of first importance, and come right away; and then if possible we will arrange for the future.

Lovingly your own

RUBY ROLLINS.

He did go, and returned from a week's visit at her home, joyful in spirit and full of hope.

At that very time Ruby was engaged to marry another man, and the already appointed day of wedding was drawing near!

But while he was there she kept it all concealed from Berty, and let him depart ignorant of her infidelity. She gravely discussed with him plans for the future, and consented to marry him in the coming autumn. Not a word did she lisp of her other engagement.

Once she did ask in a tone of raillery, “suppose you should come back in the summer, and find that I had learned to love another, and I should ask you after all to release me from the old vow; Berty what would you do?”

He quickly replied, "Surely such a supposition is treason to your heart. But I can only say, in that event, though it killed me I would willingly give you up. I love you enough to desire above all things your own lasting happiness."

She quickly advanced, put her arms about his neck, drew down his head and kissed him upon the brow, and then retreated saying with much emotion: "What a strange, noble young man you are; any woman might well be proud of your love!"

The truth is, her heart rebelled against giving him up; and her better nature protested against the second engagement, which she had made probably from some whimsical fancy, rendered potent only by mistaken worldly consideration and selfish vanity.

She was too happy now, her heart too hungry for his presence, and her will too weak to prevent her dallying, and playing with the Gothic consolation, that the appointed wedding was still several months off, the world knew nothing of it; and beside, after all,

"There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip!"

CHAPTER IX.

PREACHING JESUS.

One of Berty's first sermons to the Church in Dubuque, Iowa
[As reported.]

"Then Phillip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus." Acts viii : 35.

There is a prevalent, but erroneous opinion in the world that no man should preach before there has been some divine attestation of his mission and ability ; or as is commonly said, before he has "*been called.*"

And I would not be understood to say that there is no call to this sacred ministry. There is, but it is not a special and miraculous call. In its nature it is identified with the call to repentance, to obedience, to life, to Christ. When Jesus, immediately before his ascension, said to the band of disciples standing around him, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," he certainly meant for them all to proclaim the facts of his life ; the words of his lips ; his death and resurrection, to all men. It was a commission called forth by the very essential nature and immediate needs

of his holy religion. It was the same as to say, "You have been with me; you have heard and known me; you have learned something of the Father's glorious design. I go away now, but do you go and tell all men both what you have seen and heard, that they too may believe, and hope, and live. As eye witnesses, I make you in a peculiar sense ambassadors from the Lord of heaven and earth." But when Christianity was now forcing itself like a wedge into the hearts of men, when it was sweeping on and gathering strength in its course, when its mighty and beneficent influences were seen in the lives of men; then Christ gave through John the great general commission:

"Let him that heareth, say, Come!" That is, all you who have received the precious words from my disciples, I commission you also to bear testimony for me; lose no time, haste to declare abroad the good news from God: The great and all important thing is to have every poor sinner hear the glad invitation."

By this every follower of Christ, every man, woman and child is, in a certain sense, called to the ministry, is duly authorized to preach. I am engaged in preaching, and of course it is supposed by many that I have been called.

Some good Methodist sisters, (sisters mine since they loved and followed my Lord,) once told me that they thought I had undoubtedly been called, but had found my way into the wrong place. Well, I have been called, and when asked if such is my conviction, I always answer with emphasis, Yes!

I received my first call to the ministry, when as a lonely-hearted boy, I joyously understood that Christ included me too in his kind invitation, "Come to me,

all you laden and weary ones." I date my acceptance of that call at the time when I found in Christ my best ideal of life ; above all my only possible Savior from sin ; when in the spirit of obedience I was ready to sing—

“ Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead I'll follow
where he goes.”

Thus and then I accepted God's call to preach ; and the more of beauty, grandeur and goodness, I find in the character of Christ ; the more I discover the marvelous adaption of his religion to the wants of man ; the more clearly I see the truth that in the Gospel is the only hope of this world—the more closely and passionately am I wedded to this high calling.

You have already anticipated, that cherishing this view of the matter, I regard all those distinctions which men have made between the ministry, and so called laity, as irrational, unscriptural and the sheerest jargon of humbug.

We are wrong, very wrong, when in our superstitious faith we cast upon the shoulders of him, who in the pulpit bears an important part in directing the moral and religious forces, a robe of greater holiness than that which should drape the humblest toiler in the vineyard of our God. There is a distinction only as there is a difference of ability and responsibility ; a distinction only as one man may possess five talents, another three and another one. When we pledged to Christ our fealty, then we felt that the exercise of all our faculties was his, that we in reality offered up ourselves with all our

powers to him as a living sacrifice. That was certainly our understanding, and then there was no insincerity in our song—

“ Here God I give myself away
'Tis all that I can do !”

And if a few of us in some way discovered that we were blessed with the faculty of saying a few simple words in the pulpit to arouse the attention of men to Jesus, that talent we have laid out at interest until our Lord come. The rest of you have been, or should have been preaching also, according to your talent ; may be not with words, not in the language of lips, but in the far more eloquent speech of life and action.

Words are not thoughts ; they are but the flexible material for making baskets ; the carriers of thought and truth ; and if you cannot use them, if you cannot weave them into sermons and speeches ; you can become baskets yourselves, you can be and do. You can give expression to your thoughts, purposes, faith, hopes and fears in your deeds. By means of these mute tongues you can preach sermons bearing sweet testimony, tenderly touching the heart.

Paul was a forcible speaker ; indeed, considered merely by the world's standard for orators, it might be gravely doubted whether earth ever heard man more eloquent than he. He delivered many good sermons in the synagogues, a great many discourses to public audiences ; sermons that have been treasured for us and for future generations in the divine archives. But not one was so effectual as that thrilling one preached by giving his

whole life for the truth, which he proclaimed. In all the sermons to the multitudes that followed him, Christ gave no such expression of his love for fallen man as in his quiet merciful deeds all through life; as in dying broken-hearted upon the cross.

Never has there been a sermon on faith and trust in God, so powerful as that preached by Abraham standing on mount Moriah, holding a gleaming knife over the bare breast of his beloved son.

The stars of heaven, calm and unchanging may speak to us of God's greatness and wisdom; the flower nestling at the foot of the oak may teach us of glory; and the birds living so blithely, and so careless of the morrow, may sing into our hearts lessons of trust in God; the displayed activities of the living may instruct us concerning man's possibilities; the quiet marble like face of the dead may warn us of the weakness of flesh and uncertainty of life. The drooping cypress that seems to mourn over the stained, moss-covered, crumbling and long since neglected tomb, may whisper sad thoughts of the vanity of all mere earthly dreams of honor and immortality.

By means of this same unutterable language you may every one preach Jesus. To do this is your highest, and should be your dearest duty; it is the fulfilment of the pledge you made to the divine Father. If you can effectually preach in the pulpit, you are culpable if you do not. If there is one here in this house to-day who knows that he is able to make speeches for God, he is under solemn obligation to stand up among his fellow men and preach the word of life. Hear you and believe, that nothing in the wide universe can relieve you of

your responsibility. But you who have no faculty for speech-making, remember you must preach somehow, if not from the pulpit then from the pew, and from the fireside. You must "preach as you go," by being living illustrations of the doctrines of Christ, by making your conduct a continual rebuke to evil doers; you must preach in public life by the uprightness and purity of your character. In prosperity you can bear testimony for Christ by wearing the robes of his humanity and meekness. In adversity, in the midst of deep and sore affliction you can preach Jesus by the cheering light of your unworldlike patience and hope. It is a powerful sermon among men when a Christian is seen walking through deepest gloom of grief, still having the victory of hope; still drawing such plenary supplies of comfort from the promises of Christ that the very countenance is fairly lit up, as with a beautiful halo of peace. By the faithful performance of all your common duties in daily life you teach men Christ. When you give a loaf of bread to feed the hungry, or take of your clothes to cover the naked, the very remembrance of your deed endears you and Him in whose name you act, to poor aching hearts.

Will you hear this truth of glorious yet awful import! Professed follower of the Son of Man, you must, *must* preach! You must preach wherever you are, and in all circumstances. You must preach from beside the empty bed, and the empty cradle, over the fresh made graves of your loved ones; and such preaching as this will carry home to the heart the truth of Jesus, God and Heaven!

In order to accomplish any good and do my duty, Dear man or woman! I have to think, study, pray and sometimes cry over my sermons; and can you preach Jesus

unless you too study, and pray ardently over your sermons, the actions of each day and every hour of life ?

He is a poor foolish thing at least, who mounts the pulpit without having prayerfully pondered his message from God to dying men ; and he is if possible poorer still who thinks that he can really be a Christian, and drift safely on, without planning and studying and praying all the time, how best he may preach the blessed Savior to those around him. If you believe that people are lost, you will wish to have them saved. If you believe that Jesus can save all who come unto him, you will be anxious to have all see and know the Lord. With such a soul-stirring faith, you will find a thousand ways and chances to preach, and God will put burning eloquence into your one-word sermon—Jesus !

Now, I do not wish to depreciate the pulpit, nor do I desire to magnify the pew. I do not wish to lessen the responsibility of the pulpit ; but would have it recognized that heavy responsibilities rest upon us all. And how little do we realize this ! How much are we prone to relieve and soothe our conscience by (perhaps unwittingly), considering the preacher our proxy in righteousness. It is on account of this strange delusion and bad habit that there is nothing more shocking to the fastidious taste of society than a clerical sinner.

If a minister go astray—go as most men around us go—and as they are going every day without criticism, we all at once find our consciences very sensitive and wide awake. His sin is heralded far and near. The dignified newspapers teem with the latest accounts of the “ Rev.’s ” iniquity. In large type they announce to horror-stricken readers, “ Another wolf in sheep’s clothing ! ” with all

the usual and original remarks about the livery of heaven being used in the devil's service; and the virtuous public having greedily devoured the last filthy detail, finds itself morally panic-stricken. It lifts its hands in holy deprecation and exclaims, "He did that, did he? well, well, and he a preacher too!" And the way that public opinion swells and blows is almost enough to convince one that everybody is a saint, except the preacher who is set down as a devil incarnate.

I would make no apology for the "sacred profession," for preachers; they need none! They have been glorious toilers in work morally sublime, and to-day, without them, the vanguard of civilization would fall back a full thousand years; without them, darkness would settle down upon this land. Nor need we fear to have them held up strictly to the standard of truth and justice. Let justice punish and cover with shame the guilty. But let not justice be blinded and restricted by passion, sinful and evil-wishing prejudice, or foolish distinctions. Treat a preacher as you would a professedly Christian man, and the professedly Christian man as a preacher. Hold all to their solemn vows, and let none be recreant to their trust!

I hope and pray that the time is coming when the nation's conscience will be Christianized; when public opinion will leap and gleam and glare, like lightning from the storm clouds, to reveal in all its mean, ugly and hateful nature every form of that sin which nailed Jesus to the tree; and to reflect upon all men the beams of that holy life which is the light of the world.

CHAPTER X.

COLORADO.

(Letters to the *Ladoga Herald*.)

DENVER, COL., February 18, 1873.

MR. EDITOR:—Finding that it would be an arduous task to write all the letters I have promised to my friends, with your kind permission, I will occasionally occupy a little space in your excellent paper with a communication to all at once, with the hope that this arrangement will prove satisfactory to my friends, and somewhat interesting to your readers.

Upon Wednesday, February 5th, we started on the morning train of the L., N. A. & C. Railway for this place. I discovered that this line has more genuine courtesy in the composition of its moving than its stationary officials. This characteristic of every true gentleman, the conductor showed by passing me at half fare, although by the extreme generosity of our local figure-head I was denied a renewal of my ministerial pass.

At 7 o'clock the next morning we arrived at St. Louis, having been thus safely transported by the old reliable Vandalia.

From St. Louis, taking a train via the North Missouri R. R., we started for Kansas City.

The first event of any consequence was crossing the Missouri River, that ugliest and most treacherous of all rivers, with its swift tide of yellow liquid mud, ever shifting sands, concealed rocks and long lines of cottonwoods—it is forever doomed to be repulsive to both navigators and pleasure-seekers. Immediately after crossing this slur on nature's beauty, we arrived at St. Charles. This town is one of the oldest in the West, and was originally settled by the French.

On we sped, passing through many fine towns and much fine country. To "write them all up" would be tedious for both writer and reader, so let it be enough to state that they are generally prospering.

I put very little dependence in the exaggerated praise bestowed upon them by their inhabitants, of which, if one-half be true, the hopes of Heaven must be no inducement to christian life. "Heaven! Why what is Heaven in comparison with the town of G., with its salt well, stone quarry and soap factory?"—seems to be the half concealed sentiment of every enthusiastic citizen. The country is generally fine for farming purposes, in many districts greatly resembling the blue grass counties of Kentucky. Dark fell upon us before we reached Kansas City, and so we went out to inspect it by gaslight. Finding the mud ankle deep in the streets and knee deep at the crossings, we retreated. I awoke the next morning among the hills of Kaw River with the hope of soon seeing the great American Desert with its scattered settlements and abundance of game.

Our whole day's journey was through the finest of grazing country, and I wondered when we would see the desert. I began to think that it was a myth, but have

since been told that the name Desert is justly applicable to a strip of country about forty miles wide, through which we passed in the night. I have read that the scenery of plains was monotonous. I wonder how that any traveler with an appreciation of nature's beauty can think so. To me, with its grassy slopes and hills, its wide plains touching the sky in the long distance, with now and then a "dug-out," a few dirty specimens of American citizenship, or an aboriginal red skin, it was a constantly interesting scene, and I gazed until it grew dark in the twilight. The whole plain, from the mouth of Solomon River to Denver is covered with bones, bones of buffalo and cattle. It was suggested that many human bones are scattered over its smooth surface. Bones of those who left homes and were lost; who perished through famine, who were cruelly murdered by Indians, or who were frozen and slept covered with a shroud of the beautiful snow. Bones of bodies that were torn and eaten by wolves and coyotes; bones left to bleach and glimmer on the limitless plain, where no pitying eye, or tender hand will ever come to lay them in a grave.

Being somewhat of a hunter in taste, I eagerly watched for game. A few buffalo in the distance, some antelopes, large Texan hares, known as jack rabbits, coyotes, prairie dogs and deer rewarded my sight. Of these jack rabbits, I have to chronicle that they seem to share with the monkey his fun, and with the mule his meditation. It made me laugh to see them, and I always thought that they enjoyed it fully as much as I did, as they jumped off with awkward leaps, every leg looking like a combination of broken bones.

I was disappointed by not seeing a large herd of

buffalo. My ambition would not have been at all satisfied with less than 25,000. In the night I heard the cry, buffalo! buffalo! and of course jumped for a look out, believing that the goal of my desire was reached. And the fact is I would be believing it yet if the moon's soft light had not revealed white spots upon the beasts that should have been entirely black. Ah, that revelation suggested the idea that they might be cattle, and blasted my hopes. Suffering from an itching in the toe of my boot caused by malign feelings against the unmitigated wretch that raised the false alarm, "I laid me in my little bed." Morning's light brought the sight of Pike's Peak and soon that of Denver City. But of this and other things, more anon. Yours truly, BERTY.

DENVER, COL., February 26, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—Here I am, seated in a comfortable room on a big chair with my feet as high as I can conveniently get them, *a la Americaine*, looking out through my window on one of the most majestic of God's creations, the Rocky Mountains. Yes, yonder they are, those black spots I used to see in my geography at school and wonder at so much, yonder their snowy crests some eight thousand feet above me. But I am in too much of a hurry, as I had intended to devote this communication entirely to an account of Denver and its immediate surroundings, and to "write up" the mountains in my next.

Denver City is situated on a gradual slope rising eastward from the junction of a stream called Cherry creek with the Platte river. Beyond the Platte the country extends with a gentle rise to the base of the mountains, twelve miles distant.

I supposed that in approaching the mountains the plains would be broken and hilly for many miles before reaching them, and that Denver, only a short distance from the mighty range, would be in the midst of bluffs and hills; when in fact it is situated in the midst of the plains, that extend without break or hill, except where now and then its smooth surface is channeled by a little mountain stream, up even to the very sides of the mountains. There is no part of the city that does not afford a view of these great piles of rock.

Long's Peak, distant seventy miles, just fills the vista of one of the principal streets.

The famous Peak of Pike, sixteen thousand feet high, is eighty-four miles off, and yet it is so clear and distinct that one can almost see the gorges and chasms in its rugged sides.

Then there are Spanish and Gray's Peaks, wearing their eternal hoods of snow, so far off that one must turn his eyes away from them to appreciate the distance. There they stand surrounded on every side by lesser companions, the especial pride of every Denverite, and I have never yet found one who is tired of watching them.

Denver City has sixteen thousand inhabitants, five railroads, street cars, gas and water-works. When we consider that within twelve years it has been swept away by a cloud break or "water spout," burnt up, and besieged even unto starvation by the Indians, we may

well be astonished at its present prosperity. Its markets are well supplied with every necessity and luxury. Its residences are of modern and various styles of architecture. This latter fact may be accounted for by stating that its inhabitants are from almost every nation. I have stood on the streets watching, and in one hour have seen a representation from more countries than a school boy could learn from his geography in a week, from Lo, the poor Indian, to John, the pig-tailed Chinaman.

I can see no difference between Denver and any eastern city of its size, except such as its romantic situation affords. Before coming I had chaotic ideas of escaped criminals, long-haired plainsmen, many revolvers, bowie knives, redskins, and vigilance committees. All bosh; every bit of it. If any one about Ladoga contemplate visiting the "far west," let them make all arrangements to bring their "steel pen suit," as they will find as many, and just as pretty ladies, handsome gents, splendid turnouts, and as much style as anywhere else. Prices are generally higher than in the east. Merchants say that it is on account of the heavy freight charges, and that much abused excuse is used to drive many a bargain very hard on the purchaser's purse.

A man went into a shop here a few days ago to buy a needle. He was asked twenty-five cents for it. When disposed to grumble at the price he was told by the clerk, "ah, sir, our freight charges are very heavy, very." I don't know how it is with citizens and regular customers, but I know that a stranger is subject to imposition from every quarter.

One thing I miss greatly ; trees. The plains so wide, and without a single bush, the mountains too far off to disclose their pine forests, never afford any relief to my eyes, aching for sight of the maple and walnut groves of home. The dirty green mountain cacti and the scrubby cotton-woods that line the pavements, are painful in bringing to mind by their awkward semblance the ever-greens and lofty trees of Walnut Ridge.

When one comes here, from an association with nature's mild and tempered beauties, his ideality at first, is almost shocked and pained by her more rugged yet grander features. There is nothing soft and enchanting in these interminable plains and lofty mountains. They awe and impress, rather than charm and please you.

We shall go in our next letter, nearer these mountains and see if they lose any of their stern aspect on a nearer view.

Yours truly,

BERTY.

DENVER, COL., March 8, 1873.

EDITOR *Herald*:—I have thrown down my pen several times before commencing this letter, realizing the folly of attempting to write even a partial description of the Rocky Mountains, to give anything of an adequate idea of their grandeur. Even when no nearer them, than Denver, the various views they present quite baffle my powers of pen-picturing.

In the morning, when they catch the first light of day, when at noon their snowy tops flash and glisten in the sunshine ; or at evening bathed in gold, suggestive of the

treasures buried in their rocky sides; or when the fleecy clouds roll up against them, and spread out their white veil, half concealing their rugged beauty; at all of these times their appearance is grand beyond description. But when, in addition to this, one has crossed their summits, gone deep into their bosoms through shafts and tunnels, wandered among their forests, through wonderful cañons and ravines, their parks and table-lands, then he feels like refusing to write and saying, come and see! But for the benefit of those who cannot heed the injunction, I will try to write of some few things I saw, knowing that my description must be little more than a mere caricature:

There are several cañons near Denver, all presenting grand views, but the one most usually entered is the Clear Creek Cañon, for the reason, that it is not inferior to the others, and because a narrow track railroad has been built through it for about twenty miles. The little coaches and engines of the narrow gauge, are really enticing. Traveling in them is not very inconvenient for ordinary persons, but from the fact that long-legged men are compelled to sit doubled up during the whole trip, they are unpopular with that class of individuals. I do not know where the idea of narrow gauge railroads originated; it seems to me that there is an analogy existing between them and the narrow gauge mules (jack rabbits) that infest the country.

With a toot! toot! from the whistle, and a ding! ding! from the little bell, very much reminding one of dinner time with its hot biscuits and coffee, we are off. Up we go running between walls, sometimes twenty-two hundred feet high, under projecting rocks, through dark

glens where the sun never shines. On and up we go, puffing, pulling, whistling, ringing, jerking, and with nearly as much bustle and confusion as the waters of the little brook by our side, that goes tumbling and foaming down, never doing anything after all—just like a great many people I know.

When fully into the second range (there appear to be three ranges, first the foot hills or rather foot mountains. Just back of these mountains rising up about 10,000 feet, then the snow or main range) we see evidences of mining. The sides of the mountains are scarred, and pitted with prospect holes, and look like they had suffered from a severe spell of the small-pox. The beds of the streams have all been torn up in placer mining, or as we call it in Hoosier, gold washing. Every now and then we see a miner's camp. It must be confessed that the architectural beauty of these towns is not very striking. The "dug-outs" of Kansas become palatial residences in comparison with these shelterings made of brush, dirt, rock, or any thing handy; and the more unsuited it is for the purpose, the more likely it is to be used. A cur dog, an old pair of boots, and a red shirt hanging at half-mast, bespeak something of their domestic life.

We ended our railroad journey at Central City, having climbed up an average grade of 175 feet to the mile. Ho! you engineers of the (Matt) Anderson, Lebanon & St. Louis Railroad, what do you think of that? What do you think of a grade two hundred and fifty feet to the mile? Well, I have seen such, and it seemed to me to be a miracle that the engine ever pulled two coaches full of people up them without a single slip of the drivers.

Central City is a place of ten thousand inhabitants,

jammed down in a gulch with a stream and a street in the same place. It is overlooked by mountains ten thousand feet high; bald and pitted mountains, covered all over with old windlasses and shaft houses. It has no other resource but the mines. Many beautiful farms lie near in the broader valleys, but nothing can be raised at that height above the sea (8,300 feet) except the hardiest vegetables for man, and unmatured wheat and barley for beast. Some of its buildings are of the finest description and would do credit to some eastern cities, Ladoga not excepted. There are neat cottages and pretty churches perched up on the hillside among the rocks, about which we would go into ecstasies in the States.

Mines! mines! is the cry. New mines are being discovered and old mines being developed every day; and one is requested soon upon his arrival by some seedy individual with his pocket full of "specimens" to advance him fifty dollars and he will give him a half interest in the "Blue Jay," "Jim Cracker," or some other mine of like appellation.

Many of these mines have been sold for a trifling sum, which when developed proved to be worth millions of dollars, but a great majority of them do not possess "pay streaks."

Of course I was anxious to be initiated into the wonders of gold digging and was accordingly conducted through a tunnel, twelve hundred feet long, into the "Bobtail Lode." They used to haul the quartz down the mountain, from the shafts of the mines in rawhide sacks, pulling them by the tail; and they had one most capacious sack made of the hide of a bobtailed steer; and thus originates the mining nomenclature.

I saw great walls of rock, and the lights of the miners; heard the click of hammers and the report of blasts, but that was about all. Where was the gold? Invisibly held in this ungold like substance, quartz, I wondered how that it was ever discovered. The blacker and uglier the quartz, as a general thing, the richer it is. It is a miner's saying, "all that glitters is not gold."

I wanted to climb up a high mountain, so picked out one of the highest and thought I would walk right up and see the country. I walked right up, for about two minutes and found my lungs collapsed. If any of you have a very great curiosity to know how I felt, get some trusty friend to administer several good blows on that part of your person known among professionals as the "bread basket." After resting time and again, with some considerable suffering from this respiratory fatigue, I reached the summit. Of the splendors of the snowy range, of the quiet valleys with their ranches and cattle, of the Mountain city below resting in the cañon, and of the interminable plains stretching out until they vanished in a blue line, it would be useless to try to write. If Moses of old, from Pisgah's top, saw such a scene as this in viewing the land of Palestine, then, happy ending for a life so long and useful.

Through the generosity of the miners I obtained many fine specimens and much valuable information. It can be truly said of these miners that a more obliging or clever class of men never lived. I do not now remember of having received a single gruff or uncivil answer to my many questions. The miner's character is rough, firm, yet tender and easily led. It will give no injury; and woe be to him who in its association possesses not the same virtue.

The people are healthy and attribute the perfect operation of their digestive organs to "thin air and alkali water."

They all seem to be contented with home among the mountains and regard poor "pilgrims" from the States with a pitying expression. There is an (in)significance belonging to the word "States" that one learns only after remaining here a while. They are looked upon as reservoirs for all classes, from which a few of the choice specimens, disgusted with their old surroundings have come to the blue plains and silver mountains of Colorado. Of the "precious things of the hills and sands" I will write hereafter.

BERTY.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OPELET.

“Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature’s rule!”

—TENNYSON.

Before you pronounce too harsh an opinion upon the indefensible conduct of Ruby Rollins, be reminded that in all this she was not an exceptional novelty. She was but one out of many.

All over our country there is a wicked and reckless social custom, which when stripped of polite euphemism, we can fitly characterize only as—harlotry of hearts. Girls and young women grow up cherishing unrebuked the notion that what is called flirting, is for them a perfectly natural and innocent amusement. Hence it is not difficult to find in any community, some popular belle, who counts her worshipful followers by the half dozen; and who glories in having her fingers covered with gold rings, each one betokening a different marriage engagement. Parents and friends laughingly tease, and compliment the young sphynx upon her consummate tact in deluding her suitors, each one of whom is made to believe that he is certainly the favored one.

True, these gallants are often as trivial, conscienceless, and invulnerable in heart as she ; but occasionally there is one of finer, truer nature, doomed by her sinful deception to receive a blow from whose hurt he may never recover.

Let the truth be thoroughly considered, that a pure Christian girl can no more be a fashionable flirt, than the adulteress can at the same time be a Christian.

It is known to Botanists, that, down among the wonders of the sea, there is a curious and exquisite plant of anomolous nature called the Opelet.

It looks like an immense German aster in bloom.

Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of light green, glossy as satin, and each one delicately tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places like those of the garden aster ; but wave about in the water, while the opelet generally clings to a mossy rock. And how innocent, and lovely it looks on its rocky bed !

Who could ever suspect that it would eat anything grosser than distilled water and sunlight ? But those beautiful waving arms as we might call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth which is hidden deep down under them, and so well concealed that one can scarcely find it.

Well do they perform their duty ; for the instant a foolish little fish, attracted by beauty, touches one of those rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, when the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn down into

the greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then these lovely arms unfold and again gently wave in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish!

In this strange plant of such wonderful grace and beauty, and yet of secret deadly poison, we have a near and striking analogue of a certain type of young women found in modern American society. Apparently they are modest, innocent, beautiful; but at heart they are false and supremely selfish. They feign charming coyness, but do artfully use every possible device to entrap new victims, simply that their inordinate vanity, and their morbid appetite for thrilling semi-sensuous pleasure may be gratified. Since they regard so lightly love-making, and betrothal with its soft caressing privileges; it is a natural sequence that they should sometimes fall; and sometimes very hastily, and from most inadequate motives take the final marriage vow.

You must not infer from all this that Ruby Rollins was a common and heartless flirt, for she was no such ignoble thing. She was greatly influenced by social circumstances, but she was a pure, true-souled young woman. The unquestioned opinions and customs of society, led her into error, before she awoke to realize the wrong she had committed in taking the first seemingly innocent steps. They only made it possible for her to become involved in a very painful dilemma; from which she now struggled to be free, and which caused her secretly to shed many bitter tears of regret.

Ruby's inconsistency and trouble grew too, in part, out of inexperience. She had never gone many miles from home, and knew little of the great busy world. She had

waited long, and lived upon hope deferred. When persistently courted by a strong, fine looking man; self-reliant and ten years her senior; a man who would not be repulsed in his suit by a dozen refusals; and whose position and profession offered an immediate opportunity for a life of ease and exciting variety, the temptation was a strong one. On the other hand she had no conception whatever of the life to which Bertie hoped to lead her. She had never seen, or heard of it, save as his own eloquent lips painted it. Saddle bags, and the journey on horseback to the regular monthly appointment, was about all she had ever seen of a preacher's life. Her childhood impressions had caused her frequently to wonder if preachers really ever had any pleasures like other people; if they had any homes at all, and where they kept their never visible wives.

As an intelligent woman she knew that her impressions must be absurd; nevertheless at times they exercised a very discouraging influence upon her. And then again, to her mind, life with the business man in the grand rush and rattle of the world, appeared much more fascinating than what she supposed to be the invariably poor and tame lot of the preacher's wife.

But, Bertie's last visit had thrown a different light upon the whole subject, and opened to her view a new world. He was no longer a mere dreaming boy, he was a finely developed young man, a man of many accomplishments. His brow was already crowned with enviable distinction. He had been called to the charge of churches in several large cities. Whenever he mounted the pulpit, or the rostrum of the lecture hall, crowds greeted him, and reporters sat before him to take down

his words for the morning papers. Able editors were pleased to publish contributions from his versatile and brilliant pen. He had money, and the goodly prospect of handsome fortune. Now she need wait only long enough for him to decide upon a location and arrange his home. So Ruby determined to say nothing of her new engagement, to cling to her first love; and when Berty stood holding one hand of hers, and one of her good mother, who loved him well, ready to go away, she said: "You need not doubt me, I am all yours now, and when you come back next fall, why then you may be, unless you change your mind, my mother's son!" Happy in heart he went away, and engaged more actively than ever before in the public ministry of the Gospel.

About this time each day brought him some flattering call, or invitation from different and distant parts of the land. Frequently, churches in their impatience to know his answer would send telegrams asking immediate response. He consented to crowd the time with all the appointments possible; and often, after preaching at night, did he go straightway to the cars, and travel until the next evening, to be just in time to meet another engagement.

When the pale-faced stranger arrived and walked up the aisle, sometimes at first sight, congregations would be greatly and evidently disappointed. He seemed so young, so gentle and powerless, they could not believe him to be the distinguished pulpit orator they had expected to hear. I remember his first visit to Chicago. The morning papers had announced his coming, and thousands of hand bills had been scattered along the

streets to tell the people that he would preach that night in the Central Christian church. When we entered the pulpit a few minutes before time for service the house was crowded. He looked tired and listless. Soon one of the Elders whispered to me : " I feel dreadfully uneasy ; you had better preach to-night, and say to the people that the young Brother has come a long journey, and is too tired to speak before to-morrow evening. Expectation is high and I am afraid he will not meet it ! "

" Never do you fear, said I, only wait and hear. Mind that you don't forget yourself, and shout to-night ! "

After the opening service Berty arose and read from Proverbs his text : "*Keep thy heart with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life !*"

His salutation—" Fathers, brothers, sisters and fellow citizens, the grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, rest upon you all this night ! " Sounded, or felt like a holy benediction from one who had divine authority to pronounce it ; and instantly did it fix the sympathetic attention of all. He spoke one hour, holding his audience as if spell-bound to the last.

As an address to the young, it was by far the most eloquent and effective I have ever heard. No one of all present, and we every one were glad that it was ours to be there, can ever forget his picture of the ship laden with young men and women, in the awful storm, and sinking down in the sea ; or the marvelous apostrophe to the spirit of his sainted mother, which caused white haired men and women to weep.

After the service, many of the people crowded up to shake his hand, and a number of them, who were not members of any church, said with feeling, God bless you !

It was a significant fact, and a rare compliment that two regular reporters for the city papers sat before him that night, and after a few sentences, became so interested in the speaker that they forgot that they came to take down his discourse. Their disappointment was only equaled by their surprise, to find that he had no manuscript, and not even a note.

He was an off-hand speaker, and while he gave great care and prayerful study to preparation for the pulpit; yet he never wrote out more than a half dozen sermons in his life. His custom was to choose a subject, read all that he could find written on it, then meditate upon it for weeks or even months, and when he came to discuss it in public he knew exactly what he would say.

His sermons were not only strong and impressive, so that they were food for the wise; but there was a simplicity which charmed the unlettered. It was touchingly beautiful to see how the children would fall in love with him and flock to hear him. I have seen them crowd around him and listen to his words when he was preaching, and become so absorbed in him and his preaching, that he could hardly get away from them when the sermon was over. They all called him, "Brother Berty," and some would squeeze and kiss his hands. And how thoroughly he seemed to understand, and to sympathize with the dear little ones! Indeed, to my mind, the most beautiful and Christ like trait of the character of Berty Stover was his child loving spirit. He never allowed an opportunity to pass, without an effort to draw the little children to his heart and arms. The boys lionized him, and the little girls crowned him king; and they both always hailed his visits with joyous shouts.

The last week he ever spent in my home; in the afternoon, when one would naturally expect to find him anxiously preparing, or resting for the night's discourse, he would be sitting on the floor, playing with the wee young ladies, and entertaining them with his "sure enough stories."

One day, when he stood upon the street corner, having his boots "shined up" by a little frost-bitten looking gamin, he said, "Say Bub, is it not pretty sharp weather to have your horses out in the pasture?"

"What der yer mean? I got no hosses?"

"Well, my little man are those the best shoes you have?"

"Yes, them's the best, and them's all I got."

"Why don't you buy a pair to keep your trotters from freezing?"

"'Cause, when business is good, it takes all I can get to take care of the old woman and Bet (she's my little sister), and times is hard this winter; this is the first job I've had to-day!"

Berty then led the little fellow to a store, bought warm socks and shoes, and had them put on him, and said: "Now Bub, I do this because my big elder brother wants me to be kind to poor little boys who are having a hard time in the world, and because I believe you are a good boy."

Said the wondering child: "Who is that big brother of yours?"

"Christ, the Son of God; your Savior who died for you! I am preaching every night in the church on the corner of Jefferson Park, and if you will come around there, I will tell you a great deal about the dear, good Savior"

The boy said he would come, and the next night kept his promise. He lingered behind the crowd to say "Doctor, the old woman and Bet was awful proud about my shoes. If ye stay in Chicago I'm coming to yer meeting all the time ; and I'm done swore off ternight, I aint going to cuss any more, long as I live."

Berty took his hand and said, "I expect you Bub, to make a good man of yourself. You must tell the "old woman" and little Bet that Jesus loves them too ; and if they will love him, and do what he says, he will take them up to a beautiful home in heaven when they die."

He was born to be an aristocrat, was dignified and proud in disposition, delicate and refined in taste ; but he was not too lofty to go down to the condition of the most lowly child, to carry a ray of sunshine that might lead that child to a higher, better life.

CHAPTER XII.

GOLDEN, COLORADO.

[*Weekly Transcript*, Wednesday, September 17, 1873.]

On Sunday last the dedication of the new Christian Church was witnessed by a large congregation, who were rejoiced at the additional sign of our true prosperity. The ceremonies were conducted with primitive simplicity, and the dedication sermon, though a trifle long, may well be placed among the finest pulpit efforts thus far delivered in Golden. It was by Rev. Berty Stover, whose services in behalf of this church will long be remembered for the success attending them. Ground was broken for this edifice on the 8th of May, 1873, and it was finished and ready for use on the 11th of this month. The building committee, which consisted of S. F. Huddleston, John G. Hendrickson, O. F. Barber and William A. Wortham, deserve credit for the energy displayed in pushing the work, and this, more especially, when it is borne in mind that much of the material was donated and had to be hauled from distant portions of the county. The church building is a modification of the Gothic form, thirty-two by fifty-six feet, and fifteen feet from floor to ceiling, with a seating capacity for four hundred persons. It cost \$5,600, all of which has been paid, so that this handsome house of worship is free from financial incumbrance. The society that worships here now numbers some eighty souls, having received about forty new members since the beginning of 1873. And now that the work so recently begun under doubts and financial difficulties has been brought to a more than satis-

factory end, the thanks of the society is tendered to those of our county citizens who contributed the lumber, lime and shingles, and also to the workmen of the town who contributed their mite in the shape of labor. The edifice is certainly the finest religious house in Golden, being well adapted to the purpose for which it has been set apart, and also in a mechanical sense, much nearer perfection in detail than it is usual to reach. Mr. S. F. Huddleston, who superintended the work, has earned for himself no small share of credit.

SERMON ON THE OCCASION OF THE FORMAL DEDICATION
OF THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP OF THE FIRST CHRIS-
TIAN CHURCH OF COLORADO, AT GOLDEN
CITY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1873.
(As Reported.)

Worship—John iv: 23.

I.

After the Jews had passed their nomadic life in the wilderness, and had become a settled agricultural people in the land of Canaan, they existed under two forms of government.

The first was called the reign of the Judges. These Judges were nothing more than the heroes of the people, who arose from time to time among them, assumed dictatorial power, and led them against the Canaanites who often harassed their borders. Each tribe during this period maintained its own internal form of government, and frequently made war against its neighbor.

As they grew more powerful, and as their great resources began to be developed, we see in their history

the same that we see in the history of every nation, a disposition to centralize; to avoid the confusion of many, and to secure only one government. So dissatisfied were they with their disunited and unstable state, that they cried out for a king. Under the rule of the kings, prosperity alternated with adversity, and at the close of the reign of Solomon, we find them divided: Two tribes adhering to his son Rehoboam, and the remaining tribes in rebellion, and choosing for their king Jeroboam. For two hundred and fifty years the ten tribes passed successively through all the vicissitudes of national life; at the end of which time they were carried into captivity by the Assyrian monarch. Thus as a distinct Jewish nation they passed away, leaving no trace, and being to this day denominated "the ten lost Tribes of Israel." Their unfinished history, like some great broken shaft of marble remains as a monument of the consequences of ungodliness, whether it be the characteristic of an individual or a nation.

The arm of Jehovah that in so short a time obliterated from the earth a great portion of this race of people, is still in the world. In caring for the spiritual welfare of ourselves, our families and our neighbors; let us not neglect to attend to the moral and spiritual interests of our people as a nation by the conscientious exercise of our prerogatives as American men and women—that God's wrath be not kindled against us also.

After the disappearance of the ten tribes from the land of their possession there arose in their stead a mongrel race, which we know in history as the Samaritans. We have many reasons for believing that this people really carried an abundance of Jewish blood in their veins.

Although at times they were addicted to the practice of Idolatry; still their adherence to the moral law of Moses, and to many of the Mosaic forms of worship, indicates a Jewish, as well as a heathen origin. Even at this day, although existing as a mere handful, one or two hundred oppressed and captive people, they cling to their city, and kneeling at the foot of Mount Gerizim still offer worship to their fathers' God. Stubborn in their adversity, refusing to mingle with surrounding people; clinging with childish devotion to old localities and old associations, they show in their disposition the distinctive features of the Jewish character. At the time when Jesus was among men, this people formed no inconsiderable part of the population of Palestine. They lived in the land of Samaria, between Judea and Galilee. From the time that the ten tribes had rebelled against the House of David, there had been no connection with Israel proper. Not only so, but there existed in the Jewish heart an intense hatred to the Samaritans, whom the Jews contemptuously called, "dogs." The disposition to exalt one's own family and nation, at the expense of others was a strong feature of selfish man in the early ages of history. The Romans despised the "Barbarian," and assumed that all wisdom, nobility and civilization was comprehended by their own Empire. The Greek being more intelligent and of more aesthetic culture, with a more pitying and dainty scorn looked down upon the heathen nations of earth. And so, in accordance with this common disposition, the Jews hugged to themselves the conceit that they were the especially and only blessed of the races. Hence they regarded all others with contempt.

This feeling was intensified tenfold when the Samari-

tan was considered. Because the Samaritans of intermingled blood, claimed kindred with them, because they had introduced into their worship elements of idolatry ; and as the Jews thought, by this vile association of holy and unholy things, the Samaritans committed the most abominable sacrilege ; therefore the Jews abhorred their pretensions, and spurned their offers of friendship. One great question of dispute between the two people was as to the genuinely authorized place of worship, Jerusalem, or Mount Gerizim—the *mount of blessings*, where Joshua had built his altar and offered sacrifices, immediately after entering the land of Canaan. This enmity of the two races was hottest and most bitter at the time of Jesus.

Although the worship of the Samaritans was Mosaic, and their temple ceremonies in accordance with the Law, yet the Jews called them dogs ; and in their journeys between Judea and Galilee refused to pass through Samaria, but crossed the Jordan, and passed along the eastern border, through the land of Gilead.

Against this dark background of Jewish hate, we see, well defined, standing out all radiant with the glory of its virtues the lovely character of Jesus, the Christ.

The Samaritans were always objects of his considerate care ; and in passing through their country, which he never avoided if it lay in his way, he was always, with a single exception, the recipient of honor and unfeigned friendship. His sinless character, and sweetness of disposition disarmed all prejudice against him as a Jewish teacher.

As the incarnation of the great principle of his religion, charity ; as a living illustration of his own doctrines,

we see him raising himself above the miserable jealousies of nations; passing by hereditary hatreds and extending the hand of fellowship to all men.

How beautifully does his life set forth the genius of his religion! And how ashamed should we be, who with far less cause than the Jews know so little, and evince so little of the spirit of Christ!

It was upon one of his journeys through Samaria that the conversation which we have read, occurred between Jesus and the Samaritan woman. It was at midday; weary with his journey, dusty and thirsty he sat down by the well of Jacob, while his disciples went to the city of Sychar to purchase provisions. He asked a drink of one of the women of the city, who had come to draw water. She is astonished. His kind tone and civility are in such striking contrast to the rude treatment she always received at Jewish hands.

“How is it that thou being a Jew asketh drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria? For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.”

While regarding the cool and refreshing water, which came up from the well of the rock, here in the arid desert, He is reminded to speak of the Water of Life.

The woman misapprehends him, and thinks him but opening the controversy between the Jew and Samaritan. By relating her past and bitter history he convinces her at once that he is a prophet; and she immediately proposes to find what he has to say from God of the long contested case between the two nations; whether Gerizim or Jerusalem was the place where men ought to worship.

He answered, “woman believe me, the hour cometh

when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem worship the father. Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such to worship him. For God is spirit, and they that worship Him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

That is to say, the time has come when there shall be nothing exclusive about worship; not at Jerusalem alone nor Gerizim only, but in all places above and beneath the blue sky wherever there are spirits to love and to pray—there shall Jehovah be acceptably worshipped.

Now that the old dispensations of Judaism were passing away; that the ceremonies of the Law as practiced by both Jews and Samaritans would be of no avail, he strives to raise her conception of the worship of God above mere time, place and form, robbing it of its sensuality, and making it a pure animation of the heart, of the spirit spiritual. This spiritual worship of Christ's religion is that which distinguishes it, and lifts it above every other on earth. Worship is the principal thing in all religion. It is the feeling, groping after the Father of spirits; the approach we make in fear and love to the Supreme Power of Powers, and is but the natural impulse of the soul. Just as naturally as the vine climbs from out the dark, and tries to live in the sun; so humanity tries to climb up and get back to its native light—the glory of God. And when we understand that Christ came as the Light of the world, and instituted the true and spiritual religion; it is not hard to believe that this transcendent religion must endure, while all other so-called religions

must fade away, like sickly swamp lights before the morning sun. This spiritual worship transcends that worship which we may justly style material and sensuous, as the spirit the flesh, the eternal, the temporal.

What is the problem of human destiny and in whose life do we find the true solution! In the history of what nation or individual? In the life of Alexander, Socrates, Plato, or Caesar? No! no, they lived, struggled grandly and died; but they left no thrilling truth incarnated in history to move the world onward and upward. Do we find it in the history of the great Roman Empire? No! its policy was its own destruction, and had nothing to elevate and save the race. In the history of Greece? Her ideals were beautiful, and in her works she certainly realized somewhat of the beauty of her ideals; but all her poems and statues, things of curious and exquisite beauty, were powerless to hush sorrow, make despair give place to hope, or lessen the reign of death-bringing sin. Where then the answer to the eager questionings universal of the soul; and where the interpretation of our mysterious existence?

We find all in the isolated life—unlike all others—in the perfect life of Christ. In the life of Him who was Lord over time and the material, who was superior to circumstance; and who by the power of his soul vanquished all evil that strikes at the life and glory of man. Who refused to raise his hand against his persecutors, and who bade his indignant follower to sheathe his sword. Who by sublime conquest demonstrated that spirit is above flesh, and good mightier far than evil. Who spoke as man never spake, and started a thought, a truth, a hope, a life joyously crying aloud in the

wilderness, that should awaken and bless the world. His very name to-day carries a power itself mightier than the flag of any nation; and the influence of the spirit of his life is now more powerful among men than it ever was before. We see it shining through every sign of human progress, and inspiring the noblest energies of man, embodied in a thousand-thousand beneficent works. Sometimes in watching the ant hills, scattered over the plains, we see the little creatures hurrying ever to and fro, carrying in and going out in their search; digging their storehouses and piling up the mounds. They are fulfilling their mission, and being creatures of mere instinct, each generation perfectly accomplishes the purpose of the Creator.

So we see men hurrying across the earth in groups, pressing the bounds of civilization up into the desolate mountains and over the sterile plains. They launch the white-winged ships, freighted with commerce for distant lands. They boldly push out in the very face of death to explore unknown regions. For gold they dig into the rocky sides of the mountains; they tear open the bosom of earth for its iron, which they forge into monster engines that turn the wheels of shops and factories, and hurry us over the iron tracks with the speed of the wind. They tie the continents together with slender threads of wire, over which the enslaved lightening is made to fly with knowledge. And why is all this? Men are working out their destiny, and in very many respects are—it is true unknowingly—carrying out the great principles of the life of Christ. The end will be a demonstration of the fact that mind is above matter; the spirit infinitely more important than the body. Thus

will be fulfilled the prophetic injunction of the Creator: "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and *subdue* it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air and over every living thing that moveth upon earth." Man was intended to be a kingly creature, and such he will yet be on the earth. In performing his work he is different from the ants in being a creature of experience instead of instinct, therefore capable of endless progress.

So our mission is a cumulative work of generations, that must continue through the course of ages until it shall be completed. We are making rapid progress now. We have been hurrying on for the past few years at an unprecedented rate. So fast indeed, that some people are becoming alarmed; they are crying out that the world is running mad; that motives of selfishness are gaining strength, and that a spirit of recklessness rules the age. But we are safe; these things are but the secondary effects in the great struggle to advance, and will be unavoidable so long as there is sin in the world.

Fiery trial is the element from which true life is born, and we are always in the midst of dangers. From the cradle to the grave, our path must often lead along the verge of precipices; and the powers of darkness seem at times bound to hurl us over. This is surely for our discipline, and betokens designed development. The crackling zig-zag lightning may, as a thunder bolt, strike down a few; ever and anon the remorseless ocean may lift up its huge hands and clutch for destruction a passing ship; but would you, could you forever quiet these elements?

Is mere security the greatest good? Must the fiery blast be quenched in a stagnant ocean! There are

powers in the soul of man, of fearful capabilities it is true, but of glorious susceptibilities and they must awaken and unfold themselves. Let us hail and encourage every sign of their development with hopeful faith in human nature as God's creation, and with firm trust in that Providence which overrules all things for good. As proof that we have made rapid progress in the science of true development, as it is embodied in the statement that mind is mightier than matter, regard for a moment the forces that men most esteem at this day.

Brute force was the iron rod that once and long ruled the world, and its history is one of war and blood. But now wars are being looked upon with horror, and are for the most part deemed brutal and disgraceful; and the nation that oftenest resorts to brute force in settlement of its disputes we count lowest in the scale.

The Geneva Arbitration by which the Alabama claims were so amicably settled will stand in history as a mark of the progress of our age. And I pray God that the time may soon be at hand when War himself shall be dead; when we shall carry out the grim and bloody monster upon his own rusty shield and bury him in the most desolate place in all the earth; when the flowers of peace shall bloom over the battle field, and little children shall not be afraid to wander there to gather them.

In marching thus up and on to a higher plane of human action, the nations are silently moved by the great principles of Christ's holy religion; and are coming to recognize how superior in might and glory is mind to matter, spirit to flesh. Because the reasoning of Mahometanism, Pantheism, Atheism, and modern Darwinism all ignore this truth in their speculations and theories of

life, we reject them as fundamentally false and unphilosophical.

Like the Indians of America who for centuries inhabited this beautiful country without at all developing its great resources, and were considered by the God of Providence unworthy of its possession; so these false and unfruitful systems and the nations that hold to them, will be crowded back from the fields of labor, to give place to worthier people.

When Moses had brought the Children of Israel out of Egypt, and they at last reached the southern border of the land of Canaan; before entering the promised land he first sent over spies to inspect the country. They returned with great branches clustered with purple grapes, but reported the Canaanites "a people fierce and strong." The hearts of the slavish, cowardly people quaked with fear; and they cried to be led back to Egypt. God did lead them back, not to Egypt, but into the wilderness of the Red Sea; and there they remained until a new generation had sprung up to succeed the bondsmen of Egypt.

Let us thank God to-day, that our nation does not want to be led back, as did many nations of the past, and as do some benighted people of the present. And let us thank God that men everywhere are growing weary of being led back to the dark ages to find in the idolatrous shrines of superstition, and in the dogmas of zealous ignorance, the place and theory of true worship. Men have about ceased groping into the night of yesterday to find light, are climbing the mountain tops, and gazing with rapt vision upon the rising sun of the eternal morrow, the sun which hath healing in his wings. * * * *

* * * * It is easy to see that this handsome building has been erected for a house of worship; and we are to dedicate it to that worship which is in spirit and in truth.

But what meaneth this absence of all pompous ceremony, why the service so severely simple! My eye rests upon no images or pictures of saints; I see no holy relic, no uplifted cross; I hear no prayers and incantations in words of a dead language; I smell no smoke of sacrifice or of burning candles, and see no gorgeous vestments of fine linen and silks prepared for the priest. However, in the absence of these things, there is something that speaks in language that cannot be mistaken, of that simple and sublime worship of which Jesus spake at the well, the worship alone worthy of man, and fit for the Great God of Heaven and Earth.

II.

We recognize the wisdom of Christ in declaring that spiritual worship is to be the acceptable worship, because as he reveals, *God is spirit*.

His brief discourse upon worship—that “the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him”—seems to me the profoundest and most exhaustive statement of truth ever presented to the mind of man. The church is just beginning to understand its meaning. If we worship the one True and Living God, the Great Spirit, what homage can we bring other than pure spiritual homage of our higher nature; and how can we

dare approach Him at all in worship unless each step and act be in strict accordance with the command and permission of His revealed truth.

By wisdom we could not find out God, and by wisdom we may not presume to say or think what may be acceptable in worship. To be sincere is not enough; our worship must be in or according to the truth; and God alone through his Son can tell us what is the truth. We do not, as the Jews, recognize any priesthood, nor do we see any cloud. We have not, as the idolators, gods to be seen. Neither do we recognize any hierarchy standing between us and our God; but by the new and living way we crowd into the Father's presence, hold sweet communion with him, and tell him our wants and troubles.

Having within us a consciousness that somehow we were not intended for death; knowing that this throbbing heart soon must stop and yet whispering when we note its pulsations, "Hark, I feel within me the beat of the heart of hearts. I hear the fluttering of a life which was not born to die." We could not be satisfied with a worship that comprehended nothing more lasting than sensual ceremonies. We feel that there must be help and food and preparation for the spirit; gradual development of those high faculties of man which are destined to contemplate the mysteries of God's love and power throughout eternity. We believe true worship to be perfectly and divinely adapted to this great end; and cannot endure the idea of degrading it, by foisting into it human opinions, or mocking it with mechanical ceremony, empty forms and impious pomp.

Poor man you cannot make a grain of sand, a flower

or a bug ; and how can you help God in his own work of giving a religion, and a form of worship fit for the immortal spirit, and able to save the world!! What Councils and Popes and Bishops have attempted in this direction, in the not distant future, will be looked upon as most presumptuous folly. Were I to lift a finger to alter or amend the work that Jesus finished, my soul alarmed would hear a voice calling out of heaven, and saying: "Be still, and know, that I am God!"

III.

The character of our worship is dependent upon the degree of our knowledge of God, upon the education and enlargement of our higher faculties. In speaking of higher faculties, I do not wish to be understood to intimate some supernatural powers different from those which we use in this life, but of those which are not dependent upon flesh, and that do not find their food in the material stores of time and sense, that live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Christ said to the woman: "We worship what we know." God is spirit, and as such must reveal Himself, *and as revealed*, Him the true worshipper must worship. To worship a creation, or ideal conception of Deity formed by the human mind, or to worship the true God, in the way invented by human wisdom, is only to be guilty of a refined species of idolatry. Do we then seek to worship in spirit and in truth, so as to be acceptable to God, and so as to realize the life and joy and glory

designed to be conveyed to the spirit made in the image of God; then we must see tremendous importance in the Apostle's injunction "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ!"

The great God who is love; whom Jesus revealed, and who stands before the world to-day seeking its homage is Spirit, whom to know is to address with spiritual worship. And it was not until He was fully revealed in Christ the Son that He demanded this higher spiritual worship. In the fact that our worship is spiritual in the ratio that we have knowledge of the Father of spirits, we find also reason why men now offer such meagre and unsatisfactory worship before the throne. It is because they have meagre knowledge, and have not by meditation, contemplation and communion educated, what we may term the faculty of worship. They need every where familiarity with the word, a heart and soul understanding of the living oracles.

Do you not see men every day who are low in their foreheads, whose preponderance of brain is in the back of the head? Men who curse and swagger in coarsest style; whose whole being seems to grovel in mere bestiality? Would it do any good to reason with them of higher life, or to appeal to their imbruted conscience in behalf of the eternally good! Why, no, their better nature is deformed and dormant, and has long since ceased to be susceptible to moral influences. The gross animal is alive and strong; but the spirit is dead. The majesty of the law avails not to govern and restrain them. They must be controlled by brute force; for them we make chains and prisons and dungeons. What is needed most of all, is that the spiritual nature of men be educated;

that the true inner deathless man be lifted up, and be made master, prince over the body. The one all powerful institution for the accomplishment of this great purpose is Divine Worship. * * * Our first crude ideas of God are derived from our parents and early teachers. They are bounded by the narrow circle of our experiences ; and yet it is almost impossible ever to escape from their impression. True our views become enlarged and changed, but with all our growth they remain essentially the same. You look upon a blade of green, pushing up from the mother seed ; in a few years it has grown to be a noble tree. But the plant is not different ; it is simply enlarged..

What dignity and importance must belong to the circle of home influences, and to childhood's school. Here is the awakening of the spiritual nature, and the beginning of our growth in the knowledge of God, and alas ! with the masses of mankind it is about the end also. Few change the religious or irreligious ideas inherited from their mothers. Hence the poor stunted growth of men, bearing at best such sour and worthless fruit.

Say to the average man of society : "What sir, is your conception and knowledge of God ; how extended ; how profound ?" Startled and confused he would drag out the old impression of childhood, and perhaps repeat some saying from his mother's catechism. Thought of God is no part of his mental being, but an old curious idea entombed in his unstirred memory. His God has not even the dignity of an idol ; and appears as powerless and pitiful a thing, as would in his arms the armless, unclothed doll his mother made for him when a little child. It is as powerless to inspire to higher life as the

dumb stone figures of the Idolaters. How much spiritual worship will ever flow from the soul of such a man as that; what lofty inspiration will move him to lead a pure and noble life?

No wonder that the multitudes of such people are content with prayer books, hollow ceremony, and images of saints; and that when in the house of prayer once a week, they cannot rise above the earthy, and even for a little while get rid of worldly care and business.

What we want is ever growing knowledge of God, and to have this we must search, and study, ponder and pray over the great volume of Truth, the precious Bible. We must keep the thought of God day and night ever before us. We must try to see and hear Him everywhere and in everything. Above all things we must endeavor to know Christ the Lord; to see, to understand and love Him as gloriously revealed in the New Testament Scriptures. Through such efforts our worship will become each week and month and year ever truer, deeper, and purer, and that worship will be our life, and that life joyous and exalted.

The laborers had been drilling and blasting and hewing in the Mount Ceniz tunnel for years. One day the steady work was still going on, the same monotonous clink, clink, boom, boom; but hark what was that? Why, the sound of the hammers and drills of the workmen slowly cutting their way and coming from the other side of the mountain. They are nearing each other and the work of years will soon be completed mid shouts of joy. So dear old workmen for Christ, fathers and mothers in our Israel, for long years you have been toiling on, nearing your God; becoming more spiritual in worship;

more loving to Christ and to men; and God has been nearing you. Some day ere long his own hand will cleave the thin wall that separates you from his presence, and then forever more, you shall walk in light, in the sinless world. * * * *

For this true worship of Almighty God, we have built this house. It was begun in April last. In the falling snow we measured off the ground. We asked God to bless us then; and the labor and pain are now finding their reward. To many friends here in Golden who lent us generous aid, we wish publicly to extend hearty thanks. And he who from a far off land sent his munificent gift to complete the building will find his reward.

Men are in the habit of erecting splendid houses for political and educational purposes. Great as are these purposes, after all they are not for man's very highest interest. The humble spire that points heavenward, raised over the place where men are wont to worship God in spirit and truth, will speak more for man's loftier interests than shining tower or minaret of King's palaces, more than all the stately columns of Greece or Rome or the pyramids of Egypt.

It was a solemn occasion when King Solomon dedicated the Temple to the Most High God. All the elders and people were assembled. The ark was borne in sacred order from Mt. Zion. Sacrifices without number were offered before it. The priests conveyed the oracle and placed it under the wings of the cherubim. Bursts of music filled the air, and the choristers rolled their notes of praise over Jerusalem. In the midst of solemnities, the cloud of glory, the sublime Shekinah of Jehovah took possession of the Temple.

We have here to-day a far different service from that. In our age and under the Christian dispensation of spiritual worship, we dedicate this house of prayer and praise with no glittering pomp and no costly ceremony. We reverently bear in the ark of truth, the Gospel of our Lord, the World's Redeemer; the holy and eternal principle of right and love, clad in the clean simple vestments of humility, and place it under the protecting wings of God himself.

With contrite and broken spirits we pray and sing unto Him, looking for no luminous cloud out of heaven, but for the sweet benediction of the peace of God, which passeth all human understanding. Remembering as Milton says, that

“ God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent.”

Nor do we pretend by this opening service in any way to bring “peculiar mysterious holiness” to the place, which shall render it holy. We cannot invest this pile of bricks and mortar with any sacredness, and would only have a day of rejoicing in the fruit of our labor, as we begin here that public worship, for which it was built. We come together, as it were on the commencement day of a new era, and new work, for which our opportunities have been widened; and in thankful joy we would renew our vows to God, and gird up our loins for the race and toils that are yet to come. Perhaps long years from now when old associations connected with saints departed, when many sweet recollections shall climb about and into the history of this house, like green

ivy over old church walls, then, it may be considered a holy place. They who are children now, may be very old then, and may often come here as to a sweet restful place, and may regard the house builded by their fathers as the gateway of heaven. So as we cast our thoughts forward, marking the influence of this house of worship, upon the community, probably for hundreds yet unborn, we have additional cause for gladness and praise. But dear brethren, this house will at last moulder and crumble away, and so, soon shall these poor clayey temples of ours.

God has set a boundary to the ocean. He stretched out the pebbled beach, and said to the waters: "Hitherto, and no further. Here shall thy proud waves be stayed!" And so, he has bounded our life; and we are all nearing the great Hitherto! The Lord grant that we may work unto the end, and that as when the mighty sea wave pauses in its course, then dashes fearlessly upon the frowning rock; so may end our life here. While the powerful waves seems to perish, the sun lowers its golden cords, and having separated the fine from the gross, draws upward only the purest, dewiest spray, to enter anew into forms and works more beautiful. Afterward we see it sweeping down the heavens as an angel of light, or trailing its golden robes upon the blue pavement of the sky—so, when we shall have reached the *Hitherto* of earthly life, and have been dashed against the rocks of death; may the cords of his wondrous love draw our purified spirits away and up, to become a part of the great multitude in white, who shall worship Him evermore, in the glorious city and temple which hath foundations; whose builder and maker is God!

CHAPTER XIII.

VIRTUS IN ARDUIS.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loved his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT.

"Fixed in astonishment, he gazed upon her,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven:"—ADDISON.

In the last of the winter of 1875, after leaving Chicago, Berty went to meet a number of engagements in his native State. At Crawfordsville, Ladoga, Hillsboro and Waynetown, Indiana, he preached with great power;

and while the wondering people thronged to listen to his novel eloquence, many gave earnest heed to his solemn message. Scores of men and women were moved to obey the Gospel of Christ.

It is claimed that the church at Hillsboro was planted by him; and the present prosperous condition of the church at Waynetown is attributed to the impulse of the great meeting held by him and his friend W. C. Warren at that time. While his preaching always stirred a community, and threw the people into commotion, he could not justly be called a popular revivalist; for he was far removed from being a sensational preacher. He had no miserable revival fantoccini, no fund of harrowing deathbed stories; and he made no frantic exhortations, presented no inadequate motives; but simply proclaimed Gospel truth, and rested upon the all-sufficiency of its appeal with a confidence absolutely sublime. There was no thunder of stormy oratory about his address; but his thought, his musical voice so perfectly trained to its work, his calm and authoritative manner always senatorial in dignity, together with his awful earnestness, imparted to his speech a lightning-like fire and force to smite the heads, and rive, and melt the hearts of men.

He always began a series of meetings in a new place with several discourses on the history and internal evidences of Christianity; then he would labor to make his hearers understand the folly, the enormous evil and woe of sin. From night to night the impression deepened; the people grew to be wonderfully quiet and sober, and a look of prayerful anxiety settled upon the countenances of all.

Listening to his sermon on "Count the Cost!" one might imagine that he had been down to the realms of despair and brought up every possible argument to discourage men and women from undertaking the Christian profession. That night all seemed fearfully dark! in the chill gloom the church itself shuddered, and stricken sinners groaned aloud in their agony. But the next night when he told of the Savior's love and power and will, we were suddenly ushered into a new world of light; sobbing clouds gave place to smiles of hope and tears of joy; and then, the church began to gather the precious fruits of his wise and patient toil. Those whom he brought into the church always came intelligently converted. His work was solid; and no doubt will stand until that day when the Lord shall inspect it, pronounce it good, and establish it forever!

In his short but crowded life he held meetings in nearly one hundred different places, and succeeded in adding a large number of converts to the churches. He delighted to work in new ground, and sought opportunities to carry the plea for primitive Christianity into fields where it had never been heard before. With remarkable courage would he go into a strange place, secure a church or hall, at his own expense, issue handbills announcing his purpose, and begin at once to preach to the people. And now there are in our land four growing churches, one of them already large and influential, which he, unaided by others, originally planted.

He was a generous soul, and no one could be more willing to help the poor and unfortunate than he was at all times. His path of life is marked by many an unselfish deed in befriending the lonely and suffering. He

was fond of repeating Leigh Hunt's little epic poem, and while he severely criticised the hidden doctrine, yet delighted to commend the loving spirit of "Abou Ben Adhem."

On one occasion when passing through Bloomington, Illinois, while waiting for the eastern bound train, he saw at the depot two German boys who seemed to be also waiting for something, and in distress. He asked them their trouble, but not being able to speak English they could not tell, and showed him their papers. From these he learned that they had just come over from Germany, had purchased tickets from New York to their destination where they had friends, but unfortunately they had been carried seventy-five miles beyond their station and put off at Bloomington. Here they were among strangers in a foreign land, and without a cent of money left. He took them on the cars, and tried to persuade the conductor to carry them back to their station without charge, but he refused. So Berty paid their fares, and it took the last dollar he had with him, causing him afterwards considerable embarrassment; but he said the poor fellows were so ignorant and so troubled, that it gave him great pleasure to relieve them.

He was a firm believer in the goodness of men and women. It was his maxim to believe in and treat all whom he met as positively good, until they proved to be positively bad. He was always quick to enter the list for the defence of any man whose fair reputation he believed to be unjustly assailed.

In the noted case of Henry Ward Beecher, Berty stoutly maintained that Beecher was a good man and innocent of the crimes laid to his charge. He carefully

studied every word of the testimony, and declared that no reasonable man could intelligently pronounce him guilty; that the wicked, in their reptatory hate and jealousy, had conspired to silence the mightiest orator, and destroy one of the most prodigious moral powers of the nineteenth century; and all over the land the most ignorant, depraved and criminal men and women shrieked with a hellish delight. He thanked God that he did not have to stand in such company; and predicted that Mr. Beecher would pass through the fire unscorched, and be justified at the bar of history, and the throne of God. No clearer mind, no purer heart, and no more eloquent tongue in all the nation volunteered to vindicate the name of the great patriot, philanthropist and minister, whom he called "Our and Our Country's Béecher!"

In his associations with women, Berty was, as a rule, formally polite and studiously reserved. He cherished the tenderest sympathy and a chivalrous reverence for the fair sex, and had the spirit of genuine gallantry which belonged to the old school in those days.

"When courtiers would gallop across four counties
The ball's fair partner to behold,
And humbly hope—she caught no cold!"

He was too loyal, too sincere in everything, and too pure in his friendship for woman, to cause by flattering attention or the slightest imprudence, any name to be linked in idle, even though innocent gossip with his own. However, notwithstanding this delicate consideration and gentlemanly prudence, he was the unwilling object

of much romantic attachment. Many sweet young girls, and some noble women allowed their admiration for him to deepen into passionate love.

He was constantly receiving all manner of tokens and challenges from them—pretty little notes, flowers, books, original poems, and not unfrequently letters declaring without restraint a desperate but pleading love. To all these he was deaf and mute, but as

“Gentle as is the sweet south
To the blue-sighing violets.”

Would you seek to account for this uncourted and unceremonious infatuation, then remember his charming magnetic character, and woman's natural susceptibility to all that is truly great and good. And it may help to a philosophical conclusion for me to give the following suggestive passage from one of the works of Hans Christian Andersen :

“When a girl is just stepping into womanhood all manner of fancies awake. She experiences a kind of inclination for the heart of man; but this may not be acknowledged except for two friends—the clergyman and the physician. For these she has quite a passion, especially for the former; she stands in a kind of spiritual *rapprochement* with him. His physical amiability melts into the spiritual. Thus her first love, one may designate clergyman love. He preaches himself so deeply into her heart! She melts into tears, kisses his hand and goes to church; but often not so much for the sake of God, as on account of the dear clergyman.”

While preaching in the city of —, Berty accepted an urgent invitation to spend part of his time in the home of a Mr. D., whose wife was an active and highly respected member of the church. From the first Mrs. D. seemed almost entranced with Berty and his preaching. She was a beautiful young woman, and in her warm and quickly sensitive disposition was akin to a tropical passion flower. She had been early left an orphan, and wealthy, and had unfortunately married an aimless and dissipated man. She was childless, greatly neglected and unhappy. All her comfort was found in the church, and in the companionship of her only brother who lived with her.

Berty no sooner understood the sad state of affairs in the family, than he determined to do his utmost for the conversion of the husband; and within a short time seemed to have gained a strong influence over him, and began to be hopeful of success.

One rainy evening, after returning from church he went into the parlor, and was soon absorbed in a favorite book. But as he sat reading, some one silently opened the door and entered the room; looking up he saw, with surprise, standing before him a queenly creature, magnificently dressed as if for a wedding, only that her splendid black hair hung loosely down to veil the peerless beauty of her otherwise uncovered neck and shoulders. It was Mrs. D. herself. She took a seat near him, and said that she wished to have a long talk with him. She recounted at length her own and her husband's history; and told him that the degraded man had that day demanded of her a large sum of money to pay a gambling debt, and upon being refused he had abused

her shamefully, and had for the twentieth time proposed that she should give him one-half her property and take a divorce. He had now gone to St. Louis, and would not return for two weeks. Having listened wonderingly and with pain, Berty assured her of his deep sympathy, and wished that it were in his power to help her out of trouble.

Thereupon she hurriedly and excitedly answered: "Berty, it is in your power, are you blind that you do not see that I love you better than my life! I never loved any one before; I am three years older than you, and you have been thinking of me as your sister, while God knows, I have only thought, half crazed, day and night how to reveal to you, what now in desperation I plainly tell you. Perhaps you will despise me forever! But speak the word, and I will sue for divorce to-morrow, and I'll go with you anywhere."

In a few words Berty expressed himself shocked, rebuked her for speaking in such a manner to him, declared it his belief that this was a crazy fancy brought about by distracting troubles; that she would soon be her own noble, sensible self again; would then be deeply ashamed of this weakness, and wish him to forget it. In conclusion he told her frankly of her whom he called the angel of his life, Ruby Rollins. Then he asked Mrs. D. to excuse him for leaving her home at once, as under the peculiar circumstances he felt it his sacred duty to go without delay.

In five days from that time, the husband returned home very sick, and providentially stung with remorse on account of his sinful past. For two weeks his life trembled upon the verge of death; but he recovered, and

lived to be a worthy man and loved husband. During his convalescence his wife told him fully all of what she called her own humiliation, and Berty Stover's exaltation!

About the opening of spring Berty appeared thin and overtaken; his body would not stand the excessive labor imposed upon it, and his health was evidently failing. So he resolved to return to the mountains of Colorado, but not until after he made another short visit to Ruby Rollins. He was distressed to find her looking pale and sad; and was all the more troubled when she persistently evaded his many anxious inquiries concerning her concealed cause of sadness. At last she began to plead with him to abandon the ministry, and to take up the profession of law; confessed that while she loved and honored him more than ever before, she had a growing distaste for the idea of marrying a preacher. Upon this subject they had many and long conversations. He patiently answered her objections one by one, and demonstrated the unreasonableness of her request. When the moment of parting came, the last words he was ever to hear from her lips were these: "Berty, you will not give up preaching, and I cannot give you up! So make haste and come back again. Above all things take care of your health."

Her preparations for the wedding were then nearly complete; and she thoroughly appreciated the fact, that she would soon take the irrevocable step, which would break his strong, devoted heart, and cause a cloud to overshadow her own life.

CHAPTER XIV.

SPIRITISM.

Berty was constitutionally of an even and cheerful temperament; but delicate health, anxious ambition, and weariness from overwork subjected him to occasional fitful moods. Sometimes his spirits were so gloomed that for days together he would remain pensive and taciturn; and was then, as he himself expressed it, "as jolly company as an owl!" But mind you, he never hooted; for his disposition was sweet, and free from any savor of sourness or querulous repining. In his usual frame of mind he was so vivacious and exhilarated, there was so much of good humor, sharp wit, and freshness of thought about his easy flowing talk, that he was regarded by those who knew him as a most delightful companion. Both old and young people always gave him hearty welcome to their social circles. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and was even boyishly fond of fun. It was impossible to anticipate what view he would take of any subject presented to his mind; and the peculiar chute of his discussion nearly always carried surprise. Except in sound sleep his mind was never idle or at rest; hence notwithstanding his busy care as a preacher, he found time to write many letters to his correspondents,

and frequent contributions to the public press. Some of these contributions were of a humorous turn, and often evinced masterly skill in wielding amiable irony.

In the year 1874 spiritism was exciting much interest in Denver, and the Religio-Philosophical brethren of the "seance" and "rapping" school, seemed to be gaining a strong foothold in Colorado. Berty was moved to write several articles on the subject, which attracted no small degree of attention, and had the good effect to bring many people to their senses. I have thought it well to give one of these fugitive pieces, that you may the better know him as he really was.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS.

EXPERIENCE OF A SPIRITUALIST.

EDITOR *Herald*:—I believe in *spiritualism*, but do not think it ought to be encouraged. It is enough for mortal patience to have living friends, without having all your ancestors from Adam down, loafing around, interfering with your business and domestic affairs. When our friends die, they are dead, and God means for them to remain dead, until Gabriel blows his horn; and we have no right to poke our noses into his arrangement of the matter. No, sir. Spiritualism will not do. It must be put down, or there is no telling where it will lead nor what evil results it will bring. The grave, as the goal, must not be abolished. When we grow weary of life, and heart sick through deferred hope, we turn to the grave as a dernier resort; and when we die, we want no doubts hanging about the question. We want simply

to die; to find the old, old-fashioned death, and not commence dancing around on earth like the Will-o'-the-wisp, above a bog. Although our lives have been full of trouble, and have been sustained by free lunch, and credit; although we have been deviled and dunned both at home and abroad, still in looking down the vista of future years, at the end we saw the grave, and we thought that was all. O ! sweet delusion to be dispelled by modern spiritualism ! When we die we don't die ; we only commence itinerating the universe or absorbing substance from the air and jerking on a body whenever it suits the fancy of a crazy medium or pleases a gaping crowd ! In addition to this, there is a particular reason why I am opposed to infringing upon the privacy of the eternal world. In order to set it forth, I will narrate my own experience :

One day a friend of mine told me that there was a "medium" at his house ; for me to call around and we could have a private *seance* all to ourselves. He was a down right good fellow, so I accepted his invitation, and went on the evening mentioned as suitable. With a wink my friend led me into a room and into the presence of the medium. Now I can swear that there was no humbug about this seance. It was a plain, matter-of-fact, business-like sort of a seance. There were no clothes-presses nor "cabinets," no curtains, nor vails nor any machinery whatever. There was a table, on each side of which was a chair ; on the table was a bottle. My friend tipped me another wink and remarked that inasmuch as spirits are rather thin, we would need glasses with which to bring out their features and proportions clearly. He accordingly provided the glasses. Now this

looked like business, and I was elated with the prospect. We took our glasses and proceeded to watch for manifestations. I will now give the various phenomena in order. Before commencing I want to say that what I relate is true. If you are skeptical on the subject of spirits, do not read my experience yet; you are not "educated" to the point where you can "appreciate" it! You see one must grow in this belief and must be fed on milk and water, before attempting to eat meat. To those who are determined to read further I say they must prepare themselves for a history of startling developments. Andrew Jackson Davis claimed that he had attained to a condition of spiritual development such as only one in ten million can. I think that I have gone friend Davis a few million better! Well, here goes for the experience:

GLASS No. 1.—A few raps were heard; some whisperings, buzzings in the air, but no visible manifestations.

GLASS No. 2.—A great many raps; confused noises like a great hurricane at a distance. A spirit commenced to materialize, but only succeeded in getting his nose, mouth and eyes into shape.

GLASS No. 3.—Considerable materializing takes place. One comical "spook" materialized very well, but got his nose in the wrong place and one of his ears in front of his face.

GLASS No. 4.—A great many spirits; some materializing and some were trying to materialize, but there was not substance enough in the atmosphere of the room to allow of many materializations at one time. Two spirits went "snooks" on some substance and materialized half and half—that is, one showed waist and legs, while the other displayed shoulders and head. One was very thin and the other very corpulent. Exceedingly funny.

GLASS No. 5.—More and more spirits. They quarreled over substance and jerked each other's arms and legs off. Some went out on the balcony to procure mortal essence from the air. I shook hands with Diogenes and asked him about his tub ; loaned Daniel Webster, Esq., twenty-five cents. He vanished immediately.

GLASS No. 6.—Lot more spirits ; all materialized in a degree. Some had their arms and legs on wrong end to the body ; some had their heads under their arms ; some, yes, I declare, some had tails ! I know this seems preposterous, but you must remember that I was in a state to which only one in—well, no matter. Some had tails I tell you ; tails like monkeys ; tails like horses, long and flowing ; tails like those a mule wears, smooth with a paint brush on the end. This discovery is of incalculable benefit to science. While geologists have been searching the rocks for the missing link of Darwinism, your humble servant has stumbled upon it among the spiritual fossils of eternity. Undoubtedly the spirits which wore tails were of that species immediately inferior to man, and flourished in corporeal existence at a period when the caudal appendix was still found convenient.

GLASS No. 7.—Hundreds of spirits all mixed up and making an awful fuss. Some punched me in the ribs ; some slapped me on the knee, and one little chap stole a yellow silk handkerchief out of my pocket. I suppose he spiritualized it. My great grandmother who had at last succeeded in materializing, spectacles, crutch and all, hobbled up and gravely remarked that "it was profitable to raise hops." One fellow was declaiming about the Civil Rights and Force bills, and the Louisiana

troubles. He arrived at the point where republican institutions were falling, when another spirit took him unawares and jerked his substance from him. As he phantomized in a twinkling, I heard a dismal howl.

GLASS No. 8.—Spirits of darkies black as pitch ; spirits of Indians, Egyptians and of every race that ever existed. Noah was there, talking about his ark, and he asked about the grape juice in the bottle. Jonah was there, carrying a piece of whalebone as a relic of former days. I saw some Grangers in the crowd. They quarreled about salvation and did not want to accept it, because Jesus Christ was a *Middleman* between them and the manufacturer ! Captain Jack appeared in the company, but vanished when General Canby began to take form and show his face.

Ninth glass revealed nothing new, but more of it.

GLASS No. 10.—Here the Devil himself appeared, scattered the crowd, fixed his blazing eye upon me, bored me through and through with his gaze as with a gimlet and asked me if I was not satisfied ; if I was determined to carry this thing on until I depopulated heaven and hell. Then with a flourish of his hand, he said, “I leave you to the results of your folly.” He proceeded to phantomize, and hardly had the last of his tail disappeared before I heard a shriek. In the corner of the room coming out most natural and life-like, was my lamented mother-in-law. I hoped that her tongue would get in the wrong place ; but no, there it was all right, the ruling member, strong beyond death. I had enough of the seance, and hastily concluded to leave. I turned to my friend who seemed to be exhausted, as he was lying with his feet in a chair, and his head in the coal

bucket. Not thinking it prudent to disturb him, I "stepped out and down." In my confusion I went out of the window. There was a rush of feet behind me, and the cry of a familiar voice, but I did not stop. The words, "villian! murder! despair! Molly!" (Molly is my wife's name) rang in my ears, and then I began to fall. My gracious! It seemed as though I had tumbled from the very stars! After awhile I struck something. It felt like a policeman's head. Then something punched me awhile; then I began to fall some more. I fell for a long time, and finally became unconscious. When I recovered, I found myself in the station house, and it was early in the morning. A friend bailed me out, and I went home. Molly was getting breakfast. She asked me where I had been during the night. I said something about *seance*, when she made a threatening demonstration with the teapot, and I stepped out to get the morning paper. I did not take any breakfast, but got dinner up town. I have a patch on my nose; my eyebrow is variegated and the doctor has just fixed one of my ribs. I believe in spirits. Yes, I vehemently believe in all spiritual phenomena; but experience is that they are of no practical utility or profit. I am watching for manifestations of the spirits of love and peace at home. None whatever up to date. Am afraid there are too many disturbing elements

Yours sadly,

VERITY VOX.

P. S.—I met my oldest boy on the streets this afternoon, and sent him home, to tell his Ma that Pa had signed the pledge!

CHAPTER XV.

HEART-CRIES—LETTERS.

DENVER, COL., February 26, 1875.

CHAPLAIN G. G. M., U. S. A.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—Your letter from Fort Concho was received last night. It came across the long distance of our separation, to my troubled spirit like a white-winged messenger of peace.

Life is made up of such unrelenting elements ; its laws are so severe and inflexible, that to a young soul just coming into its first opportunities, it seems like some monster mill. Who can wonder at the wrecks scattered along the shores, when human life with its storms, rocks and reefs are all considered. Who wonders at the halting, doubting steps of young men just venturing into their first responsibilities ! And how feeble the sympathy ; how very few the men of unselfish brotherly love, and clear strong faith to help us on our way. O, it seems awful to me ; and at times my soul is filled with traitorous terror, and there is no other heart that bears such a well-spring of hope and cheer for me as yours.

I know you are not aware of the fact, but it is nevertheless true, that association and communion with you, lifts and scatters clouds, and brings into view a glorious future ; a peace not yet attained but sure and unfailing.

I can never forget that last time when I heard and saw you administer the Lord's supper. Never before did I see so much meaning and joy of that holy service. Dear old Brother Eaton said that day: "Ah! he is a helper in the Lord, a true minister of the healing Gospel," and verily you have been a Helper to me. To-day I have been in the very slough of despondency, my precious hopes were all down in the dust, and obscured by ugly doubts. But with your letter has come somewhat of the influence of your loved companionship over my heart. You speak of Ruby, *who has wounded me unto death.*

You read Dante and know Beatrice, the ideal who led him onward in his fancy, ever into richer fields, through the awful mysteries of heaven and hell, bringing back to the world some of the rarest gems of mental imagery. Ruby has ever been and is my Beatrice, my inspiration, if at any time I could lay claim to any inspiration. But Oh! of late she has seldom winged my thoughts for heaven; often has she dragged them down through the sulphurous wards of hell. She has written doubt upon almost everything, and cruelly poisoned my faith. Torture, torture! and I cannot yet fully define the reason. Somehow it has always seemed that something would divide us; that some grim fate was standing ready to devour my hope. I have had nothing satisfactory from her for weeks, and I feel the silence and evasion to be sadly ominous. What else possesses her I cannot tell, but one thing is now certain. She does not love me with a love which matches mine. I have been woefully blinded! And to think this, to be forced slowly, painfully to this conclusion is shadow enough for one life.

Why, she had grown to be everything to me ; all that is pure, true, good and beautiful ; and her name in sacredness was next to that of Jesus and that of my mother. But now what is it, must it be, but the name of a sweet, mocking dream forever fled? To go through life as a poor bird with one wing ; to be a harper with a harp whose chord of gladness is gone ; as one whose Beatrice did not die, but did not love, deceived, and yet lives ! From this, in anguish I have prayed God's gracious deliverance.

This is what I meant by the letter which troubled you so much ; and I wrote it, because I knew you would take part of my burden on your shoulder, and sometimes out under the stars, on your march, cry the Savior to come and help his poor earth-entangled soldier.

I would be rid of this poisonous sorrow, but there it lies in my heart, curled up like a snake. It hisses and stings whenever disturbed.

Well, my desire and will is strong to live and work to help poor men and women out of sin ; but I have a presentiment that the Father will bring me home before long, and then you must forget my trouble, for there I will be troubled no more !

I have written to the brethren declining to go to Chicago. Since they have let you go away, our people and the Free Will church will never unite ; but I would have been glad to be your successor in that splendid field.

I am not well ; my lung has begun to bleed ; my heart bleeds, and I hardly have the will to rally for further battle in life.

We are glad, George, you accepted the position offered you in the army. We were all talking about it at home last night, and agreed that it would prove a wise step on your part.

Down in the genial south, under a warming sky among the flowers, birds and luscious fruits, may God give you back your physical strength and nerve you for great conquests when you return to civil life. I know that you will win a most honorable name in the army, and I am already proud of it.

Especially did my heart warm with pleasure when I read the *Tribune* account of your last two weeks in Chicago. I can understand what must have been your feelings. No one more fully appreciates the trials of your life; perhaps no one else knows so well as I, your struggles under sorrow, and the opposition you have withstood. May the result be thus ever! May your heart never again be cast down; may God's sunny skies and spicy winds be the weather of your fortunes!

I have known you; hence loved you; and no benediction more sincere follows you than mine. When that fairer future comes, of which we have talked so much, and for which we pray, then will we meet again and talk over these and past times, as dreams, with all forgotten but the joyous parts. Give my love to all.

Yours, in the valley, but *in sight of the top*, thank God!

BERTY.

DENVER, COL., March 1st, 1875.

DEAR, DEAR RUBY :—Your letter addressed to me here at Denver, was waiting me upon my arrival. In answering I know not what to say. Since reading it I have been in a stupor. The clouds gather about me, and their misty arms have held me ever since in their cold embrace. Oh! my God and Savior why have I ever lived to see this time! But I have lived and am now in the midst of its bitter experiences. Your letter in some things was a shocking surprise to me, in other things no surprise at all. That there was an assiduous rival, and another engagement I have really known all along.

There is scarcely an emotion of your heart, or a thought of you mind that you could long conceal from me. But I did fondly hope, *knowing always as I do now*, that your love for me was strong, that there would come a day of triumph above all difficulties. I never intended to say anything to you about it, and never expected you to mention it to me. I thought that believing me ignorant of all you would fight the battle through with love's heroism, and I intended to assist you by my utter silence on the subject; and thus we would surely conquer. Like ships upon the ocean we would signal across the waves, the rocks and islands to each other, and by and by would together glide into the harbor. But this has proved a vain hope, and I am left with but one explanation of the cause; your love did not, does not, nor will ever in the future match mine. True love does not falter, if the sacrifice of every precious treasure, of hope, and even of life itself is demanded. Such a love must be the one that can ever be a helpmeet for mine.

When I have, as you know, watched without murmur, some of life's best opportunities pass by me for your sake, when I have changed the most cherished plans at the least intimation of your wishes, and at any time would have offered up my life for your good; it is not saying too much, to claim that such an affection as this must have an equal one in life, or entail direful misery upon its subject.

You say in your letter that you hope that I will give you up now as easily as I once said I would!

Do you mean to mock me, my Idol?

As I might willingly have a limb amputated; but not easily; so, if at last it is your desire and I know for your happiness, I can place your hand in anothers; yes, for you I could tear out my own heart and burn it. There is nothing in the whole affair but a common test of affection, but the result involves two lives, either of supremest happiness, or most pitiable sorrow. By the worship of long years, I have evinced my deep and unalterable affection; I have opened up my life, giving you, to my joy, glimpses of the life and station to which my ambition could carry you, and if while working to accomplish your own request, and to insure your happiness, you falter, and marry another man, of course I am at once conscious of the balmless reason. You know, Ruby Dear, that we could have married before this time, or could marry now, but that for your good, our judgments decreed a delay. If, Ruby, you cannot stand faithful to me now, in a short period of separation, and resist flattering importunities of others, how pray, could you hold the banner for me in life's long battle? The marriage ceremony can never win for me, or any other

man, your heart; it's solemn vow would only perjure the soul; and God forbid that one should ever stand by my side with an accursed false pledge upon her lips!

Well, well, and this is the awakening from beautiful dreams, and this my fate! Gone from me the sweetest joy of life, for however men may prize success, fortune and honor in the world, there is only one source of full human happiness, a deep and full heart of love. Loveless and homeless now I shall wander on for but a little while longer; always bearing your face as that of my ideal, and the memory of what you once were as time's and earth's most precious treasure.

Ruby Rollins! Ruby Rollins! Oh! how that name has aroused the bright thoughts of my brain, and the tender emotions of my heart, and how now its echo has changed and lingers in my soul like the wail of a broken heart, or of a dying angel.

You write that you will passionately love me still forever and ever, and yet on the same page tell me of your approaching wedding! Let me relate another case, one, perhaps parallel to ours:

Near V——, Kentucky, there lived a young man, ambitious and hopeful, named Wallace Harrison. His affianced from childhood, a charming and most brilliant young woman was named Ellen Carter.

Because of a bitter hereditary dispute there was no connection between his and her families; but this was no opposition to their love.

When twenty-two years of age, Wallace well knowing that his marriage to Ellen must be in the face of violent opposition, and would leave them both penniless, because of the mutual hate of their relatives, went away to New

York, where he soon succeeded in obtaining a fine position in one of the large mercantile establishments. He found that within two years he would be able to return and claim his bride.

Their correspondence during this separation was very limited on account the difficulties attending it; but he trusted her love and was happy. Taking advantage of his absence every effort was put forth by her friends to cause an estrangement of her affections. His name was never spoken. But there was thrown into her society a rich mule-trader, well whiskered, well bred, considerably older than she, and prepared to marry. He was constant in his attentions, kind but pressing in his suit. One by one the points were gained, and one by one the doubts began to gather about her mind. She did not love Wallace less, she thought, but it seemed that everything was wrong and that fate was pledged against their marriage. True, his prospects were very flattering now, but suppose he should get sick, or lose his position, what could they do then?

And thus in fickle moods and unworthy doubt the days grew darker, until at last she yielded to the entreaties of the man, because he was a man, and because it seemed that this marriage would be expedient, and she even talked as though she was in this acting nobly true to the best interest of Wallace.

In fourteen month's time from his departure she was ready! And through what tears and sighs, and sleepless nights of agony was that preparation completed.

Wallace was ignorant of all, for she had not the heart to reveal to him the truth. Several times she declared to her relatives that she could never submit to the sacri-

ligious ceremony, but this impulsive cry of her better nature was soon hushed. She had told the mule-trader that she loved another, and plead to be released. He replied that he was not at all sentimental, and was ready to risk the chance for love after the marriage.

The fatal evening came, and in body and soul as helpless as a child drugged with opium she was led to the sacred altar. There she stood hollow-eyed, pale, trembling, and with a look of horror and despair in her once beautiful eyes.

She lived but two years longer, and never passed a day without praying to die. This afternoon I would that I could lead you, and every other young woman who has not the courage and moral heroism to be true to the command of her own heart and soul—even against the world, and if need be through fire,—to the lonely but eloquent grave of that misguided and unfortunate woman.

If you Ruby, were what I always hoped and believed you to be, nothing in this world could separate us, and how happy then my heart!

But oh! my God to be the victim of misplaced affection, to have my proud beautiful faith all in ruins, to know that you had selfishly deserted me, and that you were always unworthy of my enthusiastic love, unworthy lovingly; from this I shrink back and cry out in distress! I am thinking always day and night "Can it be true? so unlike her, so different from all the past?"

Thus around and around I go in my thoughts, but always finding for me only pain, despair and death. If this involved the loss of wealth and worldly prosperity how easily could I pass it by. But now I am called to give up my life, the soul of my soul, and the worn

remnant of life to drag along like a heavy chain across a bleeding heart. And this too, not that you may be happy; but that you may wrong your whole future well being, and that your life so full of holy promise, may be a false existence, and that you shall sorrow in many a dark night as you think bitterly of the dead. When I started home from the East I had so much to write, so much that I thought you would rejoice to hear. But when I arrived it was to know that the bell of hope was tolling, and life's freighted bark was going down beneath the seas.

Oh! had you but told me all when I was there. But you say, you could not! For all this then, Darling One, dear above all on earth, know you, that I have not one word of harsh reproach. I can but lift my tired hands toward heaven, and ask my Great Lord to bless you. He will pity me and help me, for even you have never made me adore Him, glorious being! any the less. O! Ruby how awful and without help is my pain.

The little jewel pin your own fingers fastened on my vest, is there still just as you left it, but now I will take it off and put it forever from sight.

My arm tires now and I must stop.

Before to-day I could not answer your letter, and the effort I make to write, you can never know, soon perhaps you may imagine. To write with such a heart, Oh! my God, my Redeemer why was it ever my lot!

Please write me the last long letter, telling me everything as you promised. I am weak now, the tears are streaming down my face. Ruby Rollins, Good-bye! Good-bye, and Oh! sometimes remember and pray for me. Again Good-bye! BERTY STOVER.

CHAPTER XVI.

LETTER TO MRS. HILL, AND HER NOBLE REPLY.

DENVER, COL., March 28th, 1875.

MRS. AGNES LEONARD HILL, CHICAGO.

KIND FRIEND:—Sometimes, when in the past my heart has ached, I have gone to you for consolation.

From your varied experience and richly endowed nature, you have drawn helpful lessons for my youth and poverty of soul. But Mrs. Hill, how deep are the wells of your sympathy, and how strong is your power to comfort others? Are they deep and strong enough for me now?

But let me first tell you a story, a story of my life. There are a few only in all the world who can enter the tabernacle of my heart and understand its secret service; only a few who seem to appreciate the motives of my life, or know whence come my inspirations. You are one, and I go to you now as a dying man on the desert would haste to a palm-tree or a spring.

I had a dream—Five years ago in the genial sunshine, among the maple groves and opening flowers of an Indiana springtime that dream commenced opening and expanding with my early hopes and first flushes of strength, that dream became to them as real as themselves, and a part of them, like a crown of petals within a double flower.

It was the same dream which has stolen over hearts since human hearts first began to beat ; and out of which has grown so much of the world's joy and sorrow.

Years passed on and still I dreamed, dreaming the old, old-fashioned dream of mortal love.

With each month life became more intense, and my dream more real, more an essential part of my nature. Somehow it gave me a clearer eye to see God and heaven ; a purer heart with which to love and worship Him. It taught me charity and benevolence.

It was my dream that hung over my heart like a fragrant cloud, distilling sweet as honey-dew, good thoughts of men and human life.

Beautiful dream, than which among all the transient joys of earth, God has given nothing more pure and heavenly !

Last week I awoke and the dream was gone. Coming upon me like a thunderbolt from out a clear sky, striking me down and shattering me into the dust, was the startling news that she was married.

"Blue Eyes" around whom my whole life is gathered ; to whom my thoughts and hopes have flown in the early dawn, at noon, and at night, (and those thoughts were as purely beautiful as unkissed purple morning glories) she has thoroughly, cruelly deceived me, and is married !

When light went out from my mother's eyes, long ago, when I went to her grave and in agony kissed the very clods that covered her ; then I could sit down by the flowers we planted above her, press the white cold stone with my wet cheeks, and look up beyond the blue sky and fiery sun and see my sweet mother, sainted and radiant in heaven. I could think of her as ever beauti-

ful and blessed ; as being near me always, and as being a thousand times more able to watch over and care for me, than when she was distressed with pain on earth. But in this last sorrow there is no such consolation as this, no such forgetfulness even for a moment of the dull constant pain in my heart.

And this is human life ! This is that which God's own hands have made, and in which he has placed deathless souls to battle and suffer and hope ! This is the material given, and yet from the coarse brittle stalks we are to weave the silken fabric for everlasting wear.

Oh, why are the laws of our earthly existence so ordained as to be remorseless, inexorable ; so that our every sweet dream must have an end, every joy an attendant pain, and every heart some piercing sorrow !

Why can there not be some one heart in all the world, untouched by bitter poison, thoughts which benumb and deaden it within the breast !

No ! no ! Never was a summer day so fair that some passing cloud did not trail its shadow across the landscape. Never was an hour so joyous that some gloomy doubt or care did not creep into its moments and trouble its placid course ; never was a heart so full of gladdening music that some false note or discord did not mar its melody.

Bending down, rising up, toiling, sweating, we draw up our buckets full from the deep wells of life, and every draught we find some dregs, some drops of bitterness.

Oh for a child's sincere faith, that I might bravely look within my heart and see its loneliness, its ruined hopes, its brooding desolation ; that I might look out

upon the world and see its rude elements, its wrecks, its stony ways, and then with eyes lit up with holy thought turn my face to God and say :

“Thy will be done!”

But with all my effort and prayer I have not been able to tear myself away from this Godless, faithless, wicked sorrow.

Mrs. Hill, I believed, nay I do believe that she was worth living or dying for. The influence of her pure soul and her precious memory were in great part the secret cause of my hard struggle for worldly success. Oh ! it was a mighty, exhaustless well of love, mine, a love that knew it could never die ; a love eternal, not bounded by the confines of this world, nor by the end of time, but ranging still beyond the sky to that invisible country far away ; and I knew that she loved me, and gloried in my love.

Can you explain the mystery of her marriage ? I mean on general principles. Can you, knowing woman's heart, tell me why this noble young woman deliberately sacrificed her heart and mine, abused and trampled the love of her life, to marry a man whose only claim was that he had been kind to her at one period of her life in the past.

If I had time and the heart courage to do so, I would state all the particulars, but I cannot. I can only say now, there was no cause or reason for her conduct. She did not doubt me, and because of some feminine freak which I cannot understand, she went perverse to the dictates of judgment and the impulse of her heart.

Please write to me, and pray God that I may stand through this tempest. Pardon the broken, rambling style of this letter; amid the chaos of sentiments and unrestrained lamentations, find reason for a little of that sympathy and regard in tenderness, of which I stand in such great need.

With best wishes for you, Edith and Mr. H.

Very truly

BERTY STOVER.

REPLY FROM MRS. HILL.

CHICAGO, ILLS., April 23d, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I have thought a great deal of your letter of March 28th, and sent to it many mental responses, when I had not sufficient physical strength to record them upon paper.

Even now I am by no means capable of close thought and clear expression, yet my desire to write prompts me to send even an imperfect response, rather than keep you waiting any longer.

I dreamed last night that I was a girl again, and the world held only my father and brother and myself; all later experience of possession and loss was forgotten in this dream of mine, and I was just my father's daughter and my brother's sister. The dream was so vivid that this morning finds me in new and stronger sympathy with that period of one's life, than otherwise I might be with the weight of years upon me.

And so it seems more appropriate that I should try now to answer your letter, written at just such a time in your life, as I can remember in my own.

You ask how strong is my power to comfort others. Alas! I fear, very weak in proportion to my desire in that direction. And yet I know all the vague, nameless, haunting, goading sort of misery that you suffer; seeming as it does to you to stretch into such an eternity of discontent. I realize how hard it will be to make you believe that your unhappiness is not so lasting as it seems intense; yet none the less the truth remains that you will not only outgrow your suffering, but in all probability live to rejoice in the very pangs that seem to rend your heart strings.

Again you ask, "can you explain the mystery of her marriage? I mean on general principles?"

Yes, I think there are some general principles that may apply even in this especial case.

Young women as a rule are full of crude, morbid, absurd notions; and nothing is so distasteful to them as anything they can understand, or that savors of monotony. They imagine that they adore excellence not only in the abstract but in the individual; yet show them a perfectly excellent person, about whom there is nothing mysterious or romantic, and straightway they pine for variety; for excitement, something, anything that will minister to their craving idealism; their untrained and unreasonable imagination.

You, my dear brother, are what I should like a son of mine to be, and in whom I could take intensest pride and joy; yet I should know perfectly well that ninety-nine out of a hundred starry-eyed, or humid-eyed

“angels?” in human form *in their teens*, would infinitely prefer some black-eyed villain of dramatic tendencies to yourself. I should know this and rejoice in it, hoping that thus you might be saved alliance with what Sydney Smith (I think) ungallantly calls “a she fool.”

With your fine imagination, acute sensibilities, and spiritualized view of people and things, you would of course overestimate and idealize those whom you admire, and would be incapable of any of the trickery calculated to retain the wavering and unreliable fancy of the average undisciplined girl.

I saw Mrs. Major the other day—I mean about a month ago—and she spoke of you, saying with sincere and unfeigned enthusiasm: “Isn’t there something almost heavenly about that boy?” To which I responded with earnest affirmation. Then we went on to say how you were just the person a well informed mother would want her daughter to marry, yet break her heart over the fact that her daughter would prefer some practiced blasé schemer, who would appeal to all the love of romance in her nature before marriage, and reduce her to abject misery afterwards.

I myself laugh and blush and sigh, and am amused, and ashamed, and altogether humbled, to remember that in my teens I was engaged to a theological student whom I jilted principally because a “dark-eyed, raven-haired” individual, some twenty years my senior, informed me that my “nature was so intense,” “temperament so poetic,” “and affections so exhaustless” that I “could never be happy on a steady mental pabulum of weak theology and negative goodness,” that I “required the subjugation of an overmastering passion, such as

could be given only by a strong importunate nature," all tending to show that the aforesaid raven-haired individual was better calculated to adore and subjugate a nature so "intensely poetic," than the poor theological student, who loved me a thousand times better than I understood or deserved.

Well the theological student married, and died shortly afterwards. The other individual and I had a profitless flirtation, and when I think of him now he seems to me of all types of human beings, the most obnoxious; yet he smiles and sneers all the same, and I have grown older and wiser; and the world moves on with the march of fools and cynics; each learning and having learned the folly and bitterness that must be learned before one can begin to live wisely and nobly.

Unto you the future remains. You have taken no irrevocable step. You are not bound hand and foot in meshes of circumstances you yourself having chosen may not escape—consequently it is yours to choose wisely and live nobly. You will suffer awhile the old ever new pangs of wounded sensibility, and you will dream of "that perfect marriage," that you fancy might have been, but that in reality never was, nor ever will be in this world.

Now I do not mean that there are not congenial and satisfactory and even happy marriages. I mean simply that there are no "perfect marriages," in the sense of perfect joy.

My theory of marriage is, that whether happy or otherwise, its object is disciplinary or educational; that whatever is weak or inordinate in our nature needs and receives such training, such exercise or denial as only marriage can give.

Marriage is not a haven, it is a voyage. It is not an end, it is simply a means; a formation process by which we are made and unmade and remade, until scarce a trace of our former self remains unto us.

Celibacy dreams, and has a thousand speculations of joy and pain; but marriage puts on the yoke that being light or heavy is none the less *a yoke*; and means work and struggle and endurance, such as cannot be imagined but must be experienced to be understood. Of course there are compensations, but they are not compensations of ease and rest. They are rather the stern compensations of heroism, the faith that joy shall come when patience has had her perfect work; the consciousness of progress, and the hope that "final good shall fall."

I hope that what I am writing does not fall meaningless upon your ear as a dull generality, for I assure you it is vital truth branded upon my soul by experience and observation, that I am quite sure I shall not have forgotten when I wake in eternity. I could pray that it might be granted me to say something that would comfort and direct you; something that would lead you out of your doubt and darkness to happier heights of clearer vision, that you might be led to realize that *God denies us no good thing*; that if He give or permit us pain it is to spare us deeper misery, and to prepare us for greater joy.

Oh! take this last sweetest, deepest, truest truth to your heart, and you will find in it balm and healing. And so may all good angels help and comfort you as I do not know how to help and comfort, fervently prays

Your friend and sister,

AGNES LEONARD HILL.

CHAPTER XVII.

LAST DAYS.

“ His greatness flows around our incompleteness,
About our restlessness—His rest.”

As previously related, in the spring of 1875, Berty's health began to fail. Both body and brain had been tasked to their utmost for years ; and at last while preaching at Hillsboro, Indiana, his strength was exhausted, so that he was compelled reluctantly to withdraw all appointments, quit the field, and return an invalid to Denver. But, once there in that deliciously soothing and medicinal atmosphere he quickly rallied ; and soon thought himself well enough to mount the pulpit again, and to the delight of the people he preached in Denver six more Lord's days. As the immediate and visible result forty new members were added to the church.

It was in this period that the one cruel disappointment of his life fell upon him. He received a farewell letter from Ruby Rollins, and inclosed, the announcement of her marriage !

For several days he was bitterly grieved, his face was white, and into his great blue soulful eyes there came a settled far away look, as of one watching in the night for the coming of day ; the look of a sorrow that expects no help on earth.

His father and brother, both of whom loved him almost to idolatry, and who thoroughly understood the keen sensibility and noble susceptibility of his uncommon nature, tenderly did all in their power to comfort and cheer him. And they were soon rewarded by seeing him come out from under the black clouds.

In his baptism of sorrow he had cried to God for help and guidance, and his prayers had been answered!

Marvelous peace, with sublime faith filled his soul; his face became radiant with a strange sweet light; and henceforth as he stood in the pulpit, he was as one already transfigured; just about to enter the gates of the golden dawn. To see and hear him made his friends weep; they knew not why, unless it was the sad presentiment that he was going away, and they should see him no more on earth. His health was now known to be in a very precarious state, but, while he was not at all dismayed by the prospect of death, still his will was strong to live.

The dear boy, who had already accomplished a grand and lasting work, said that he had done comparatively nothing, and prayed that he might live to do great good in the world.

For a few weeks his illness confined him to the house, although not to his bed. He had often quoted these fine words of Goethe,

“ Like as a star,
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Be each one fulfilling
His God given hest!”

And now during these days, as ever, he kept himself busy—busy reading and writing, planning and preparing for future work. While he wrote, he would often be heard singing to himself—for he loved to sing, and had a well trained and most musical voice. Among his favorite hymns were :

“Jerusalem ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !”

and

“ As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are blooming.”

Thirteen days before his death he went out to take a walk with his brother James, but while on the street he was suddenly taken with hemorrhage of the lungs, and had to be carried home.

Despite all that love and skill could do for his relief, he became from day to day gradually weaker ; and while others were, through blinding hope, deceived, he himself contemplated the end as near at hand, and inevitable.

About eight o'clock in the evening of June 1st, 1875, the fever left him, and he was free from all pain ; but the physicians pronounced him in a dangerous collapsed state. When, at eleven o'clock, all had been done that human power could do to stay his life, and it was evident that he was passing away, his brother went up to the bedside, bitterly weeping. Looking at him sorrowfully and affectionately Bertie said, “ Jimmy, don't cry ! ”

He answered, “ Ah ! Bertie, how we all love you ! ”

"Yes, I know that Jim, but you must not cry for me! I have been expecting this for some time, and am not at all taken by surprise. I know that my friends love me, and I love them, but I must leave them for awhile. All my plans for this world are gone, they were but things of the imagination. I had pictured for myself a glorious career in life, but, this poor body could not carry me any further, and I know that it is best for me to leave it now, and go up higher, but I do regret to leave you all."

Thus he continued talking to his beloved brother, at intervals on through the night, until at last he called all the family around him, and delivered this his last discourse:

"I am going away to enter into a much grander and sweeter life in the other world! What a glorious thought—I shall soon be free from all the ills and hindrances of this physical existence; there will be no hindrances there. I have finished my short course, and my own plans are disappointed. You all know my life's history, you have known everything about me. MY LIFE IS AN OPEN BOOK, and I have nothing to tell you except this: I always preached what I believed to be true; *now I know what I preached is true!* You must remember that we only begin to grow here; I am putting away this frail body that I may develop into real manhood in a fairer world. Oh! what grand and glorious fields I shall enter yonder on the other side! There will be no pain, no trouble, no hindrance for us there!"

After this, as though he were only going away on a journey, and would soon return, he spoke a few appropriate words to each member of the family, shook hands and almost cheerily said, Good-bye! But finally when

parting with his dear broken hearted father, he clutched his hand, looked into his face with a longing look all eloquent with grateful love, and with quivering lips said: Bye-bye! Bye-bye Pa!

Then, just as the sun began to rise upon a calm June day, a day all glorious with one of Denver's beautiful blue and cloudless skies, he fell gently into his last long sleep. Just as the light of day broke upon the world, eternity dawned upon the peerless spirit of the friend whom we shall mourn until we go hence and meet him in heaven.

"It is well, O saint departed!
Well with you forever blest—
Well with us who journey forward
To your glory and your rest."

THE FUNERAL.

THE "BOY PREACHER"—DEATH, FUNERAL AND BURIAL
OF BERTY STOVER—SYNOPSIS OF ELDER U. C.
BREWER'S SERMON.

[Prepared for the Crawfordsville Saturday Evening
Journal by F. G.]

On Wednesday, June 2, Senator Harney, of Ladoga, received a telegram from D. C. Stover of Denver, Colorado, that his son Berty had departed this life at 6:15 that morning; and that he would arrive with the remains on Saturday for funeral and interment. The

corpse arrived on the 4:41 train Saturday afternoon and was received by many relatives and hundreds of friends at the depot. The body was taken to the residence of Mr. Harney, who is an uncle of the deceased. Great pains had been taken in preparing the body for the long journey of 1000 miles. Bertie looked almost as natural as life; seemed only to be asleep and one would expect to see him breathe; the corpse appeared fresh and beautiful.

At 10:30 A. M Sunday was assembled at the Christian church the second largest number that ever met at a funeral in this place—that of Elder O. B. Wilson, a few months since, being the largest. Services were conducted by Elder U. C. Brewer, now located at Greensburg, this State, who had been telegraphed for to preach the funeral sermon. Hymn 1046 of the Christian hymn book was sung, fourteen verses of the last chapter of Revelation read, and prayer offered by Elder Joel Ridge. The congregation then united in singing hymn 1032, Bertie's favorite:

“My God! Silent to thee,” etc.

THE SERMON.

Your reporter, not being a stenographer, was not able to take the discourse in full. So your readers will have to be content with the outlines and a few points imperfectly sketched from the beautiful tribute to the memory of the departed.

Elder Brewer arose with tearful eyes, throbbing heart and plaintive voice, and read the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes.

He then said : I am before you this Lord's day morning to perform a very sad duty. The ties that bind me to the friends of the beloved one, whose pale form lies before us, and my warm love for that noble and genial spirit that once animated this body, will render it impossible for me to discharge as I would the duties of this solemn occasion. And you will therefore, have to be content with the spillings of a heart that to-day, in tenderest sympathy, " weeps with those that weep."

I am here to pay a tribute to the memory of one who remembered his Creator in the days of his youth ; and though the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the very fountain of youth, yet the evil day never came to him. E'en as the dust returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it, the sun that lighted his sky was not darkened, for it was the Sun of Righteousness ; and the stars of God's promise made light the night of the grave.

" The doors are shut, the mourners go about the streets and all the daughters of music are brought low," for he has gone to his long home. Sad, very sad, is his departure, but glorious, unspeakably glorious the end of his journey, for that long home to which he has gone is the Father's house on high. Death came as a winged angel to bear him up to the sunlight of the heavenly glory, and although his career on earth was so brief, yet in view of his noble and active life, we may say as we gather about his casket : " Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

My discourse will be a biographical story, and that a mere sketch of that grand young life.

Berty, son of D. C. and Fannie Harney Stover, was

born in Crawfordsville, June 26, 1853, and so had almost completed his twenty-second year. His parents settled in Ladoga in 1854. While young he had received a very severe attack of the whooping-cough, which came near proving fatal, and from the effects of which he never recovered entirely. The dear grandma rescued that young life. In the very nest of her warm and loving heart he was carried safely through; and on that account she mourns with a deeper intensity than any of the friends. His kind, true and amiable mother died in 1862, when Berty was but nine. In her death he sustained a deep loss. He was ever true to the memory of his mother. None can fill the place of a mother. A father cannot be as a fond mother, however kind and loving. To her worth in the last hour of his life he alluded with fond recollection. He said to his brother, "Jimmy, we have had two mothers. (His step-mother was a sister to his mother.) They have both been mothers in truth."

Passing over his youth let us speak of his education, which commenced here in your own schools. Entering the Ladoga Academy quite young, he as a child was upon Prof. Waldin's knee, while reciting lessons in Greek and Latin. He matriculated in the college at Lexington, Ky., in 1868, and remained three years. On account of his health, he was one year in the city of Dubuque, Iowa, preaching for the church, attended with fine success. He was highly esteemed by his professors, ever humble, kind and meek.

He was loved by all who knew him; as evidence of this we have in the audience to-day among the mourners, a respectable showing of our Catholic friends, who seldom, if ever, attended services here, but for the great

regard they entertained for Berty they are here to bear testimony.

At the age of eleven, in this house, he made the good profession under the service of John O'Cane.

He was immersed by Elder O. B. Wilson in the mill race, having on a robe prepared for the occasion. Coming up out of the water a lamb of God, peace and confidence beaming from his countenance, he was gently kissed by the officer. Going forth from here two years afterwards, with the simple Gospel sling to win souls to Christ, many will, when that blood washed throng meet in judgment, own their salvation at his hands.

The genius of Byron is insignificant compared with the moral greatness of Berty Stover. It was not difficult for him to be a Christian. His life went out preaching Christ. He said in his last hours, "My life is an open book." To-day we are reading this book. All his words were true. It is to live a Christian life, when we remember our Creator in the days of our youth. You will remember his connection with the Sunday School at this place. Ever present, full of interest, and sometimes would recite as many as two hundred verses committed through the week. How ready was he in his ministry in repeating the verses learned for the Sunday School. "If I have any bright arrows in my quiver, I got them in the Sunday School." His first public effort in the ministry was at Hebron, when fourteen years old, he followed Bro. Wilson in an exhortation. One month afterwards he preached his first discourse at the same place upon the earnest solicitation of the brethren, they being so favorably impressed with his exhortation. Old Hebron will ever be connected with the dear life.

In his preaching he traveled much. He made several tours through Indiana and Illinois. While at Lexington he preached for many churches of that section and of Paris. In all his labor he met with great encouragement and success. At one time, while located at Dubuque, so able were his discourses and so attractive his efforts, that one of the city papers accused him of repeating some one else's. But shortly afterwards, under trying circumstances while preaching, great excitement being created by a drunkard entering the house and having to be put out, he displayed great calmness and self-possession, and proceeded after the excitement just where he left off and finished his sermon in good order. So that next day another of the city papers came to his relief and claimed originality, as under the trial of the day previous no one so young in years could have gone through if quoting another's production. His efforts were his own as was veritably established before he left Dubuque. In his labors there, Bro. Carter, a man of noble worth, stood by him and gave him great assistance and encouragement.

The great meeting of his life was at Golden City, the old capital of Colorado. When he began his labors there, no church organization had been effected. Under his labors he succeeded in organizing a church of one hundred members and in building a church house costing over six thousand dollars. Standing on the corner stone he preached his last discourse of that first great meeting. He then visited Chicago and preached for two months, greatly endearing himself to many in that great city, drawing vast crowds and attended with his usual success. Coming then to Crawfordsville, where I was holding a meeting, he preached three times, and I felt proud of his

efforts. His next meeting was here at Ladoga, assisted by Bro. Warren, when over twenty were added to the church. He was an exception to the rule—he had honor even in his own country.

At Hillsboro, his strength gave way and for the time he had to give up preaching. He returned home to Denver and afterwards preached some six Lord's days, during which time some forty were added to the church. He made another visit to Kentucky with his sister, then returned to Denver and remained till his death.

We now come to the last sad picture. We see the slender youth with fair hair, blue eyes and crowds gathered around him. He has overtaxed his physical system laboring for the Lord. He was a diligent disciple, and would steal away into the bushes during his last meetings, so as not to be intruded upon by callers, and further prepare for the great work before him. About thirteen days before his death, he took his last walk with Jimmy to the post-office. He took suddenly with hemorrhage of the lungs and had to be carried home. Family, friends, and even strangers, administered to his wants and made his last hours as comfortable as possible. About daylight the morning of his death, he delivered his last discourse. Calling the family around him, he told them his time had come. "I have finished my course; short, brief, and this little body can carry me no longer. It is a frail support. I have preached what I believed was true. Now I know it is true." "This life does not develop our real manhood. We only begin to grow here," he said; "I am putting away this frail body that I may develop into manhood in a fairer world." Beautiful discourse, and fitting prelude

to a glorious immortality ! Then one by one he bade the family farewell, and crossed the river. He is not dead ! He lives ! His earthly tabernacle has fallen down, but he has gone to his house in heaven.

In the shadow of the great mountains, far away from the home of his youth, in the land of the stranger, and at his post on the outworks of Zion, this valliant young soldier of the Cross fought his last battle ; and now, the body that for a while housed that brave spirit, is brought back for burial by the side of loved forms in yonder beautiful graveyard.

Let sweetest flowers bloom about his grave, for his spirit dwells amid the beauties of Paradise ! That sad and far away scene in the mountain land of the great West, and the memory of his labors there, suggest those beautiful lines written in memory of a young missionary :

“ Away from the home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth ;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost,
Soon alas ! was his fall,—but he died at his post.”

“ The stranger’s eye wept that in life’s brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly, should sink to the tomb ;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host ;
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.”

“ Victorious his fall, for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his master in glory to dwell ;
He has passed o’er the stream, and has reached the bright
coast,
For he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.”

“ And can we the words of his exit forget !
O, no ! they are fresh in our memory yet ;
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in our work—we will die at our post.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF BERTY G. STOVER.

[By the Christian Church at Denver; *The Denver Times*, and
Rocky Mountain Herald.]

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in his wise dispensation, has appointed unto all men once to die; the mortal body to return to dust, whence it came, the immortal spirit to God who gave it; and

WHEREAS, The spirit of our beloved brother Berty G. Stover, has left the weak and frail tenement of clay, to join the spirits of dear ones gone before, and all the redeemed, to be forever with the Lord. Therefore it is

Resolved, by the members of the Christian Church at Denver, meeting as a worshipping congregation, this sixth day of June, 1875, that in the death of Brother "Berty," the church loses a member of brilliant promise, an orator, and a preacher of the Gospel of great power and proficiency; a young man of amiable traits, gifted, yet guileless as a little child; and we do deeply mourn his loss; not however, as those who have no hope, for the promises of the Gospel of Christ assure us that the lustrous spirit of our young brother shines peerless and bright, beyond the rolling river! And we will cherish this hope, to imitate the pure and good in his life, that we too may say at the final dissolution—"Going, going to stand high in the Kingdom of our Lord and Master!"

Resolved, That we extend to the sorrow-stricken father and mother, brother and sister, Christian consolation, praying that

the promises of the Gospel may be to them full of comfort, healing their wounded and bleeding hearts, and so consoling and brightening until the perfect day.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the Church Record, and a copy furnished the family of our deceased brother.

Done by unanimous vote of the Church; Denver, Colorado,
June 6th, 1875 A. D. JERRY N. HILL, Clerk.

OBITUARY.

[From *The Rocky Mountain Herald*, by Col. Goldrick, Editor.]

Rev. Berty G. Stover, the talented "Boy Preacher," died in this city last Wednesday morning. His funeral was attended by the many friends of the family, the Rev. Mr. Vincent officiating. Young Mr. Stover was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., June 26th, 1853. He was educated at the Kentucky University, and commenced preaching as early as 1869, (in his sixteenth year). He immigrated to this Territory for his health, in 1873, and built up a church (Disciples or Christian) at Golden City. Latterly he had resided in Denver, with his parents but purposed to return east this year, to continue his ministerial labors at Dubuque or Chicago. Rev. Berty Stover was a young man of the most brilliant promise, for the cause of religion and literature. Perhaps it may be stated, without the fear of contradiction, that he was *peerless, in precocious proficiency*, as an orator, preacher, and literateur. Had he lived, and had his health allowed him to continue in the course commenced, he would have become a second Wesley or Whitfield in

the western world. But consumption had taken hold of him, and death ensued after a short illness. The deceased was a young man of amiable traits ; *a gifted genius, yet guileless as a child*. During last winter he wrote some splendid sketches for the *Herald*, on the shams of Spiritualism, and other themes of the day, under the *nom de plume* of "Verity Vox." Only a few weeks ago, he indited a stanza to some friends, for publication in this paper, which we publish to-day in another column. His versatility at prose or poetry, speaking or writing,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

was truly wonderful. May his short but glorious life be long remembered in godly kindness by all who knew him and who loved him—never to name him but in praise !

DEATH OF BERTY G. STOVER, THE BOY PREACHER.

[From *The Denver Times*.]

This morning at fifteen minutes past six o'clock the soul of Berty G. Stover passed from earth to its rest in heaven.

Mr. Stover, considering his age, was one of the remarkable characters of the country, and in the few years he lived upon earth, as a minister of the Gospel, performed as much faithful and effective labor as many ministers of thrice his age. He was a member of the body of Chris-

tians called Disciples, and commenced his pulpit labors in their behalf, in the State of Indiana, when he was but one month over fourteen years of age. Since that time, until he came to Colorado for his failing health two years ago, he had been constantly engaged in his master's work, and delighted many audiences in Chicago, Cincinnati, and other large cities of the Union, with his fervid eloquence, and earnest zeal in behalf of the good work.

He was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, on the 26th day of June, 1853, entered Kentucky University in the fall of 1868; continued there for three years, and preached most of the time during that interval. In 1870 he took charge of the church at Dubuque, Iowa, and conducted a series of revival meetings there with wonderful success and approbation. Two years ago, with his parents, he removed to Colorado, and since that time has earnestly tried to refrain from all pulpit work, but his earnest soul and strong convictions of duty would scarcely permit him the rest so much needed. Shortly after reaching Denver, he commenced the work of building up a church in Golden, and succeeded so admirably that in a few months, where before there was not even an organization, there was a large and thrifty congregation and a commodious brick edifice in which to worship. Last fall, at the solicitation of many of his former admirers in the city of Chicago, he was induced to visit that place for the purpose of holding a series of meetings, and while engaged in the work was stricken down by an attack of pneumonia, from which he never fully recovered. About one month ago he was attacked with bleeding at the lungs, and since then has gradually sunk, until this morning his spirit took its flight.

His parents are both from distinguished families in the country—his father having at one time held the important position of Agent of the State Indiana, and his mother being a near connection of the Harneys of Kentucky, who have added much lustre to that great commonwealth. His peculiar characteristics were, in private life, a gentle, unobtrusive and almost timid disposition; while in the pulpit he was fervid, eloquent, argumentative and convincing.

If he had lived, he would have made one of the brightest ornaments of the pulpit of Christ, and much good must have resulted to those who came under his magic influence.

He would have been twenty-two years old on the 26th of the present month. His remains will be taken to his old home in Indiana for interment, and will, in the charge of his father, start on the Kansas Pacific train in the morning. Short services will be held at his parents' home on Champa street, at half past six o'clock to-morrow morning, previous to the departure of his remains.

We can all shed a tear over the loss of one so good and brilliant, at so early a period in his career.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN MEMORIAM!

[By Agnes Leonard Hill, Chicago.]

“A frail body, bearing the burden of too great a brain, broke at last under the weight.” Such no doubt would be the physician’s verdict concerning this boy; yet this is but a feeble utterance of a partial truth, for it was not only brain, not merely cold intellectuality, but in addition an intense and luminous soul that conspired against its earthly tenement. He was not simply precocious, not merely brilliant with the evanescent glitter of selfish recklessness, seeking from a morbid vanity to attract attention, and unscrupulous concerning the means by which this might be attained. He was brilliant yet profound. He was eloquent, yet he was also conscientious and spoke from the pressure of strong and high convictions. He was absolutely and truly devoid of affectation, and neither flattery nor envy could induce him to put on any garb of fanatical sanctimoniousness, or divert him from the sublime simplicity of a genuine and exalted piety. He was so remarkably free from any “tricks or manners” that the superficial and vulgar observer would fail to realize his superiority. It is not extravagant to say that he was as simple and unaffected as a child, yet austere pure as an angel. The highest influences of

culture and affection had surrounded him from infancy ; yet so far from engendering in his nature any superciliousness or Godless contempt for others, he had a marvelously humble and tender appreciation of his advantages, and took to himself therefor not the slightest credit.

Once after hearing from him a very remarkable sermon, a lady friend many years his senior took his hand and said with tears, "Child ! Child ! how did you learn to talk so ? It is wonderful, it is beautiful !"

Few boys of nineteen could have carried themselves nobly and simply through such an outburst ; but he without even flushing, scarcely even smiling, replied : "My father always took me to hear the best speakers. He trained me to it ; that is all ;" and this without any affectation of deprecating praise, but simply in a spirit of filial devotion to his father, and unconsciousness concerning himself. With all his gifts and attainments, he had a boyish appreciation of life in many respects. He was by no means eccentric or abnormal. He had simply a grand symmetrical nature that was sublime, yet not unbeautiful. After listening to the wide, wild sweep of his imagination, and being borne up to the very gates of Heaven itself, on the wings of his oratory, it was restful and healthful to meet him an hour or two afterwards and find him a laughing boy, a dear unspoiled child, making no attempt to wear the gloom and mystery sometimes called "Genius." It was at one such a time that a lady said to him : "Tell me frankly how these middle aged commonplace ministers treat you when they are most envious. I have seen them spiteful towards you, and I have wondered if you ever noticed it."

He listened eager and attentive as a child might listen, then a smile broke over his face, and a keen sense of the humorous seemed to possess him as he said: "I remember one time, when I was more than ordinarily carried away by my religious feelings, and had so deep a sense of the greatness and glory of Divinity that it seemed presumptuous for me to have spoken at all, one of the middle-aged men you allude to came along; and feeling as humble as a dog in my momentary self-depreciation, I involuntarily drew a little nearer to get as it were under the shadow of his wing to hide after my preaching. When he drew himself up, frowned gloomily at me, and said: 'Don't be puffed up, boy! Keep close in the shadow of the cross!' and he had the air of calling a policeman to help me away from an apple stand."

The fine dramatic representation he gave of this little episode defies description upon paper, yet it passed before his hearers vivid and life like. The pompous, puffing, vulgar middle-aged party, and the sensitive, shrinking boy whose humanity trembled with the might of his own lofty and intense soul. He was superior to resentment, yet sensitive to the slightest shade of appreciation or neglect. His goodness was not merely good nature and inability to appreciate or perpetrate satire, for he was capable of the most delicate sarcasms that yet had in them not the faintest suggestion of venom. For example; a friend was speaking to him of a minister who had lately left a church, after having had charge of it for some time, and asked, "Do you suppose he made any impression upon his hearers during all his ministration?" "Well," he replied with mock gravity,

"every great man must represent some central truth, must impress some great fact or controlling principle upon the minds of those he teaches, and I found, after some research, that the great truth, the moral principle, the one important fact taught by this man, and left as a monument to his glory in the minds of his parishoners, was—that *it did not take Noah as long to build the ark as many imagined!*" And this sarcasm was without the faintest approach to bitterness, contempt or reproach. It sprang merely from the gayety of a guileless yet penetrating and truthful nature.

No printed sermon of his could do justice to his oratory, since it derived its greatest power from his personal presence, his earnestness, sincerity, tenderness, self-unconsciousness, and a certain suggestion of reserved force that he carried always with him, and of which he was at times dimly conscious.

"I could do better if I had more confidence in myself. Great orators have great confidence in themselves, and I don't think I have enough," he said confidentially to a friend, with that beautiful frankness and lack of ostentation so characteristic of him, and it was this appreciation of an Ideal forever beyond his efforts that redeemed him from shallowness, or merely superficial brilliancy, or even an unhealthy and overweening egotism. He did not affect to depreciate himself and parade a vain and mock humility. He simply did underestimate himself for the reason that he compared himself not with others, but contrasted his achievements and attainments with his aspirations towards infinitude, and was humbly conscious of the discrepancy that existed between them. It was the greatness of his purpose that forever over-

shadowed the possibility of human performance, and kept him from overestimating, or duly estimating his own heroic life.

Only those who were capable of fully appreciating him can understand that the world is poorer for losing him. Other men may have gifts of oratory, may have in addition to his intellect, perhaps his delicate sympathies and deep faithful heart; yet when again shall another stand in our midst, who in addition to these rare and beautiful gifts shall have his purity of soul, his chaste and serene simplicity of character that was at once its proof of true greatness, and its chrism of glory? Who shall talk to us as he talked? Not merely with language so expressive or idea so striking and original, but with the peculiar earnestness, the childlike sincerity and the divine tenderness that made our hearts burn within us while he spoke in our midst.

Men and women of genius, men and women of distinction, all manner of men and women are living and dying all around us, and life has too many urgent and prosaic duties to allow us pause for common grief, yet before this grave we stand, awed, bereft, as at the gateway where an angel passed and left us groping heavenward in the dark. Before the memory of this exalted and beautiful soul we stand as before a vision of the many mansions; for having known how it is possible for a soul to rise and shine even in this present life, we have a brighter hope and firmer faith concerning the life which is to come. And the lesson taught by this brief, beautiful life embodies a great truth, so often forgotten, yet so necessary to be remembered. It is the influence of character and the superiority of simply being noble, over

any feverish action, for the charm and glory of this life lay in its loyalty to the highest. Many have competed with him merely as an orator. The world is full of books and sermons and great intellects, but the world is not full of such characters; the world has not many souls so pure and yet so intense; having in it heights reaching to the very battlements of Heaven, and yet possessing depths of sympathetic tenderness and humility wherein the 'least of these little ones,' might find refuge and rest and generous affection.

He was no mere performer, taking the pulpit for a stage, and regarding all the world as merely an audience to contemplate his gifts, and admire his attainments.

He was rather a divine messenger eager to do his appointed work, filled with high enthusiasm that carried him on to exertions beyond his physical endurance, and so he died.

He was so young to die; yet he lived not in vain, and the soul that contemplates appreciatively his work and purpose, is enriched and uplifted, and made more noble by this contemplation. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, think on these things!"

CHAPTER XX.

OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN AMERICA.

About fifty years ago a few faithful men, in different parts of the country, inaugurated what was called the "Religious Reformation of the Nineteenth Century."

They proposed an immediate and complete restoration of the Christian religion, as authorized by the Son of God, and as taught and practiced by his inspired Apostles. Their simple but powerful plea, that sounded over the land, like a rousing battle cry, was: "The Bible, the Bible alone; and the organic union of all the followers of Christ!" They contended that all human creeds had proven futile and ruinous. They earnestly protested against division, against all uninspired tests of faith and fellowship; against party names and unscriptural titles; in short, against all that the mistaken zeal of men has placed about the simple shrine of the Gospel of Jesus.

Very soon an organization was effected called "The Church of Christ," its members, "Disciples," or "Christians." The growth of this body has been rapid, and perhaps, without parallel in church history. To-day the Disciples, in the United States, the Canadas, British Isles and Australia, number about one million communicants. They have a number of handsomely endowed

and prosperous institutions of learning; among the most noted of which are: Bethany College, West Virginia; Kentucky University at Lexington, Butler University at Indianapolis, Daughters College of Kentucky, and Christian Female College of Missouri. They have more than a full supply of papers and periodicals; the most influential of which are: *The Standard*, *The Review*, *The Christian Evangelist* and *The Christian Quarterly Review*.

Rejecting every creed which had its origin in the mind of man, and holding in abeyance their own opinions, the Disciples take the whole Bible—nothing less, and nothing more, as containing the Christian's creed, the rule of practice and the discipline of the church.

They teach that the acceptance of the Bible alone, as an all-sufficient creed, implies:

1. That we must have a distinct Bible command, or an unmistakable Bible example for all that we teach as essential to salvation, or to full fellowship in the Church.

2. We should express Bible truths in Bible words.

3. We must use Bible words in their Bible sense.

4. We must remember that the Bible interprets its own meaning.

5. We must hold forth the word of God entire, neither adding to it, nor taking from it.

The Disciples generally claim that the Bible teaches the following truths, and consequently hold them essential to membership in the Church of Christ:

1. There is one God and Father of all.

2. There is one Lord, Jesus the Savior, the Messiah of prophecy; The Son of the living God.

3. There is one Spirit, the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, and Helper promised to all who obey Christ.

4. There is one Faith. What that Faith is, we will discuss in another chapter.

5. There is one hope, the hope of the resurrection of the dead, to everlasting life.

6. There is one baptism—burial in and resurrection from water.

The Disciples contend that baptism is a definite specific act of obedience, and not a rite of variable form or mode. They hope that, since those who sprinkle accept immersion also, and those who immerse cannot accept sprinkling, love will ultimately lead all to unite for the one baptism by immersion.

7. There is one Body, the Church, the Kingdom, the Bride of Christ. The Lord never founded but one church, and his Apostles solemnly commanded that there should be no divisions. The Disciples see no cause for enthusiastic rejoicing in the pseudo liberality, and boasted "spiritual union" so popular in late years, but cause for grave apprehension. Of essential truth they can make no compromise; and what is not essential they think should be forever put aside. They declare that the plainest teaching of the Bible, and the dearest interest of humanity demand that all the followers of Christ shall stand together in one organic body.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

The Disciples hold that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," hence they constantly proclaim that Christ died for our sins,

according to the Scriptures; that He was buried; and that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures. They promise in Christ's name, pardon, the Gift of the Holy Spirit, and the Hope of everlasting life to him that obeys the commands of the Gospel; and they claim that the commands are as follow:

1. Believe with all the heart.
2. Repent, and turn away from sin.
3. Publicly confess Christ, as the Son of the living God.
4. Be baptized into the name of the Father—the Son and the Holy Spirit.

The Disciples hold that the principles of church government are given in the New Testament. Each congregation is independent of every other congregation while it is a part of the one grand army—all under Christ the Head. There is no ecclesiastical court, outside the individual Church. All Christians are royal priests to God.

In the ministry of the church they have Evangelists—Elders and Deacons.

The Disciples celebrate the Lord's supper upon the first day of every week, not as an awful sacrament, but as a sweet and precious means of grace.

They insist upon congregational singing as a part of public worship.

They build no magnificent church edifices—rent no pews, and solemnly protest against all miserable pomp and splendor in the service and appointments of the House of God. They are especially noted for their cordial hospitality to the stranger, their care for the sick, the poor and distressed; and their unaffected love for one another.

CHAPTER XXI.

A STUDY OF THE REFORMATION.

Buildings cannot be beautiful, unless every line and column have reference to their foundation, and are suggestive of its existence and strength.—RUSKIN.

Since old enough to form any intelligent judgment upon subjects of history, I have always cherished a delighted admiration for the work and character of Alexander Campbell, of Virginia; and I cannot doubt that his name will yet be ranked among the most illustrious of earth.

Columbus, holding up the map of a new and beautiful land to the astonished gaze of millions, is justly regarded a sublime subject for both writer and painter. But, to my mind, the theologian in the pulpit at Bethany seems a more exalted historical character than the map and chart-maker at the court of Isabella. True, the one found and made known to the world a new continent; but the other discovered the long-hidden and unknown foundation of the everlasting Church of Jesus Christ.

If we are reasonably to regard Luther, Wesley and Calvin, as having been fashioned and raised up by Providence, each for a great and special work, then we must also believe that Alexander Campbell had a most peculiarly divine mission. Future generations will study his

noble life and rich productions, and will adjudge him to have been the grandest theologian of the four great reformers.

At the time of his entrance into the public ministry, the whole sky over the minds and hearts of men was veiled with clouds of mystic darkness; superstition and tradition had utterly obscured the simple doctrine of Christ; people everywhere were bound with embarrassing creeds, and ruled by priests who had outrageously arrogated to themselves all wisdom and authority to interpret the revealed will of God. There was much zeal, but that zeal was ignorant, misguided, and of bitter fruit. Preachers of all denominations claimed to have been divinely called to preach—as were the apostles; and the poor benighted people believed that it required miraculous power direct from heaven to convert a sinner.

It was constantly proclaimed as a cardinal and most wholesome doctrine, that God had, before the foundation of the world, arbitrarily chosen a few of the human race for salvation, and had condemned the great multitudes to everlasting torment. It was even an orthodox accomplishment to be able to linger about vivid portrayals of “the bloody pavements of hell, all thickly covered with the little skulls of nonelect children.” The different religious denominations fought one another with what they imagined a righteous hatred; and their ministers never dreamed of holding sweet fellowship as brothers in a common cause.

In the midst of all this, Alexander Campbell—a man of the highest order of mind, of massive and profound learning—stood up among the people, and with eloquence often positively sublime, plead for a return to

the Bible, and for the union of all the followers of Christ. He waged effective war upon the Romish, and all man-made creeds and confessions of faith, and did immense work in removing the accumulated traditions of ages from the religion of the Son of God. He never pretended to possess any superhuman powers, or to have received any miraculous inspiration, and only claimed to be a discoverer. Hence, his brethren could not be called his followers—unless in the meaning that they followed him as he led them back to Christ, the sole Author and Finisher of their faith.

His labors tended greatly to disturb and revolutionize, then existing religious society. He was not, in the strict sense of the word, and in immediate aim, an organizer; but for the time being, a disorganizer—only in order that right organization might be effected at last. He was in his mission not like Moses in delivering the Law, but more like Elijah in restoring it, and more like John the Baptist in preparing the way for the Truth, and in pointing to the Lamb of God!

His success could not be measured by any great results of a formulating or organizing power. And yet no well informed man will pretend that Alexander Campbell ever held, or anticipated, any such idea of church disorganization and ungovernment as has become widely prevalent in recent years. The one thing he fought against more strenuously than all else was the division and disorganization of the followers of Christ.

His far-reaching plea soon won the zealous advocacy of a number of able and devoted men, and spread rapidly among the people. That there are to-day in this country over a half million of men and women who repudiate all

human creeds, and hold to the Bible alone as their rule of faith and practice, is the crowning result of the unparalleled labors of that incomparable man; and the indirect influence of his work has most probably been far greater than the direct—for every religious party in the land has been more or less affected by his plea and teaching.

The popular plea of the present day for the union of all God's people, was taken without due acknowledgment, and, perhaps, unwittingly from Alexander Campbell; and it is a great pity that his rational and scriptural idea of that union was not also appropriated at the same time.

Beyond question, he was the first man in long centuries who denounced audibly to the world any and all divisions of the church as wrong, and contended that there was no authority for a variety of creeds in the design of Christ and his apostles. He was scorned, hooted, and even persecuted for his teaching then; but the day draws near when the great truth which he advocated will be recognized and adopted by millions of Christian people.

To his marvelously piercing vision august truths, which to others were almost insolvable problems, seemed but simple axioms; and at times so great was he in thought that he preached over many people's heads—they could not understand him; and they often seized the mere shell—the word, but not the spirit of his high discourse.

Probably no man has ever had a more exalted and enrapturing conception of Christ; with all the splendid

powers of his mind, soul and body, he bowed in adoration to Him, and ever spoke of Jesus with joyous yet awful reverence.

No one ever heard him preach, and afterward forgot the great thought and lofty eloquence with which he discoursed of Messiah—the Prophet, Priest, and King!

And the glowing, thrilling peroration, finished with the last four verses of Psalm xxiv :

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he *is* the King of glory.”

for its sublime majesty could hardly be surpassed in mortal speech.

As already remarked, his peculiar work was to remove the rank thistles and accumulated rubbish, and to expose to view the beautiful and ever-enduring foundation which God laid in Zion; then to urge a complete restoration of the teaching and practice of the holy apostles of Christ.

But, the work of building up and organizing the church, of setting all things in order, of leading the saints to deeper knowledge and higher life, of filling the world with the glad tidings, was left for the most part to those who should come after him.

In numbers, the Disciples have grown to be a mighty multitude; whether there has been any very great advance of that work since the day of Alexander Campbell, is a serious and no foolish question.

Have we yet seen rise up a glorious superstructure upon that divine foundation—the Rock of Ages—the light from whose windows and towers is already gladdening all nations?

Are we not still delving away, trying to do something about the foundation? And, indeed, are we not in danger of becoming monomaniacs on the subject of foundations? It is a grand fact not to be lost sight of, that we have a God-given foundation for the Church. But our mission is not to keep that foundation in repair, or to sit down upon it lest it be carried away or covered up; nor are we called to cry everlastingly to people that they shall walk around it and consider its wonderful stones.

With the Rock and the principles for building given us—finished, imperishable and perfect as only the omnipotent Author could make them—are we busily engaged in building, with gold and silver, and precious stones, the great temple for God, and after the Master's faultless plan?

We have many able men, some brave and worthy leaders, and an almost innumerable army of disciples; enough to accomplish a tremendous work even in one single year. But hitherto, our forces have been so scattered, our strength so little developed, and our influence so thinly diffused, that we are not yet even known by name in the civilized world.

Many of our leaders have acted too much as though the all in all of their mission was to fight sectarianism, to debate first principles, and to induce men and women to join the church.

They have employed themselves chiefly as recruiting officers, enlisting thousands in the church, and then sud-

denly leaving them unfed, unclad, unarmed and undrilled, to struggle along the best they would. And how could such recruits, in any cause, prove themselves good and faithful soldiers?

One of our most eminent statesmen has recently declared that "to claim an army of ten thousand soldiers, ought to mean ten thousand strong, brave and well-armed men—each one ready to strike a blow for his country."

And so the claim to number five hundred thousand Disciples, ought to mean that we have that number of devout followers of Christ, all clad in the armor of God, each earnestly doing the utmost for the cause to which he vowed his life, and all eagerly working together for the one glorious end—the salvation of the world from sin.

It requires considerable courage to express the deliberate opinion that the somewhat popular practice and manner of conducting "protracted meetings" and "revivals," and thereby crowding the church with converts hastily urged and pushed in, is evil, and anti-scriptural.

Some one points to Pentecost, and the first three thousand converts! But who were they? Undoubtedly the best of the Jewish nation—the most devout nation on the earth.

They were already a people who feared and worshiped God, and at that very time had assembled from far and near to worship the God of their fathers. Probably they were better prepared than most people of this age to receive at once the gospel, and to appreciate its holy and comprehensive obligations. Men should be intelligently converted, thoroughly imbued with the belief that they are called to a life of prayer and work—else not be enrolled in the church at all.

A preacher's worth may not rightly be estimated by the number of people he baptizes, for some of our greatest and most useful men have numbered the fewest converts.

One of the most successful revivalists I ever knew, was an ignorant man—ignorant even of the Bible. He had, however, a powerful and musical voice, and was a good actor. He sobbed and wept in the midst of his sermons, while he told the most harrowing stories of the death-bed. It was simply awful to hear him thunder, but he fired and moved the people, so that he always succeeded in getting up a great meeting. And, alas! when he would go away, the converts generally went, too.

It may be thoughtfully questioned whether the ignorant and sensational revivalist does more good than harm; nay, it may be doubted whether ignorant and untrained men have any right to preach or teach publicly in the name of Christ. Do you frown at the word *ignorant*, and in stereotyped speech cite the case of "ignorant fishermen who planted the primitive Church?" Be then reminded that they were far removed from being ignorant.

In the first place they were chosen on account of their peculiar, capable fitness for the work, and then they were for nearly three years under the personal instruction of the Great Teacher himself. In addition to all this—they were divinely inspired to speak. What the whole church needs is thorough scriptural organization and rigid discipline; and what the individual member needs, is work. The most important problem now for our wisest men to solve is, how to put every man and woman cheerfully to work, and how to so distribute and systematize the labor as to render it most effective. The

sentiment in the heart and upon the lips of every disciple of Jesus should be, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" While we are wrapt in self-complacency by the mere thought of soundness in the faith, thousands of poor, aching, human hearts are dying all in the dark, without any knowledge of the joyous light and sweetness of that simple faith. While we stand the livelong day disputing about plans, and elders, and organs, and distracting questions of no vital importance, the night is coming swiftly on for us, each one, and what account of our work will we carry up yonder?

Strange how the doors are opening, though we make no effort to unlock them! Strange news that from over the sea! Those anxious and eloquent appeals for help that come from the brave and lonely strugglers in England, France and Germany, are enough to carry wild agitation to the soul and to awaken profound sympathy in the heart of every true member of the Church of Christ. Would that some man might be providentially raised up to bring order out of chaos, and make us one great, solid, compact body of workers in the Redeemer's cause! I have long desired to submit to the fathers and veteran warriors of our Israel a tentative suggestion, and humbly crave their consideration. It is this:

Would it not be well to try and bring about a call for a great convention, a convention of Disciples or Christians? The plan would be to have, say, fifty of our prominent and most loved brethren to sign a call for a general convention to assemble at the time and place they might designate. Every congregation of Disciples on earth should be invited and urged to send one representative, that representative to be formally chosen only after a week of prayer and earnest deliberation.

The object of the convention would be in no wise to mark out and adopt a creed for the brotherhood, but to take sweet counsel together concerning the affairs of Messiah's kingdom ; to agree, if possible, upon some plan of organization of the general church—*according to the letter or the spirit of the holy scriptures* ; to discover and discuss our mistakes, and agree to correct them ; and to insure universal co-operation, more uniformity, and greater purity of speech and practice, in the future than we have had in the past.

I can but solemnly believe that the day must come when some such purpose will be accomplished, or the Disciples remain an anomalous, heterogeneous people, and never fulfill the glorious promise of the great religious Reformer of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FAITH OF THE DISCIPLES.

[*Associated Press Dispatch.*]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March, 7th, 1881.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD AT CHURCH.

"It seemed as if everybody took a sudden interest yesterday in the doctrines of the Disciples.

"Before ten o'clock in the morning crowds of people were concentrating in the Christian Church on Vermont avenue, where President Garfield worships. The church, with its gallery and Sunday-school rooms, were speedily filled to overflowing, and disappointed thousands were unable to obtain admission. The President, Mrs. Garfield, his aged mother and Mrs. Rockwell, entered a few minutes before 11 o'clock. The pulpit was occupied by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Power, Pres. B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram, Dr. Belding, of New York, Rev. Mr. Tyler, of Richmond, Va., Chaplain G. G. Mullins, U. S. A., Officer in special charge of Education in the Army, and many other ministers of the denomination. The simple opening services were conducted by the pastor; Pres. Hinsdale offered the prayer before the sermon, and Chaplain Mullins preached from the third verse of Jude, the theme being 'The Faith of the Disciples.' The President proved an attentive listener to the sermon, which contained no allusion whatever, directly or indirectly, to the inauguration or the presence of President Garfield, who sat with his family in the old pew always occupied by him."

JUDE, 3D. VERSE.

“Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort *you* that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.”

Everything has its natural element, its own peculiar habitat. The water-lily will not grow in the dry sand of the plain, the cactus cannot live in the wet marsh; and it is a vain conceit to suppose that man can truly live without religion, or conscious communion with God.

In the beginning of his “First Principles” Herbert Spencer says: “Religion everywhere present as a woof running through the warp of human history, expresses some eternal fact,” and in my judgment that fact is this, man was originally designed for God and immortality; and as a vine will climb through the dark to the light, so the spirit of man feels after God—longs for its native atmosphere. By nature the spirit feels itself to be too great to be content with anything less than the glory of God. Hence, man’s truest and best life depends upon the recognition of God as the object of loving, trustful faith. Faith is the chief well-spring of human motives, and it more than all else, determines the customs and institutions of a nation.

A noble faith must be the inspiration and support of every noble life; and there is no such thing as a nation or a man becoming great, without some great faith. People who have no decided political, moral, or religious convictions are of little account in society; unstable they cannot excel, they are the light chaff driven and swirled by every passing breeze.

We all need daily to present the prayer "Lord, increase our faith!" our faith in God, our faith in ourselves, and our faith in our fellow men. As Disciples of Christ especially do we need faith in our faith! We need to have such a well defined and vivid conception of "the most holy faith," that it will stand in our mind with all the consummate majesty and glory of the "pillar of cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night."

Such was the faith that moved, and led, and sustained our fathers fifty years ago, when their simple plea for the Bible and the organic union of all God's people, sounded over the land like a rousing battle cry. To them "the faith" was a novelty, a new discovery, a soul-thrilling, life-controlling, wondrous vital truth, and no wonder that their ardent zeal succeeded in enlisting men and women so rapidly through the years, that the "Disciples" now number an army of nearly one million adult communicants. The marvel is, that the plea so simple, so manifestly reasonable, and in itself so powerful has not moved on to the conquest, even of the whole religious world.

There is a wide difference between an adopted faith and an inherited faith; the one examined, studied, learned, and through tears thoughtfully embraced; the other came it is not known or felt how, from unquestioned authority, example or inheritance, and accepted as a sort of inevitable something, which has long been so familiar as to be almost beyond any thoughtful consideration. Like many common things, like the semi-sacred but old and faded pictures on our walls, it is rarely given more than a passing glance. This mere lazy assent or indifferent acceptance is a weak, pitiful, sickly thing and

has nothing in common with that strong angel of life, bright and beautiful faith which works ever—works by love, blessing mankind and honoring God!

The word faith is used in the scriptures in two ways, subjectively and objectively. In the subjective sense it denotes simply the action or condition of the mind in which the mind consents to some proposition as true; in which something is accepted as established by evidence. It is the action of the mind wherein things supersensible, that is beyond the reach of direct and absolute knowledge, are received as true.

Paul, in his admirable description of faith, subjectively considered, characterizes it as “a sure confidence with respect to things hoped for; a firm persuasion with respect to things not seen.”

Therefore, faith may be said to look both backward and forward, both to the past and to the future. It is the telescope by which the spirit gazes through the enshrouding blackness of cycled periods, now, to the sublime beginning, then, to the glorious ending of time—out into the eternal—catching glimpses of the King in his beauty, and of the blazing windows and the white pillars and spires of the House with many mansions.

However, strictly speaking, the looking to the future is the confidence of hope—the beautiful offspring of faith. Faith by necessity of its nature is based on facts, and facts are things of the past; hence, faith always has in some way relation to the past, and is historical. But, inasmuch as facts reveal truths and principles, faith lays hold on an imperishable present, on the eternal spiritual things that are and ever must be, and is then prophetic.

Now, man is so constituted that he is not dependent upon the five senses; the highest and the lowest of humanity live by faith, and it may be truthfully said of all

“We walk by faith and not by sight.”

It is as much a necessity of man's nature to believe as it is for him to breathe or to love. No child is born with a faculty disposed to unbelief,—that comes by perversion. Your baby girl has such a prepossession of the idea of the truthfulness of all things, that to her the nursery tales of “Red Riding Hood” and of “Beauty and the Beast,” are no idle fictions, but veritable histories.

As yet there is not the shadow of a doubt or suspicion to cloud her sky, or dim her clear-eyed faith. Perhaps, it was in loving recognition of this glory of childhood, the Savior said: “Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven!”

With what anxious jealousy, what sacred awe should parents guard the faith of infancy! It is your child's holiest and most precious endowment—take care how you abuse it; how by wilful deception or carelessness you allow this great faculty of the soul to become impaired! Suspicion and doubt were the Serpent's fangs in Eden—they hissing drove the first pair forth from the garden; and the day in which you allow them to sting your child, shall be a dark day, a day of calamity. Henceforth, with beauty and innocence soiled—the world, life, all things shall be changed—and peace, like a frightened bird shall be flown far away. Then,

“Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine her to that sweet sleep
Which the child had yesterday.”

That theory of faith, religiously considered, which makes it something awfully mysterious, something supernatural—a gift or an effect wrought in the mind by the direct instrumentality of the Holy Spirit, we think is both unphilosophical and anti-scriptural.

There is no difference between the faculty of mind that believes a sacred truth and that believes a profane or secular truth. The faculty is one and identical; the difference is in the things believed. The hand is an instrument capable of holding many and varied objects; capable of becoming through exercise ever the more skilled and powerful. It may toy with a feather, or wield a sledge hammer; may grasp a wreath of sweet flowers, or the coil of a deadly viper; and so faith may cling to a baneful falsehood, or lay hold upon the promise of everlasting life.

We conclude then, that the faculty of belief, or the power to receive as true things beyond the province of positive knowledge, is the common heritage of our race.

In our text, Jude did not use faith in this subjective sense, but in the objective meaning of the word; that is to denote the matter of faith, the thing believed, the truth.

Henceforth we use the word to designate that something which we hold as the summary of all sacred belief, the one all comprehensive, but pliant and precise Christian creed; the only creed that came from God; the only creed broad enough, and strong enough, and grand

enough for all the church of Christ on earth and in heaven !

Just at this point it will be well for us to consider the positive and unqualified declaration of the great Apostle :

THERE IS ONE FAITH.

This is in itself a book, a condensed but significant treatise on our subject, and it has many a page still unread even by the religious world.

The doctrines of the Christian religion are not chaotic or ambiguous ; they are not self-contradictory, but they do constitute one grand logic, a profound science, a splendid system.

There is one plan of saving men from sin and sorrow, from the fear of death, and from death, and so far as we know, only one plan in the universe. It is called " God's eternal purpose," eternal because formed in the infinite mind before time began, and compassing an endless existence ever yet to come. That plan is a unit, a finished and consistent whole. To think otherwise would be inconsistent with any exalted conception of Deity. If we have this plan at all, it surely is unfolded in the open Bible, and if not in the Bible, it is then nowhere.

The avowed intention of the Bible is to reveal God and his purpose to man ; and it is to produce faith. As we have already seen the subject matter of faith must be the truth. Now, God is the author of all truth, and truth is always wrapped in unity. " God is not the author of confusion, but of peace," and there is no peace without unity.

To this general proposition there is no exception or real contradiction in all God's works and government. You may examine the two great volumes, Nature and the Bible, and in both you will discover that same system and unity in variety so characteristic of the manifestations of the Supreme Intelligence. The truth is everywhere consistent ; there is no conflict and no confusion. True, the history of science does seem to indicate a chaos of uncertainty, and to present a baffling maze of confusion. But this is not real, it is only apparent.

The strife and contradiction are and have been owing to the ignorance and rash haste of men.

"To him alone who hears the entire voice
Of Nature, is her voice a harmony."

The ultimate conclusion, the end of all patient and thorough investigation must be a demonstration of the fixed and invariable unity and harmony of all truth.

The tendency of the most learned research in our day, is to affirm the unity of the sciences ; that is, to conclude that there is one great science, the principles of which cover and bind together all the different departments of knowledge.

When the old Latins coined the expressive word "*universe*," *turned into one* ; and the Greeks, "*To Pan*," *all things viewed as one whole*, they invented far more wisely than they knew great words of prophetic revelation.

For a long time it was accepted as an indisputable fact that there could be such things as diversity of Christian belief, as various distinct, and sometimes even contradictory systems of Christian faith. And some men

piously discerned in this conceit, but another evidence of the wisdom and goodness of God in thus adapting religion to the diverse natures of human minds.

The professedly Christian world is now divided up into nearly two hundred different sects, each claiming to be the true church, and each contending for its own peculiar system of faith as of divine origin.

That there is some truth in each theory or system cannot be denied; and possibly each may have amid all the encumbering rubbish—the precious corner stone which was rejected, or overlooked by the builders—the essential vital truth! But, there is no authority for calling any of their theories and traditions or all of them taken together THE Christian faith.

There is *one* faith; no more, and the Bible refuses to give a moment's recognition to the assumption that there may be divisions, branches or varieties of the faith revealed from heaven. To thoughtful minds, the very claim that our faith came from God must be the postulate of its singleness, its invariable and indivisible unity.

The faith is fixed, finished and unchangeable.

Jude speaks of it as “the faith *ONCE* delivered to the saints,” and the full force of the peculiar Greek adverb here translated “once,” is,—*once for all*.

It was not a tentative remedy or expedient that might at some future time be recalled, amended or supplanted. As the superlative miracle of Almighty God, it was to stand, not to be altered, not to be added to or taken from; as one perfect whole, perfectly adapted to its gracious end, it was once for all delivered to the saints. In speaking of it as the foundation upon which he would build the Church, Jesus declared, “the gates of hell

shall not prevail against it!" And when the Redeemer hung dying on the cross, it was concerning this that he made that last joyous triumphant cry—"It is finished!"

What a world then, of impressive meaning is there in the expression of Paul, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." The human mind had nothing to do with it, it originated with God. Christ was the author, and Christ finished it once for all and forever, and placed his own crimson seal upon it, when he died on Calvary.

There was no more sublime audacity and folly in Satan measuring arms against the Almighty, than there is in the presumption of the mortal man who imagines that he can make a creed for the soul; or that he can in any way improve, or render more effective that "precious faith" which the Prince of Peace finished, and through his apostles once for all delivered to the saints.

Pardon me Beloved, for reminding you that this absolute perfection and fixedness of the faith itself, is altogether a different thing from perfection and fixedness of knowledge of the faith.

There is a distinction here worthy the most serious attention. There is a large class of people sufficiently fixed in their religious knowledge to satisfy the demands of the most halting conservatism, or even of the most ignorant and hardened superstition.

Indeed, too many are prone to the notion, a sort of Gothic consolation! either that there is nothing to be learned, or that our knowledge of the faith can readily be made complete, infallible, changeless. They talk and act as though the whole subject in all its hights,

depths, and immeasurable recesses could be fully explored in a week or month. This is a fearful evil.

Our powers here are all at greatest and best, but finite and fallible; our knowledge is consequently limited, variable and progressive, but the truth itself is infinite, inexhaustible and eternal.

“All knowledge
That the sons of men
Shall gather in the cycled times,”

will not lead them to touch any limit to the boundless realm of truth as it is in Jesus.

As were our fathers and mothers in the reformation, so we should be the most humble and diligent students of the Word, thoroughly loyal to the truth, ever eager to find and to adopt it; ever learning more and more, “till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.”

What is the faith? Since God is the author of the faith, and inasmuch as it is designed for the whole race, we would reasonably suppose that the proposition to be believed in order to salvation must be brief and simple. Comparatively few people of earth are learned; and few are capable of comprehending any abstruse proposition; therefore knowledge intended for the masses must be expressed in plain and direct speech. Our Heavenly Father, who knoweth what is in man; who in boundless love would bless and help and save all men, has adapted his revelation, as God alone could, to the human understanding. It may over fill and dazzle the wondering visions of the loftiest intellect; and yet a little child may grasp it as his lamp to find the way home to heaven!

To John the Baptist in prison, Jesus could send no more reassuring message, in proof that the Messiah of promise had actually come, than this, "the poor have the Gospel preached to them." What then, we ask, is the one simple, distinct proposition for universal belief? Beyond a doubt, it is the God revealed truth which Simon Peter first confessed; *Jesus is the Christ, the son of the living God.*

The whole Bible may be regarded as a commentary on this single proposition; hence said Jesus to the Jews: "Search the scriptures; for in them you think you have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me!"

Our faith, then, thanks be to God! has nothing to do with speculative philosophy, with theories about the "God-head," "the Trinity," "coeternal sonship" inspiration, atonement, eternal punishment, or the origin of evil. Our faith has nothing to do with ceremonies and rituals; with formulated creed; or the many vexed questions of expediency. It has to do with something infinitely higher than all this! The object of our faith is the acceptance of a righteous and mighty and glorious person, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, the perfect manifestation of the divine wisdom and power and mercy—the fullness of him that filleth all in all. Our faith is to lead us to trust, love and obey the Anointed Son as Prophet, Priest and King over all men.

"In such expressions as *Looking unto Jesus, who is the author and the finisher of our faith*, we are bidden to look from our faith to a living person who is the only root of it, the only end of it. Our faith is not in itself, but in him; and if we think of it, instead of him, it perishes. Here it ought to be full enough to quote two familiar

passages of Scripture : “ And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book ; but these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name.” “ The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart ; that is, the *word of faith* which we preach, that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth, the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved !” Then, to believe lovingly in the Messiah, of whom Moses and the prophets did write, is the all in all of the Christian faith ; and its full thesis is enveloped in that one divinely authorized confession of faith ; *Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God*. Those who object that such a creed is too liberal, not sufficiently definite and exclusive, should be directed to carry their complaints up to the throne of the allwise Author himself. We are not called upon to vindicate the Master’s ways, or to enter any apology for his plans and appointments.

However, of this be reminded, the most elaborate creeds have failed in their design to insure the truth against perversion. They have resulted in division, confusion, envy, bitterness and strife. From them as a fruitful soil have sprung up a dense and rank growth of plants whose blossoms are black, and whose breath is poison.

Shackling creeds have miserably crippled and impeded the army of Christ, and greatly diverted it from its one glorious mission in the world. The church everywhere begins to feel this, and many leading men in the different religious denominations frankly acknowledge it.

I believe that the day is coming when the followers of Christ everywhere will look upon man-made creeds and confessions of faith, as vain, intrusive and presumptuous attempts to strengthen that which God has made strong; when they will recognize the fact that the safety of the Rock of Ages depends not upon the stay and support of puny human hands; when the loyal and devoted hosts of Immanuel, animated by the inspiration of his word and life and spirit, shall move forward to the vanquishment of ignorance, falsehood and sin, and to the establishment of peace and righteousness on the earth. And may God speed the coming of that day!

With intensest feeling, I would protest to-day against the merely defensive attitude of the church. Ten thousand and thousand considerations loudly demand that she should assume the aggressive part against infidelity and sin; and should fly only the white-starred guidon of the church militant. Casting fear and doubt forever behind us, let us march forward and contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints, looking trustfully to him who came not to send peace, but a sword on the earth; and who will at last conquer for us an everlasting peace.

I like not that song now so popular throughout the land,—

“ Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still.”

The Lord Jesus as the Great Commander is already here—the battle is on!—in no pent-up fort in a miserable state of passive siege—but out in the vast field of the

world; and it would be better for the soldiers of the Cross to shout in martial music that braver hymn,—

“Lo! the day of God is breaking;
See the gleaming from afar!
Sons of earth from slumber waking,
Hail the bright and morning Star.

“Trust in Him who is your Captain;
Let no heart in terror quail;
Jesus leads the gath’ring legions,
In His name we shall prevail.

“Conq’ring hosts with banners waving,
Sweeping on o’er hill and plain,
Ne’er shall halt till swells the anthem,
‘Christ o’er all the earth doth reign!’”

Perhaps, there never was another period when there were so many myriad exciting temporal concerns as now to divert and occupy the mind; when there were so many heart storming temptations; when sin was more illusively masked in the beautiful garments stolen from innocence; and when godlessness had so many eloquent advocates in the world. Surely, there was never a time when infidelity with more hate and power and persistence endeavored to undermine the very foundation of the church. But, for one, I feel no alarm! God is! He reigns, and His throne could fall, just so soon as the work of the Redeemer! We have the divine promises, that even the power of hell shall not prevail against the Rock to which we look for safety. While still among men, Jesus said on one occasion, “And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.” He is being lifted up. There is now more power in his name than in the flag of

any nation ; and the world is beginning to see and feel that there is no other power whereby man may be saved. That his power may rest upon us and be the ennobling might of our lives, let us try ever to draw still nearer to him, to learn to know more of him, to love him better, and to do more good in his precious name. Thus shall we prove ourselves in truth and deed the Disciples of Him who came to seek and to save to the uttermost all who would believe in Him. Then can we confidently look forward to that day when he will confess us before the Father in Heaven.

And now, brethren, in conclusion, looking forward to "that great day," think for a moment, with what surpassing dignity and importance is our confession of faith invested, when we begin to catch somewhat of the august meaning of the inspired declaration :—

"Wherefore, God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name ; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PASTOR.

“And I will give you pastors according to mine heart, who shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.”—JEREMIAH.

“When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings:
Immortal fragrance fills his circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.”

Among the most exquisite and picturesque words of the English tongue we find the word, “pastor.”

In some minds there is strong prejudice against its use, as it is thought to smack too much of priestcraft and papal tyranny. But it is, nevertheless, a tender and beautiful word, fitly designating a scriptural—hence holy office. And the fact that in times gone by, abominations were cloaked under this sacred title, is a poor argument for its desuetude.

That fastidious eclecticism which would reject all words that have ever been devoted to evil, or have been found at any time in bad company, would sadly impoverish our language.

We must accord to words, as well as to men, the privilege of repentance. They are not mummies to be forever confined with the dead past; but are living and

versatile freighters that may carry at different times various things. Indeed, they are ever changing their function; and are often employed in one generation to convey ideas the very opposite to what they expressed in ages previous.

The literal meaning of the word pastor, and it is the precise equivalent of the words so translated from the Latin, Greek and Hebrew—is *shepherd*.

We learn from world wide custom that the shepherd is one whose office it is,

1. To feed sheep;
2. To keep the flock together;
3. To protect it from all enemies.

From this simple and comprehensive statement of his duties, it is evident that the shepherd's work must necessarily be a confining if not an altogether monopolizing employment. It is about impossible for him ever to engage in any other business, for he must be always watching over his dependent flock.

Nor is the occupation of the shepherd so easy and simple as those unacquainted with the interesting facts are apt to suppose. It demands great self-denial, patient devotion, shrewd judgment and sometimes the most daring courage.

Thousands of years ago the word pastor or shepherd was employed as the metaphorical name of the religious leader. And this ancient usage of the word is divinely approved by its adoption in both the Old and the New Testament.

It may not rightly be regarded so much a title of the minister of religion, as a vivid description of his office—a one word account of his peculiar calling and duty.

We are then, to collect the clearest and best conception of the pastor's mission, by studying the avocation of the shepherd. From that and the Bible, we learn that he is a herdsman and feeder; one called to teach, cherish and guide a flock of God's people. And in importance, his is the highest and grandest work on the earth.

Since the great flock is divided into unnumbered small bands, and all can never be gathered into one visible fold in this world, of course there must be many pastors, all under Christ, the great and good Shepherd. Whether there should be a plurality of pastors over one flock or assembly, I believe to depend solely upon the number of members and the amount of work to be done.

Over every church—experience, common sense, and the holy Scriptures undoubtedly teach that there should at least be one pastor. And he should be no mere nominal officer vainly occupying a sinecure position, Having first been found of worthy character, scripturally qualified; and having been elected by the assembly, he should be formally and solemnly ordained pastor of the flock.

He ought then to give his whole time and the strength of his being to the great purpose appointed.

It has been agreed by men most distinguished for learning, that in the primitive church, the teachers and rulers were called Presbyters or Elders, Bishops or Overseers, Pastors or Shepherds; titles which in the New Testament are all applied to one and the same order of men. Their functions are the same, and the apostle Paul recognizes no difference in the essential qualifications for the office. *Vide* Acts xx : 17, 28; Phil. i : 1; Titus ii : 5; I Tim. iii : 2; I Peter v : 1.

Some churches object to calling any one "The Pastor," claiming that it is too much like making a pope and does entrust too much power and authority to one man. Furthermore, they assert that the practice is unscriptural.

Let us carefully consider whether this claim and apprehension be well founded.

In the first place, we must bear in mind, that neither one man nor a thousand men can ever have authority to legislate for the church; and the church itself is denied all power and right to prescribe any other doctrines than those originally given by Christ and his apostles.

This is too evident to admit the least dispute. To determine the external form and manner of church government, to act in matters of expediency, to decide upon anything of importance, neither has one pastor, nor six any jurisdiction without the consenting church.

Says Dr. Mosheim in his noble work on Ecclesiastical History,—“Such was the constitution of the Christian church in its infancy, that the churches were independent with respect to each other. Each Christian assembly was a little State, governed by its own laws, which were either enacted, or at least approved by the society. Every church consisted of the people, their leaders and the Deacons. The people were undoubtedly in authority; for the apostles showed by their own example, that nothing of moment was to be carried on, or determined, without the consent of the assembly. *Vide Acts 1 : 15, vi : 3, xv : 4, xx : 22.*”

The sense of this sovereignty of the people is so inbred and so strong in the Disciples, that among them, as in the United States Government, instead of there being reasonable ground for any apprehension of a centrali-

zation of power, there is considerable cause to dread anarchy in the future, on account of too much individual freedom and power, together with a growing hatred to wholesome restraint.

Hence, it is often a very difficult task to persuade even the sovereign church to exercise that control over its members which the Scriptures clearly authorize and demand. When learning was mostly confined to the clergy; when there was no free press; when Rome through her crafty priests governed both church and State, the priest could and did arrogate fearful powers. But now, and in this protestant nation, it is simply impossible for pastors to usurp authority, or infringe upon the well-known prerogative of the church.

As to the teaching of the Scriptures in regard to the number of pastors and deacons, Christ and his apostles have not commanded anything expressly concerning it. Indeed, it appears that Christ left this matter undetermined, as though he intended that the individual church should have discretionary power to act as circumstances might require.

Six Disciples may become a regularly organized church; but they would hardly have the material and inclination to ordain themselves three elders and three deacons.

A church of one thousand members would be vastly too large a flock for one shepherd; and the Lord has left it to the wisdom and prudence of each congregation to decide for itself what number may be necessary for the work.

In the discussion of this subject there is an additional point which it would be well not to ignore. Merely having a plurality of elders will never preclude what is called—"the dangerous one man rule."

In every congregation whether there be one, or few, or many rulers; some one, by his ability and works will, soon or late, actually exercise the dominant influence, will become, although unrecognized as such, in fact the leader. In any assemblage whatever of men, one will be chief!

Some time ago I happened to be in a city, where there was a church that did not believe in having a pastor, but had four leaders, whom they called bishops. I took the opportunity to attend their meeting, and become somewhat acquainted with their peculiarities. One bishop was a lawyer and ward politician, one was a blacksmith, and two were merchants.

They seemed to abhor the word pastor, and classed it in the triad with priest and devil. With sourness and hate they denounced "the hireling clergy," and boasted that they had no ruler under Christ; and that they believed it a sin to receive or pay money to have the Gospel preached. Well, they were a shining set of folks! During a period of thirty years they had grown in number to be seventy-five men, women and children—all told. They had made no impression upon the city, for they had been as barren of good works as thorns of grapes: they were a genuine thistle crop.

The first discourse to which I listened was uninteresting, full of errors and bad grammar, and was one hour and twenty minutes in length. It was on the Millennium, and by the lawyer bishop; who alas! had no sooner sat down than up popped the blacksmith bishop. He began by remarking with singular grace and gentleness, that it gave him deep pain to say to the brethren, there was not one grain of Bible truth in the sermon to

which they had just listened, and he felt in duty bound to show them the real teaching of the "Sperrit" on the subject. After speaking thirty minutes in a thundering voice the old gentleman got out of breath, and with a rueful countenance sat down.

Then bishop No. 3 proceeded to administer the Lord's Supper, and while the emblems were being passed around, he seized the opportune moments to give two or three young people present a sound drubbing (figuratively—yet really) for having gone to a dance the week before.

At last bishop No. 4 arose to wind up or out the meeting; he sang a solo hymn, and dismissed the congregation with prayer, in which he reviewed and sharply criticised all that had been said by his co-laborers that day.

A little attentive inquiry soon discovered that they were a most bigoted and uncharitable people, and greatly addicted to absurd and ruinous controversy among themselves: that each bishop had some hobby which he mounted every possible chance. In proper sense there was really no shepherd at all over the flock; but what was very queer in view of their boasted pretensions, the lawyer bishop might have been properly styled, the despot. He was politic in manner, had an iron will, a passion for rule, and succeeded in having his own way about everything in the church; and the blacksmith bishop who was exceedingly jealous of his power, did not hesitate to declare him unsound in the faith!

I have in my time visited a number of churches, where the province of the Elders appeared to be that of a sort of high court, or Star Chamber in the church. As rare occasion demanded they met to attend to matters of dis-

cipline, and urgent business. During the week they never looked after the flock, or toiled in any way for the good of the individual members. On Sunday when the preacher had ended his sermon, these elders would punctiliously march forward to administer the sacred Supper; and sometimes, in their manners, speeches and prayers, what

“An unhallowed conjunction of divine with human matters!”

Could any one show cause why the elders wish always to administer the institution of the Lord's Supper, and never or rarely the ordinance of Baptism!

If an elder through ardent zeal, prayer and meditation, have an holy unction, and if he have riches of truth to give as bread to hungry souls, then he ought to speak. But he can never have any semblance of right to bore a congregation with out-of-place talk, which cost him no study, no prayer, no tears—simply because he is in the position of an elder and loves to speak in public.

In short, if a church have one pastor or five, each should be such in fact, and fashioned as nearly as possible after the pattern given in the Living Oracles.

* * * * *

From the very nature of his office we rationally conclude that the pastor should, as a rule, be elected for a long period, if not for life. The very common custom of annual elections and frequent changes cannot be commended by sound judgment.

The work which the pastor is called to do; the absolute necessity that he shall know, and learn to sympathize

with every member of the flock ; that he may be one in love and interest with all ; and may freely go in and out among the people, to recall the wandering to the paths of virtue and piety, instruct the ignorant, comfort and cheer on the troubled, and hold Christ's glorious light at the bedside of the dying—all, everything demands that he should be permanently located.

* * * * * * * * *

Few churches appreciate as they should the truth, that the pastor is one, whom a wise economy, in the distribution and saving of labor, has appointed to do a certain work, which belongs to all the members in common ; in the burden of his solemn obligations, they each have a share ; and that in order to accomplish any considerable amount of good, he should be removed as far as may be from corrosive worldly cares. If he gives his whole time, and devotes himself fully and conscientiously to the up-building of the church, then it is the sacred and imperative duty of the church to see that he is paid a liberal support, or at least enough to save him from distraction and beggary. To leave him ever in poverty is virtually to confess to God, and to proclaim to the world—that his mission is after all in the estimation even of professed Christians, of minor—if indeed of any real importance.

Among sentimental and self-plumed angels, it may be a mark of seraphic piety to think of preaching, and laboring in the gospel without money and without price ! But, it is none the less a sad and withering comment upon the spiritual life of any church, to allow her faithful minister to be pinched and dogged, and bitten by deathful penury.

It is only the ignorant plea of clutching selfishness, which would permit a faithful minister to grow old in toiling for the highest good of others, and yet so unrequited as to be left too poor to own the humblest cottage, in which to shelter his sacrificed family, and in which—at last worn out, to lay himself down and die.

* * * * *

There is in our country a curious popular notion of pastoral duty, productive of harm and not good, which ought to be condemned and abandoned as altogether unreasonable. It is that which requires the pastor to spend most of his time tramping from house to house, paying a sort of complimentary visit to the members of his flock. That you may the better catch my meaning, let us look at a picture ; and it is not supposititious, but genuine.

Early Monday morning Elder A. starts out on a tour of pastoral visitation. He trudges up one street and down another, religiously compelling himself to call at every residence laid down in his directory. Some people are not at home, but for each one he leaves his card, that the visit may count ; some are at home, but ask that they be excused to-day, and that he will call again. At twenty different places he passes through the same stereotyped routine ; must listen to pretty much the same small talk, and has his attention called to the same novel observation that “there is a great deal of weather for this time of the year.”

When he arrives at the cottage of Mrs. Persimmons, her “man” is away at the factory, and she is hard at work over the steaming wash-tub ; but she offers the pastor a chair, and, with arms dripping suds and tongue

bitterness, this gentle lady entertains him with querulous complaints against himself and everybody else for not coming to see her, and triumphantly announces : " That's why me and my man has quit coming to your stuck-up church ! "

Having finished the two dozen visits which he must pay daily in order to make the required round, the pastor is at home again. The day is nearly gone ; his legs, head and heart are tired, but he must now go to his study (his wife's parlor) and address himself to his studies and sermons. Reflecting upon the unsatisfactory day, upon the foolish but exacting custom which is frittering away his time and strength, he significantly repeats :

" Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
— from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up ! "

But suddenly the door-bell rings, and in walks Deacon Hairsplitter, who says that, as he had nothing else to do, he concluded to come around and have a little argument with the pastor about the last sermon, in which he allowed the unbaptized sinner the right to pray. Soon the bell rings again, and Mrs. Tomtit is ushered in. She comes unexpectedly to spend the evening with Mrs. Pastor, and brings along the baby and her big boy who has the whooping-cough. As the pastor keeps open house, and his wife can work miracles, all of course do him the kindness to remain to dinner. At last, when the poor, worried man pillows his head to sleep, he

sighs, and regretfully murmurs: Another day forever gone—wasted—lost!

Dear friends, this is no extreme case, colored and fringed by fancy; but is a true picture of common and abominable practice. You can seldom find an experienced pastor who may not justly exclaim:

*“Quaeque ipse miserimus vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui!”*

Now, I would assume the position, and stoutly hold it against all assailants, that whenever the pastor goes out on the round of pastoral visitation, he should only go in his sacredly official capacity, and always first to those who most need his care. Never should he go out from a home without leaving upon the family some happy though serious impression that the minister of God's Holy Word had been there that day.

Socially, as a man among men, unquestionably he has the right in fee simple to make his visits as free, unbought and unforced as the coming and going of the beautiful sunshine. He should stubbornly decline to yield to unreasonable demands upon his time; or to contribute by his forbearance, or his visits to the idle and inconsiderate vanity of any in the flock. He owes it to himself, to the people, and to his sublime profession, to insist upon and command the privilege of spending much of his time in uninterrupted study, meditation and prayer. One of the brilliant masters in English literature, De Quincy, says: “No man will ever unfold the capacities of his own intellect, who does not at least checker his life with solitude. As a general rule—How much solitude, so much power.”

And surely no pastor can ever become clothed with the sweet and helpful influences of the Christian religion, or ever possess that mental and spiritual might which must be the credential of him that

“ * * * trains,
By every rule of discipline, to glorious war
The sacramental hosts of God’s elect,”

who is not much alone, all alone with himself, with his books, and his God !

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

‘This do in remembrance of me.’—LUKE xxii: 19.

“Jesus Christ instituted very little; he inspired much.” So says that gifted and noble writer, Alexander Vinet; and it is true; for while Christ inspired the thought and feeling which should lift the world out of darkness into marvelous light; yet, of formal institutions, of special laws, or of precise ceremonial regulations he originated and established very little.

One thing, however, Christ did institute—he established the “Lord’s Supper;” he built for himself a monument; he inscribed upon it the one holy legend of the Lamb of God; and he blessed it as God in Christ alone could bless, to make it forever a precious means of grace to the church. Through more than eighteen hundred years, what superabundant richness of blessing has mysteriously rested upon the bread and wine of this memorial institution! No doubt millions of men and women—whose bodies are now dust, and whose very names long since faded from the earth—here found hope and comfort and strength; here found courage to live, and courage to die.

In the primitive church, the solemn observance of the Lord's Supper was the central act of Christian worship ; and in the bitter times of persecution, the disciples seem to have regarded its celebration as their holiest duty and their most gladsome privilege

History gives some beautiful and touching pictures of the Waldenses ; but, to my mind—none other so impressive as the scenes in which we view those persecuted saints—at midnight, in torchlit caves, high up on the side of the Alps, at peril of their lives, secretly assembled in these upper chambers to commemorate the Savior's dying love.

Forty years ago, it was not unusual for our own fathers and mothers to go from five to fifteen miles through the wild forest, or over the hills—riding or walking to the "Meeting" of the brethren in some log school house. There they met on the Lord's day to Break Bread. They gave to the Supper the place of honor,—the precedence to all else in their simple public service. With the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth—yea with joy and adoration they kept the feast ; and they realized in a large measure the spiritual blessings which the Master intended this institution should convey to his faithful followers.

In our day this monument of Christ does not appear to be cherished with such loving care ; indeed, by many it is sadly neglected. The ignorance, or the want of instruction concerning it in the church is as surprising as it is distressing. It is often regarded with cold indifference even by those who profess to love the Lord ; and often when seriously and formally observed—it is from false or most inadequate motives.

“ For this cause many among you are weak and sickly, and not a few sleep ! ” 1 Cor. xi : 30.

Believing that there is health and strength in the atmosphere that surrounds it, that sweetest spiritual influences here wait to gladden the saints, that this monumental institution should be the glory of the church, I ardently desire to arouse your attention, wake your interest, that by prayerful study you may become somewhat sensible of its deep meaning and its immeasurable importance.

I always felt a keen sympathy with Scott's “ Old Mortality ” in his loving, self-imposed mission—going about with his mallet and chisel through South Scotland, clearing the moss from the tombstones, and zealously renewing the epitaphs of the Covenanters. But how infinitely grander and holier would be the work of him who could cause the memorial of the crucified Lord to stand out again in the service of the church vivid, eloquent, beautiful, joyous, as it stood in the early dawn of the Christian era ! That, would cause a revolution, or evoke a new creation, and, in religious experience, we would pass from comparatively a winter of death to a summer of life.

I have no idle wish this morning to attempt an elaborate discourse, to wreath this monument with white and scarlet blossoms ; but my aim is to place before you a few plain suggestive truths which may enable you to see the subject in its proper light, and provoke some, at least, to give hereafter that searching study which it so richly deserves.

1. When instituted.

It was on an April Thursday evening, A.D. 33

It was the time for the Passover, and thousands of devout Jews had assembled at Jerusalem to take part in their grandest festival. With loins girt and staff in hand they were to eat the paschal lamb in memory of the time when the angel of death passed over the blood sprinkled doors of their fathers in Egypt. The end of the ministry of Christ on earth drawing near. Selfish contention of the disciples. Jesus washes their feet: Love stoops to serve, and dignifies the most menial service. Prediction of the betrayal;—"Lord is it I?" Departure of Judas. John xiii:27.

It was the hour of darkness—"the same night in which he was betrayed." 1 Cor. xi:23. It was then that the Son of God established the institution which was to survive the ruin of empires, and to remain forever an epitome of the Gospel.

2. The name.

"What's in a name?" Always much; sometimes everything!

Necessity of pure and accurate speech. Words rule the world, and names are of vital importance. A friend of mine recently lost his little boy by poison, through the fatal mistake of a druggist in changing the labels of two bottles. Upon names depend order, unity, peace, safety. In Genesis xi, we read that the Lord confounded the language of the people at Babel, in order to scatter them abroad on the face of the earth. Confusion of tongues is the cause of division in the church. Shibboleth and Sibboleth have been the opposing generals on many a battle field.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of the Disciples has hitherto been their wise zeal for pure speech. If

we ignore this we lose one of the important distinctive features which give us a right to exist, and to claim to be a peculiar people with a great mission. Let us cling to good old English Bible names for Bible things! * *

* * That word "Sacrament" has stolen in among us, and seems to be quite at home of late, since it is actually countenanced by some of our preachers and teachers; nevertheless, the word comes from Babylon and Rome, and is a mischief maker. "Sacrament" is a military and judicial term, meaning a vow, an oath of allegiance, an awful pledge, or a seal; and it has nothing in common with the idea of this sweet and simple institution. As a name, it deceives, darkens, confuses the mind, and is anti-scriptural; and no well educated Disciple can ever tolerate its use.

The Bible names, descriptions, or definitions as you may choose to consider them, we find to be :

1. "The Lord's Supper." 1 Cor. xi : 20.
2. "The Lord's Table." 1 Cor. x : 21.
3. "The Communion." 1 Cor. x : 16.
4. "Breaking Bread." Acts ii : 4 and xx : 7.

Surely, we need no more expressive and complete terminology than this.

3. The materials.

A plain loaf of bread and a cup of pure, red wine. These are the silent but strangely eloquent emblems of the body and blood of God's dear Son; they proclaim the Lord's death, and declare him to be the Savior of those who accept him—who receive him as the very life of their life.

In every language, bread is called the support or staff of life. The Jews in their poetic style called wine, "the

pure blood of grapes," and with them blood meant life itself. Deut. xi:23. "Only be sure that thou eat not the blood; for the blood is the life." Now, Jesus had delighted to speak of himself as "the living bread which came down from heaven," and had said to the Jews on one occasion: "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed!" The disciples were familiar with this figurative style of address, and when the Lord said of the loaf: "This is my body," and of the wine, "This in my blood," they of course understood that he merely appropriated these materials as most expressive emblems of himself. He is the source and support of life—in him we live and move and have our being. As life is in the blood, and support of life is in the bread; so Christ is spiritually present in the bread and wine—in the soul's feast to all who by faith apprehend and receive him. To such he is life itself in the deepest, highest sense.

4. When to be celebrated.

This is not positively enjoined. There is no rule prescribing the time and frequency of the feast. But, the nature of the institution, and the words: "This do ye as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of me!" would suggest frequent observance. Indeed, we may reasonably affirm that it became the regular, hence divinely sanctioned, custom in the days of the Apostles for the church to celebrate the Supper every Lord's day. "And upon the first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached to them." Acts xx:7

The most distinguished ancient and modern Bible commentators agree that the chief object of the meeting of the early disciples was "to break bread" in memory

of the crucified Lord; and that as a rule they assembled for that purpose on the first day of every week.

Just here, it is of interest to note the fact that the "Mass"—"The consecration and oblation of the host," or the Communion service, in the Roman Catholic church constitutes the principal part of public worship, and is celebrated every day in the year.

The objection that its power will be decreased by frequent repetition, if of any real force, must be of equal force against any and all acts of worship. Seriously devoted disciples feel that they cannot do without this most helpful means of grace; and they delight often to sit with the loved and loving children around the table of the Lord. Believe me, every time you neglect the assembly of the saints, and stay away from this feast of holy memories and spiritual communion you do rob your soul of riches more precious than any that earth can ever give.

One Sunday afternoon of the springtime several years ago—in a large cemetery—I saw a little girl sitting alone at the foot of a grave. She was weaving a wreath of wild blossoms, and as she wove, tears were dropping down upon the flowers. In answer to my questions, she said: "I am making a wreath for my poor mama's grave; they buried her here last summer; before she died, mama said I must come to her grave sometimes and put flowers upon it; she told me not to forget her, and that was the last thing she ever said to me." "Yes, I love to come here and make believe I'm talking to poor, dear mama."

I believe that there was much of pure, human sympathy, of the craving mother-heart love in the feeling that

prompted Jesus, when he said: "This do in remembrance of me!"

5. By whom to be celebrated.

It is not necessary for us to enter the field of fruitless controversy, and try to decide who are Christians and who are not; whatever may be done at the door of the church, whatever may be proper in the church council, at the Lord's Supper there is no time nor room for the inspection of others. "Let a man examine *himself*, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." If we bear in mind that this institution is *a means of grace*, and not an awful sacrament, not a mysterious sign and seal of holiness; that we eat and drink to become good, and not because we are good, then we will not be shocked to see people at the Lord's table who happened not to be "of the same order and rule of faith as we." Those who hunger and thirst after righteousness; those who believe in Christ, love him, accept him and earnestly struggle to obey him, must certainly have the right to try to honor him, and to get more of him in the blessed communion.

Those people who are so exercised to guard these emblems lest some unworthy one should touch the loaf and cup with impious hand, need rather to be asking in alarm: "Lord is it I?"

6. Why instituted.

As we have clearly seen, it was intended to be the lasting memorial of divine love. And as a monument how expressive, and matchlessly wonderful it is! It is severely simple but more imposing and more durable than monuments of brass or stone.

The great pyramid of Ghizeh still stands in Egypt. We are told that it was built more than two thousand years before the time of Christ. Its base covers thirteen and a half acres of ground; it is four hundred and eighty-four feet in height, and it has been estimated that it must have required a hundred thousand men for nearly fifty years to build it. The traveler in each generation stands at the base, and gazing up upon the huge pile unaffected by sun and storm of the ages, wondering, calls it, the wonder of the world. Richard A. Proctor, writing of the pyramids, says :

“When rightly viewed they must be regarded not as monuments which should excite our admiration, but as stupendous records of the length to which tyranny and selfishness, folly and superstition and lust of power will carry man. It is not known that these pyramids were ever of any use or good to the human race.” How unlike the monument built by the Son of God! It towers above them in all that constitute power, sublimity and glory, and the event which it commemorates is the wonder of the universe, and will be the subject of song in heaven after the earth and the works therein have been burned up—yea, even after time and death have ceased to be! Then, with what lively interest and trembling reverence should we read the inscriptions: “This do in remembrance of me!” “As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup ye do proclaim the Lord’s death”—that death on the cross for sin—the amazing sacrifice of the Lamb of God—the death for me and for you—the death which made him the Redeemer of the world—the mighty victor over sin and ruin and death. While we ponder the truth, let us gather faith

and hope and patience, knowing that however ill the world may go, or seem to go—this is the everlasting token that God so loved the world that he spared not his only begotten Son, but freely gave him for it. Evil must perish at last, and God in Christ will conquer.

Again, with holy joy should we read the prophecy of the great festal jubilee which awaits the children of God. "Ye do proclaim the Lord's death till he come." "Until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." This Supper has been fitly called by some one, "The memorial of faith, the feast of love, the prophecy of hope!" While ever reminding us of the cross and the tomb, it points onward and skyward, it speaks of immortality. To those who observe it with love, humility and penitence, the meaning and power of the Communion will be revealed. In these seasons of grace their spirits will seem to be in the very suburbs of heaven. And while Humility whispers: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground!" Faith and Love bowed in adoration will say: "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven" Verily, Beloved it is a time for silence, for thought, for prayer and for tears, and for smiles too, as we look forward to the marriage supper of the Lamb and his Bride.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

[An evening lecture delivered in Chicago in the winter of 1875.]

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth a favor of the Lord.—PROVERBS.

Within the narrow compass of an hour it would be impossible to make a complete investigation of the subject before us, and we must be content with a merely suggestive outline of some important truths which demand the earnest attention of every Christian, and every patriot citizen.

Even hurried glances at the customs, the civil and moral rights, the duties and obligations which follow as corollaries the institution of marriage, in the history of different nations, would require a full summer day. The student would find here a most fruitful field for long and patient comparative research: and could he gather from the usage, laws, and opinions of all countries and ages that which is wisest and most beautiful in each relative to marriage, doubtless our social science would be greatly enriched. Looking to the weal and woe of church, or state, or family, there is no theme that bears more

weighty and solemn interest than the one before us to-night. Hence we do deprecate, and in the beginning must protest against the irreverence, trifling, and unseemly jesting with which most people are wont to treat this sacred subject. Out of the thoughtless merriment and the rude banter in which so many indulge about this matter spring some of the bitterest trials, the most implacable miseries of society.

We should remember that married life is not a mocking comedy, but a high drama of thrilling import; and often is it as serious a thing to wed as it ought to be to die! The same sacred bell that peals for one tolls for the other. Listening now to the joy, then to the sadness of both let us learn to think reverently! In the room of death there is no shocking raillery—no light speech—no idiotic laugh; there is ever the subdued tone and the thoughtful word. We wreath the coffin with white lillies and white violets, and wet them with tears while we murmur prayers to God. We feel that there is an awful interest solemnizing the “last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history.”

Now, could our visions pierce the cloud that hides approaching years, we would see often more cause for tears and prayers at the wedding than at the funeral; and the marriage altar would at once become invested with the most inviolate sanctity. True the result of this might be fewer marriages, but this restraint of far-reaching and sober thought would be a most wholesome one. Society would soon grow to be purer, more peaceful, and happier. Indeed, it would be too much for the pen—enough for the brush to paint—the bright pictures of what might be, were this noble institution placed

before the people—stripped of the mask of romance and falsehood, and standing in the simple light of stern but benignant truth.

We believe that marriage is a divine institution, founded in the wisdom of God for the welfare of the human race. Therefore, our conclusions should not be drawn from the theories of men, but direct from the teachings of heavenly inspiration. In order, then, to understand its original nature and design, we propose to examine carefully what is taught in the Bible concerning the primeval man and woman, and their marriage in Eden.

In the wondrous account of creation given by Moses, we are informed that so thoroughly satisfied with His own work was the Great Creator, that upon earth and star and sun, upon day and night, upon beasts and bird, tree and flower, upon each and everything, He pronounced the benediction, "It is good!" But after He had made man in the image and after the likeness of God—had endued him with the intelligence and power to be the ruler over all the earth—had given him a spiritual and animal nature of boundless capacities for enjoyment—we read those significant words in Genesis ii: 18, "And the Lord God said, it is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him." Not good, because man was to multiply and replenish the earth; not good to be alone, because God did not make man to live alone, and the interests of his spiritual, mental, and physical organization all alike demand an associate.

Discourse as you may about the amenities of the hermit's solitude, and the beautiful life of single blessedness,

the monk and the nun, the old maid and the bachelor, the man-hater, and the woman-hater are all abnormal creatures. Their life is opposed to nature and the indisputable original intention of their Creator. Those people who from false views wilfully wrap themselves up so complacently in selfish singleness of life most generally—not always—furnish abundant evidence of the God-declared truth that it is not good for man to be alone—nor woman either! Many of them live and dwindle to be (not grow) very much like those little, old cedar trees that live along the cold edge of the snowy range upon the Rocky Mountains. They are miserable dwarfs—one sided, and never bearing anything but a few little bitter, *bitter* blue berries. They shelter no flower—and never give a home even to a sparrow.

It is highly probable that in the freshness and novelty of all around him—in his keen enjoyment of buoyant, perfect life, Adam felt no sense of his peculiarly solitary and isolated position. Possibly, if he thought of it at all, he considered that he was in himself all-sufficient in his sphere for unshadowed happiness. God knew better; and no doubt chiefly in order to impress man with a consciousness of his lonely and needful condition, the Lord caused every fowl, all cattle, and every beast of the field to pass before Adam; and although it was his honor and delight to give names to them all, still out of all the mighty multitude of living creatures “for Adam there was not found an helpmeet!”

Of course God understood this from the first, and after the wonderful living panorama had all passed before the Man, he himself must have recognized the perplexing fact that he stood upon earth an utterly lonely being;

and from afar we look upon him in that picture as the sublime Columbus of creation !

It was then that the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and He took the rib from his side, of which made He woman. The credibility of such an account is not under discussion to-night, but it may be well to remind you, that strange as it all seems, it is as profoundly reasonable as is any of the conjectures ever offered by human philosophers, and it is the simple statement of this great book. Now, from all that we can collect upon the subject in the entire Bible, there is nothing to authorize the opinion that woman was created as an inferior to man. While more exquisitely delicate and beautiful in organization, she must have been as an individual of the genus or race man, just as thoroughly perfect as Adam. She was his peer, his helpmeet, and to her with the man God gave the blessing and afterward the charge, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over every living thing that moves in the sea and upon the earth." That we may unfold more clearly to view this radical and important truth, let us search for the exact meaning of the words, "I will make him an helpmeet for him." The most learned linguists agree that the Hebrew should be translated, "I will make him an helpmeet, as his opposite." She was to be his help, but at the same time his mate, his equal. Not his slave or tool, but the converse and the complement of man. They were not to have different spheres and different missions, but as male and female, as man and woman, each a hemisphere to make one sphere of life, and to fulfill the same mission. Woman has precisely the same right in man as he has in

her—a right supreme; hence Adam's authoritative declaration as the great federal head of humanity. "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." And the Savior, enlarging upon this, says, "So then they are no more twain, but one flesh."

Before entering upon the consideration of some questions belonging to the subject, which we wish to make of a practical bearing, it is necessary to submit the ground for our unqualified statement that marriage is a divine institution. Notwithstanding the exceedingly terse and comprehensive style in which the history of creation is given, there is special pains taken to tell us in so many distinct words, that when the Lord God had made woman, He Himself brought her unto the man, He blessed the new-made pair, and gave them charge concerning their life's joint mission. It is not at all improbable that the ceremony of presentation and marriage in Eden was as beautiful and solemnly impressive, as the Great Father alone could make it. Christ refers directly to this time and scene when, in talking to the Pharisees about the bill of divorcement permitted by Moses, He repudiates the idea that their practice of divorce had the divine approval. For the hardness of your heart Moses wrote you this precept, but from the beginning it was not so. "God made them male and female, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. And they twain shall be one flesh; so then they are no more twain but one flesh. *What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!*" To them that believe and accept Christ, these words are sufficient to dissipate forever the notion that marriage is

a mere civil and conventional rite to be honored or trampled in the dust at the caprice of man.

From all these reflections we are bound to conclude the bands of marriage are not to be regarded as made of straw—but of inviolable obligations stronger than iron, which death alone should ever break. He that marries, marries for all time ; and in your speaker's mind it is a grave and undecided question whether any individual ought ever, under any circumstances to marry the second time. The wedded state involves a self-sacrifice, and imposes new duties, which in sacredness are only secondary to those which we owe directly to the Son of God. Whether we will it so or not, such are the nature and results of this institution that their influence must sweep through time to eternity. On account of the interests of others inseparably woven with those of self, if from no other consideration, every intelligent mortal should think well and deliberately before taking the step which cannot be retraced. Think not that we would say aught to discourage marriage ; for one of the alarming signs of this age is the unfrequency of "holy wife taking," but of marriage of a certain kind there is entirely too much. The young should be educated and drilled in knowledge of the fact that reason as well as love should have a voice in the selection of a life companion ; reason too, which will look beyond the day of the honeymoon, laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, to the field of everyday humdrum life, should be allowed to reckon the chances for joy and for misery before the last vow is taken. Unfortunately most of the daughters, if not as many sons, in our land, have received all the impressions they have of marriage from the sensational novels—instead of from

father and mother, or from the word of God. If you would know how the minds of the young are being poisoned—how thrilling passion is being fired and fed, how the seeds of ruin for society are being sown, visit any of our circulating libraries which are so surprisingly patronized by the sentimental young ladies and dreamy gallants of this city. Verily, so unreal, so improbable, and yet so bewitchingly effective is all they read, that should gowns and jackets impregnated with yellow fever and small-pox be given to all, instead of those abominable books, while the result would be more immediate and apparent, it could not be more terrible.

Never can we reasonably expect a healthy state of society until the young shall be taught that the days of knights-errant, of romantic ladies, of Alhambrian halls, and wild dreaming are over, and that we live in this sober age for useful, noble work. However, while reason would guard against being led by blind passion into a misalliance, or wretched marriage, its first and highest dictate is that none ever wed except with pure love as the controlling motive. Genuine and unselfish affection is ever the indispensable condition of happy marriage. Without it the vow at the altar is a hollow mockery and a lie. They that marry for ambition, for wealth, or merely to secure a home, commit a great sin before God, and shortsightedly perpetrate a cruel wrong against themselves. While we cannot approve his conduct, we can but admire the touching devotion of Adam to his wife; and doubtless her love was equal to his: Paul tells Timothy—"And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression." Adam knew what he was doing—he was not deceived, and hence was

tempted only by his love. Rather than leave his wife he deliberately ate and fell. And would you hear Paul himself on the subject as applied to man. Listen to his charge: "Husbands love your wives even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it!" Even after both reason and love have rendered a favorable decision, we are of the opinion that it is wise to avoid haste in consummating the marriage. Young friends, do not be in a hurry; it is far better, if doomed to disappointment, to be undeceived by long and familiar acquaintance before it may be, alas! too late. There is a remarkable lesson in the conduct and disposition of Jacob, of whom it is said: "He served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, because of the love he had for her." Such love is enviable, and such conduct worthy of imitation. It would be wrong to leave this branch of our theme without calling attention to a course of action sanctioned by Bible history and warmly commended by men of experienced observation. It is this: The newly-married couple should, as a general rule, move off to themselves. It can rarely be best for the old and the young family to live under the same roof-tree. Mistaken affection sometimes adopts this plan, and nearly always finds out, when beyond remedy, that it is contrary to nature. Even the robins are wiser in their way. Their young must scatter abroad, build their own nest, and rear their own family. The young pair that gets away out of sight of the smoke from father's chimney, even if they must begin life in the humblest cottage, are far more apt to be happy and successful than any of those who remain as dependents in the parental home, although it be a palace.

We come now to consider for a few minutes, in conclusion, the darker and sadder part of our subject. The practice of divorce has become an enormous and shameful evil in this country. Indeed, so widespread and deep-reaching is this ruinous cancer upon the bosom of society that it threatens the very life of the nation. Our most thoughtful statesmen have become alarmed and are already impressed with the urgent necessity to uproot this evil. From carelessness in the church, ignorance in the family, and from the demoralizing influence of sensational fiction and fashionable life, the masses have come to hold the loosest ideas of marriage and divorce. Society has become so demoralized that marriage seems often a farce. Through bad passions, low morals, fraud, and shark lawyers, bills of divorcement are becoming almost as common as certificates of marriage. The state of affairs in our social and domestic world reminds me of some simple lines written on marriage by an old poet :

“ Tis just like a summer bird cage in a garden—
The birds that are without despair to get in, and
The birds that are within despair, and are in a consumption,
for fear they shall never get out ! ”

By this time you must be fully prepared to hear that the Great Author of our holy religion gives no countenance to the Jewish, or to the popular theory and practice. He clearly teaches that God's law and purpose never contemplated any such thing as divorce ; that in the beginning one man wedded one woman—the twain became one flesh, and nothing save wicked violation of divine law or death should ever divorce husband and wife. The statutes of your great State allow, as suffi-

cient causes, adultery, desertion, extreme and repeated cruelty, habitual drunkenness, and infamous crime; and I need not remind you that within these are found such a wide range that for the flimsiest pretext, covered with plenty of money, a bill of divorce can be speedily obtained. Not so with our Lord and Savior; He allows only one cause—the sin and crime of adultery. He does grant that to be sufficient cause to break the marriage tie and give the writing of divorcement; but no other cause does He recognize. Read Matt. xix: 3, 9; Mk. x: 2. Now under the Christian law and practice, as it was in the Mosaic, we find that while the divorce made the innocent party free as though never married, and gave the liberty to marry again, the guilty party was given no such privilege. Soon as guilt was proven, and the divorce granted, the trial of the guilty began for criminal offense against the law of God and man. By the practice in this age, both church and state, strange to say, make a standing offer of a premium upon adultery. Not only will the court grant an honorable divorce, but for popular considerations or often a petty fee, the faithful minister of God's word will dare stand before the altar and unite in "holy wedlock" even a shameless adulteress to a base libertine. Before the Lord this is a crying shame, an abominable sin—and the preacher that lends himself to such work deserves to be driven in disgrace from the sacred ministry.

The sands of the hour are nearly run out, and I can only give you a summary of the New Testament teaching. Christ is very brief in His instruction upon the subject; but He is explicit, and from Him, as constituting the Supreme Court of the Universe, for the Christian

there can be no appeal. * * * * However, many people have very erroneously supposed that Paul (in I. Cor., vii.,) expounds a more liberal doctrine of divorce; and from his words presume to draw authority for finding in desertion, incompatibility, etc., not only just grounds for divorce, but the right of remarriage. Now Paul is only speaking of separation in extreme cases, and not at all of what we understand by divorce. Divorce is the annulling, the breaking of marriage bond; but separation is simply ceasing to live together—still husband and wife, but living apart from each other. Cases must occur when the happiness and best interests of both parties, and between whom there is no crime, demand that they separate, and walk through life in different ways. Now hear the law from Paul—speaking, as he says, in the name of the Lord, “Let not the wife depart from the husband; but and if she depart, let her remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband; and let not the husband put away his wife.” By no possible truthful construction of the words of Christ and his apostles can any one gather the theory that he allows the commonly received causes for divorce; that he sanctions the marriage of the guilty even when divorced; and, that those who are permitted to separate, or merely “put away,” “depart,” are given even the least pretense of a right to marry again. I know that this law will seem hard and cruel to some, but let us remember that God ordereth all for the best; and let us receive the earnest conviction of all pure and thoughtful minds, that only by strict observance of divine law can the happiness of the individual, the purity of society, the peace and safety of the nation be permanently insured!

CHAPTER XXVI.

WASTE OF INTELLECT.

[An address before the Φ . Γ . Δ . Society.]

“Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.”

These lines from the old churchyard elegy, naturally lead us to contemplate the enormous waste of intellect there must be in each age of the world. How wonderful would be that book, which should unfold to our vision the possibilities of common individual life, the history of what men might have been! There is a walk sadder than that among the marble shafts, and willows of the graveyard: It is among the fancied tombs of dead minds, minds dwarfed and prematurely blighted, minds neglected until they perished, and oblivion shrouded them as her own. Actuated by the desire to help, if possible, some young and gifted mind break the spell of ruin, which coma-like is creeping over it; I am ever glad of an opportunity to enter the ranks with those whose mission it is to make noise enough—no matter how hideous—to keep a few awake in this drowsy world. In the class of the young and gifted, we would include the many, and exclude none. Each human child has within

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him a power, not so remarkable for its native strength, as for the almost limitless capability of development in might; not for what it actually is, but for what it may become. To prove this power, may be said to constitute the great end of our existence. This is the end which all nature seems ever seeking to attain, the power of full growth, of ultimate perfection, of giving the answer for which it was created. We see this in the gradual development of the beautiful bright blossom from the brown bud. The plant rests not until it unfolds the charms that lie concealed in its bosom. The unattractive germ which lies hidden in the rude and russet shell, and around which "life's golden threads in endless circles wind," carries within itself a marvelous growing power. Although seemingly idle and purposeless, it is ever industriously accumulating and appropriating fresh materials, which in turn are arranged and organized, rapidly giving signs of its higher aim. The sunshine that breaks the murky cloud into a thousand forms of beauty is but calmly striving to assume the perfect glory of its power; and the child whose proud ringing laugh heralds the mastery of his first lessons, unconsciously develops the same life impulse seeking to prove the power it has felt its own. It is on this account, that we take such delight in the accomplishment of some mental work which taxes our powers to their utmost; and richly indeed is he rewarded who despite all obstacles dares to push on to some commanding eminence, above the nerveless mediocres, who cherish no aspirations higher than the tubs, in which, Diogenes like, they contentedly pass their lazy lives. He most deserves the name of genius, who but brings forth and

applies to action the powers within him. This is done only by iron will, and the most tenacious effort. Hence if called upon to define genius in the light of our day, we would answer: The intellect that works, the resolute mind which will not be buried alive, but must burst the bands of sensuous nature and go forth as a light, even though that light be only as the shinimer from the fragment of a star. The path of such a genius ever widens before it, and while a path remains there is will and power to traverse it. You must remember, however that this is no path for the unstable idler; it leads across the arid desert, and over the rocks, that must sometimes cause one to grow footsore and weary. To the strong willed mind, though the lodestar of life be dim and distant, its light is fixed and certain, whilst all lessers lights are but reflections in myriad descending shades, shades that must be passed one by one, just as the rounds of Jacob's ladder, which stretching high from earth is finally lost in the midst of the blue heavens. To inspire the young with daring and strength to climb this steep should be the aim of all great and good men.

It certainly would require no argument to persuade you that it is in your power, by diligent exercise, to become physically strong. No one is so foolish as to presume that the powerful gymnast is born such, or to doubt that the brawny arm of the blacksmith became so by swinging the huge hammer for years. Indeed, if one display strength and skill in any game, in any art or trade, we spring at once to the natural conclusion, that it is the result of patience and laborious practice.

Dugald Stewart tells of a shepherd on the Alps, who actually spent all his spare time for fifteen years, learn-

ing to balance a long pole endwise on his chin ; and the writer knew a girl who practiced as an acrobat six hours a day through three years. Her persistence at last rendered her astonishingly skilled in walking the rope ; but she finally fell and her poor body was crushed and shattered upon the street of a Southern city. An accurate account of this kind of toil in the world, would seem no doubt incredible. And yet all this was at best, but laborious idleness ; and we can only conjecture how much of lasting good, had they been directed to some noble object, this patience and pre-severance would have accomplished. But the point we wish to make is this ; all these bodily accomplishments are the results of long continued and tireless effort. To this all accede, and yet when we look to the achievements of mind, to the work of the speaker, the poet, the writer, the teacher, we have somehow a vague notion that the power comes strictly by fortunate original endowment, and not by development of natural capacity. Now, where is the average youth, who could not enter the ball ground, and by five years toilsome practice with paddle and ball become an expert player ? It requires endurance, strength and flexibility of body, lightning rapidity of action and great self-command. The answer comes from every young man, I could do it ! Well, the same amount of earnestness, patience and work (directed to the development of your mental powers) would lift you to an elevation in the intellectual world, and give you a proud position among those shining ones, the miners of truth and thought. There is, within each one of us, concealed an undeveloped strength which should be called out and diligently applied to some grand and good work. It is

the mind, with its boundless capabilities; for indeed, we know not what this sleeping giant may be; the mind which as yet has put forth but little of its wonderful power. The world has somehow lacked the incentive needful; man slumbers and dreams, or indifferently addresses himself to things of the body; and we never imagine that beneath these heavy fleshly guises of the common multitude, we have a race of princes.

Place the mind under the control of ambition, or let its possessor be impelled by want, it will shake off the sloth and command the admiration of the world. The warrior who has demolished throne and altar, and erected the idol of his authority on the fragments, and the history of hundreds in the literary world, furnish examples illustrative of this assertion. When the surface of society is calm and undisturbed, few ever rise to distinction, and the people suspect that the day for great men and women has about passed away, but stir up its depths, lash its elements into civil, political or religious commotion, and like Venus from the vexed waters of the *Ægean* sea, intellects of commanding power arise to preside over and command the storm. When Greece was in danger from external and internal foes, her orators and poets gained their enviable distinction; when treason walked in the streets of Rome, the thunders of Cicero awoke the slumbers of the Senate Chamber; when poverty and affliction gathered around the fireside of Milton, his mental powers put on new vigor, and when the productions of the "warrior bard" became the theme of the reviewer's ridicule, his sleeping energies awoke to manlier action. When the chains of the tyrant clanked on the ears of our forefathers, the

spirit stirring appeals of men like Patrick Henry sent terror to the distant throne. When madness first seized the people, and the gathered storms of civil war were about to burst in all their fury upon us, then like warriors hidden in the heath, springing up to answer the bugle of their highland chief, patriot orators, warriors and statesmen of colossal might, sprang up everywhere to answer their country's cry of distress. And at last when the tempest was at its height, and the heart of the nation was sad—for in the blackness, there seemed no hope for the ship of State—the mind of Abraham Lincoln was girded with apparently superhuman strength, and he stood calmly at the helm till the peaceful morning of a free and glorious era had dawned. If it be true then, that mind needs but some incentive to call forth its latent powers; how much of strength, in the halcyon days of peace, must lie wasted and undeveloped. Viewed from this standpoint, war is certainly not an unmitigated curse, since it ennobles the race by elevating the individual to something of that lofty attainment for which he was designed.

The shepherd who tells his aspirations to the mountain winds, or unheeding flock, if aroused by a revolution, might embalm his name in immortal verse, and the unknown patriot youth might become the presiding genius of thousands.

“The humblest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze,
As clearly as the pipe, whose virgin gold
Befits the lips of Phoebus.”

But perhaps, the most melancholy picture of wasted intellect is not the view of it as buried, but that presented in its perversion. There seems to be a strange fatality ever attendant, especially on great original minds, inclining them to wander away into strange tracks, as if delighting in a wild display of their own powers. Such a mind bursting every shackle which plodding mediocrity would throw around it; gazing with delight on the untraveled fields of thought and science, enters new paths; and it may be aims at the noblest ends. Conscious of its glorious powers it either expatiates in the loftiest regions of the fancy, or with equal joy investigates new truths in the domain of philosophy. But pervert these powers, give loose reigns to their caprice, let them wander undisciplined, unrestrained, and they become the most fruitful sources of human shame and misery. It is fit to worship at the shrine of well directed genius, but to see it diffusing a pernicious, instead of a beneficial influence, shining but to mislead, attracting but to betray, calls forth sentiments of pity and dread. Such feelings are inspired in contemplating the character of Byron, endowed with preeminent talents, capable of attaining the very highest distinction in the walks of poetry.

“ He betrayed his trust, and lent his gift
Of glorious faculties, to blight and mar
The moral universe, and set adrift
The anchored hopes of millions.”

Not less deplorable was the career of the Corsican who immolated the peace and liberty of nations upon the altar of his own private ambition. Possessing power for

obtaining fame as a statesman and lawgiver, he sacrificed them to his passion for conquest ; and the bleaching bones of slaughtered millions on the plains and mountains of Europe, still proclaim that his mighty intellect was converted into a rank upas to curse and blight the world. Much more to be lamented is the influence of those who have endeavored to destroy the sacred relation between man and his Creator. Who would place man on a level with the brute creation ; who would not raise a mortal to the skies, but bring the angels down.

Influenced in their researches by bitter prejudice, ignorance or excited passion, framing their theories from a one-sided study of nature's laws, they have denied the beautiful harmony of her operations, because something to their colored vision seemed contrary to the great purposes of an intelligent author. The very atmosphere of such minds has ever been pestilential to society ; there is nothing sweet and healthful ; they blacken and wither all who come within the circle of their infidel influence ; hence such works as those of Paine, Voltaire, Hume and Owen should be carefully labelled "Poison !" and no young man should touch them, as he values the good cheer and peace of his mind. When men are prepared to adopt the motto, "no God, and death an eternal sleep," or "no religion, but that of reason and conscience," human laws become a mockery, and all government is at the mercy of a lawless mob. The history of the French Revolution bears ample testimony to this assertion, and the moral of that bloody tragedy is written in characters too deep ever to be forgotten. Considering man as sustaining relations to the whole world, and to his Creator, how strong are the obligations which

demand the wisest use of his noble powers. The lips of the present and the future plead with him for high and honorable mental exertion. The interests of humanity, in a voice mute, but more powerful than the syllabic speech of whirlwinds, or the solemn invocation from the silent graves of the dead, appeal to every mind to use its gift to make brighter the way of human pilgrimage. There never was an era when industrious and disciplined minds had such an immense field for action as now. The world seems as though but just cleared, and the human race as if about to put forth its full energy to accomplish a work truly sublime. Man has caught an inkling of the truth that thought power is mightier than physical power, and the time is swiftly passing forever away when the Nation can be ruled by brute force.

The mind is yet to be king, and to-day the peoples from every land beneath the sun are loudly calling for his ennobling sway. At home and abroad the wakeful cultured mind is everywhere in demand. We need men of mental education in the field, we need them in the workshop, we need them in the halls of instruction, in the forum, more than ever before in the pulpit, in the editor's chair, yea, we need them sorely everywhere! What a field of promise then, is opened up before every young man, stirring the noble ambition of virtuous youth, bidding none despair, wooing each worker with vision of a crown more enviable than that which circled the brow of Petrarch in the Eternal city. In science there are untold mysteries, whose solution must tax the energies of some future Newton or Franklin or Edison. There are stars still beaming in space whose light has not yet greeted the rapt vision of the astronomer. There are truths in

philosophy which have bowed the intellects of Bacon and Locke, of Darwin and Hall; and have been laid upon the table to be grasped by coming better prepared minds.

There are thousands of undiscovered secrets hidden in the rocks which must employ the genius and mallet of a second Hugh Miller. There are silent and concealed steeds amid the forces of nature, which have not been brought forth and harnessed to work, that must richly reward the inventors yet to come. And what countless themes, burdened with thought, in the fields of history, philosophy, fiction and poetry, wait to employ and honor the pen of the future author! Fain would we have a glimpse of Time's Roll of Honor, of the names elected from the many, to be made, because of thought and work, immortal! The idle longing cannot be gratified, and yet this much we can know. They whose names are to be written there, must be men who spared no pains, no toil, no tears in the determined struggle to win the victory. Then, let those who have minds, and surely none here lay claim to idiocy, get squarely down to work, seize every possible hour with a miser's greed, to enrich the mind, and strive with the most dogged determination to be somebody among the tall sons of earth.

If any are mournfully constrained to think that they have only one talent, let them not despond; many gain wealth with that as first capital! Let them not hide it away in the napkin of indolence, nor allow it to become subservient to their passions, for the passions are at once both tempters and chastisers. As tempters they come with sweet garlands of flowers on the brows of youth, as

chastisers they at last appear with hideous wreaths of snakes on the forehead of deformity. They are angels of light in their delusion ; they are fiends of torment in their infliction ; they flatter that they may revile ; they raise us to the dome in the sky that they may dash us down upon the rugged stones. Like the daughters of King Lear, they first beguile the victim of his sovereignty and power, and when their dupe is enfeebled and dependent, robbed of every friendly support, of every pleasant companion, a beggar in consolation and hope, they cast him out upon the desert to the darkness of the night, and the fury of the storm. Thus is it ever with the man who allows his mind to be wasted and trampled by the passions, the night of shame and sorrow must come when there is no staff to lean upon, no shelter for the crazed head, from the raging tempest. Each one of you then, should ever be upon the alert lest some despotic passion gain the mastery and you be lost in a horrible slavery. No matter what may be your surroundings, resolve to attain at least to some degree of mental culture, and do not be content to grow old in cheerless ignorance. The true poet from the depths of his sorrowful experience voices forth the songs that shall cheer and soothe the weary hearts through out the world. The sterling warrior gives his thought and blood to win victories for children's children yet unborn. The voyager whom a storm has cast upon an unpeopled shore, engraves upon the rocks the names of those aliments he has discovered, and points out to those who may be involved in a similar fate, the resources which he employed against danger and death. So those to whom intellect has been given, and whom the chances of this mortal

life have reserved for a career of public usefulness, should make it their constant purpose to transmit to future generations an intimate knowledge of those secrets of the soul, those unexpected consolations which parent nature has employed to smooth the way through the world, and over the grave unto deathless life !

CHAPTER XXVII.

IS THERE A HELL?

But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—LUKE xvi: 23.

And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment.—MATT. viii: 12.

It would be a more welcome task this beautiful morning to discuss some such sweet theme as that appointed for our next meeting, "What and Where is Heaven?" but the necessities of human nature often command that we look thoughtfully upon things from which we would fain hide our eyes. You delight in discourses all luminous with cheerful thought, but are shriveled up like the mimosas by even the touch of a harsh subject. As an apology for sober pulpit studies, we might quote and extract the hidden sense of those familiar words from Solomon, the great preacher of ancient days: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to heart. Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." The wise man would have us learn life as it

actually is, that we may calmly anticipate both its lights and shadows. All, the old and the young, need the subduing and salutary effect of such sober lessons.

The young volunteer only thinks of the unstained silken banner, the bright uniform, the stirring music, and the grand review of the camping ground; but the brow of the veteran is overshadowed with thought of the long march, the smoke and hail of the bloody field, the desperate death; and he nerves himself to endure all as a brave soldier.

No language can convey to you an adequate conception of the careless, sensuous joy which at times possesses the passengers on one of those great steamers at sea. The clear sky, the peacefully rolling waters, the fresh ambient air, the gliding vessel, and the music on the deck, all things so beautiful and soul elevating, combine to make the voyagers lose all sense of danger, and revel in a sort of dreamy, unanxious life. And yet there is one on board who keeps mindful of the fact that there are ugly rocks beneath the dancing waters, and pent up storms in the blue sky above. The noble pilot must be watchful and sober, else the ship will go down, carrying its precious burden of life to horrible and untimely death. The most marked characteristic of this age is its self-complacency, its fearlessness of danger, or rather its strange persuasion that there is no danger to fear. Every day and every night there are wails and heart-rending shrieks from those who are going down—wrecked in this deceptive sea upon the rocks of sin. These sink into the depths beyond all help; and could they send back any message to us to-day, doubtless it would be such as Dives prayed to send to his brethren,

“that they come not to this place of torment !” We accept this book as from God ; and in answering the question submitted, as well as in pointing to the terrible nature and end of sin, the speculation of men, and our own blind sentimentality must be put aside as worthless, if not pernicious. However, before we look at the subject in the clear light of God’s word—pushing through and passing by all merely human doctrine—it is important that we notice in order to condemn the old monstrous, and certainly unscriptural view of hell. The orthodox hell itself could never have sent forth a falsehood that in its horrible and blasphemous nature would prove a greater curse to man, a fouler insult to the great God ! Of all the rocks in the straits wherein doubting, hesitating men of the world have been wrecked, the frowning one is this. It, more than all things else, has driven thousands of noble natures from the army of the cross to the ranks of infidels. The day is not now very far away in the furrow of the moldy past when it was considered an essential doctrine and worthy of all acceptance.

Every sermon of the old fathers had something of the heat of its fire, and the smoke of its sulphur. Indeed, as Israel was awed into silence, and tremblingly impressed with the power and majesty of God by the thunders from Sinai, before the law was delivered ; so, for centuries it was deemed necessary to harrow up the hearts of people with the terrors of hell, before they could be ready to receive the gospel of Jesus. The dread of the fires that blazed in the nether world was used as the scorpion lash to drive men to repentance, and scourge them into heaven. According to that doctrine, hell is a

place established by Almighty God before the creation of man. Deliberately planned by Omniscience for those who should be lost, it is furnished with all that ingenuity which finite mind could devise for the exquisite and perpetual torture of human beings. Not only the souls, but the bodies of the damned are rendered deathless by miracle of a wrathful God. They can writhe forever in pain—but cannot die. These wretches, according to the same doctrine, were arbitrarily foreordained to this doom from all eternity, and are there “to illustrate the wisdom and glory of an all-righteous God.” The most curious productions of the human mind are to be found among the apologies for this doctrine, and in the anxious efforts of the earnest preachers to crown this horror with horrors still more terrible. Language is taxed to its uttermost to describe the literal lake of fire and sea of molten lead, through which course rivers of boiling oil and burning brimstone—the wails, the soul-distressing groans of those tormented day and night forever.

Here the speaker minutely and vividly described Michael Angelo’s picture of the “Last Judgment,” which he pronounced more horribly impressive than any vision of Dante or Milton. That magnificent painting is but the expression of the old orthodox doctrine, of which we hear so little in this day of Bible light.

The speaker, when a boy, heard a sermon that kept him awake at night, and filled his mind with the most revolting conceptions of God. Hell was described as a great and horrible pit, thousands of miles deep—in fact, without any bottom; and from the top edge of the gaping abyss, for many miles the surface of the walls was

smoother than slippery ice or glass. The sinners, in great multitudes, both old and young, were constantly falling over; their brains and blood were portrayed upon the ugly rocks—their wild, wild shrieks of despair were even imitated, and the youthful soul was shocked and filled with amazement. The pavements of hell were described as covered with the skulls of little children. That last revelation furnished a troublesome problem for that awe-stricken child. How could such a doctrine be reconciled to the idea of a loving Father—a merciful and just God? How could a bottomless pit have any pavement? And, furthermore, if the damned had deathless bodies, what were those little skulls doing strewn over the pavement? Those dark difficulties were never removed, and had the speaker never learned that such doctrine came not from God, but from the slavish superstition and ignorance of men—he had never entered the pulpit. Thank God! that doctrine is now obsolete; and while a number of creeds substantially still retain it, yet few are the ministers that have the courage to stand under the clear sun and proclaim it to an enlightened people.

Now, as we turn the pages of the Bible to learn concerning this or any subject we should remember that it is a book written in parables, types, symbols, figurative and poetic expression, that it is rich in the peculiar style of the Orient. Remembering this, we will be led to note how God and His Christ laid under tribute everything under heaven to convey and enforce spiritual truth. There was nothing familiar to man that was not seized upon as the letters of an alphabet to express, to spell out and write for man the will of his God. And

while the great cardinal truth of our holy religion was made to shine in light so clear and distinct that all must see it, who will only open their eyes and look; yet there are doctrines hidden in Oriental symbolism and poetic figures which will escape us unless we patiently and intelligently study to find their intended burden. We propose then to get first the literal meaning of the words translated by the word hell in the Bible. The word in the Old Testament and its original Hebrew is *Sheol*. The exact synonym in the New Testament, and of course in the Greek, is *HADES*. These are both rendered hell. They mean literally, *the under world*—a subterranean place filled with darkness. They do not by any means necessarily designate a place of torment, or a hell of suffering—simply the under-world—the unseen—the place of darkness. Generally they are used either to denote the grave, or the place of the dead, that is the spirit world. In the 16th Psalm David sings in prophetic spirit of Christ, and says, “Thou wilt not leave my soul in (*sheol*) hell; nor suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.” Peter in Acts ii:27, quotes this Psalm and applies it to Christ: “Thou wilt not leave my soul in (*hades*) hell” We shrink with horror from the idea that the soul of the blessed Son of God was ever in the hell of torment. He was in the spirit world, He was among the dead! In passing, it may be well to remind you that in the story of Dives—Luke xvi:23, reads thus—“And in (*‘hades,’* the unseen world) hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.” Job in speaking of this unseen world calls it “The land of darkness and the shadow of death.” There is another Greek word, “*Gehenna*” translated hell; and we must also look to

its literal meaning. Gehenna means the valley of Hinnom. Probably Hinnom was the name of a man. There Solomon once had one of his beautiful gardens, but the wise man in his shameful apostasy, afterward converted it into a place for the Ammonite idolatry. There he built a burning altar to Moloch, and in their woful degeneracy the people for a time offered human victims in the form of little children; the arms of the brazen image were hollow so fires could be built in them, and at white heat they consumed the bodies of their victims. When through fierce trials the Jews had been brought to repentance, they at last saw their conduct in all the enormity of its sin and shame. They learned to detest and loathe the very place of their idolatry. In time it became the boneyard of Jerusalem. It was a fearful and foul place—to Jewish minds, symbolizing all that is to be hated and dreaded. Fires were kept burning night and day forever to consume the carcasses of animals and the bodies of criminals. Kept as the keeper of such a place would keep it, fragments of the burned bodies, portions of the scattered and decaying entrails of animals, with the corrupt debris of the city, furnished an everlasting carnival for the worms and vultures. So that an ancient historian says: "it was a place to be shunned on account of the horrible stench, the fierce fires, and the swarming worms." In the light of these facts we see new meanings in such words of Jesus, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

After a long and prayerful study of this dark subject, we are bound to say that in the teaching of Christ we find no ground for the old doctrine of hell. The Savior seized upon the valley of Hinnom,—with its shame, its

horror, its perpetual fires, and its greedy worms,—not to give a conception of a place, but a state or condition of man as the final and inevitable result of sin. It means shame, moral darkness, agony and despair. We teach that hell consists in that mournful darkness which results from a banishment from the presence of the Lord and the glory of its power. It is negative, not positive. It is not by the arbitrary decree of an angry God who would inflict pain upon his creatures, but the natural end of sin. If then it be at last the awful lot of any of you to spend eternity in that outer darkness—in a hell of torment, understand you it will be because by sin you made a hell for yourself, and carried it with you. Says Christopher Marlowe—we do not adopt his sentiment in full :

“When all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be *hell*, that are not heaven.”

Whether it be on the earth or under the earth, in heaven, or in the heart of man, it is the hell of darkness wherever God is not found. Milton truthfully sang :

“He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun—
Himself is his own dungeon.”

In conclusion, the speaker gave a strong argument to enforce the lesson that while the Son of God holds out all needful means of escape in this world—after death, it seems that a great gulf is forever fixed so that there may be no reasonable hope for the sinner ever to pass from that realm of night into the glorious light that shall be the portion of those who learn to love and serve God in the days of their earthly pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ORGANIC UNION.

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they all may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.—
JOHN xvii:20.

We plead for the union of all Christians! Please note the emphasis; it is not the union of the “professors of religion,”—of “religious denominations,” or “Christian sects,” but of all Christians; those who are simply and truly the followers of Jesus Christ. This plea is one of our most distinctive features. We claim it as characteristic, because, as a people, we contended for it through long years, when all other religious bodies in the land treated the subject either with ridicule or silent indifference. Now, it is among the most popular themes of the pulpit and the religious press; and to-night millions recognize the truth that God’s children should be united. The people have grown weary of division, heart-sick of bitter strife; and the day seems already dawning when they may no longer be “cabined, cribbed, and confined” by the withering tenets of party. The light of the age and the spirit of our holy religion are leading all good

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people up together upon a higher plane—around our great common Lord. That there is a union distinctly taught in the New Testament is now most generally conceded, rarely ever denied. A few, however, blind as moles in their burrows of ignorant prejudice, have the hardihood to say that union is impossible, and is not enjoined; and even pretend that the Bible permits—God wills that there should be divisions. In this they claim divine wisdom and goodness, “since no two men can see things in precisely the same light; therefore in the charity of the Gospel, God has graciously arranged to accommodate all.” Again, division excites emulation. Competition is the well-spring of manly action; it keeps the religious sea from stagnation; and far more good is accomplished by the distributed forces of a divided church than there could be were they all merged into one peaceful body. The man that indulges in such false sophistry, fails to remember, or never knew, that the Church of Christ is a divine and perfect institution, and unlike the enterprises born of the finite mind. Its law and spirit are from heaven, and not from earth! We do read in such works as Shakespeare of “emulous missions ’mongst the Gods,” and in Parker of the “wisdom in the license for numberless schools;” but, in our Bible we find no countenance given to strife, confusion, and division. Hear the Ambassador of the Son of God in his earnest entreaty to the Corinthians,—to all Christians: “I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing, and that there be no division among you; but that you be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.

Now, while admitting that union is taught, the greater part of the Protestant Christian people hold that the Savior and his Apostles meant a "spiritual, invisible union," composed of all parties. Moreover, many able thinkers teach that such a union has always existed, and does now bind the true body of Christ. Now, if you think at all upon the words, you must find that the theory, whatever it mean, is couched in vague and mysterious language. That the masses comprehend the meaning I gravely doubt. This theory has been suffered long to pass unchallenged, and has now become as it were stereotyped. Nevertheless, we propose to examine it for ourselves, and, if possible, understand its hidden wisdom or unwisdom. We are informed that the word "spiritual" denotes something that relates to the spirit—the spirit of God and the spirit of man. By the spirit of man we mean that deathless something that thinks and feels. All we can know of this spirit in others is what it tells us in words and actions.

"Invisible" is that which cannot be seen. By "union" we understand the state of being joined as one—an agreement—a harmony. Tell me, then, where is the evidence of a spiritual union of the people of God? Is the evidence like the union—such that we must receive it upon the edict of dogmatism—being invisible? We must find somewhere the proof that Christians, although not united in one organic body, are bound by a oneness, an agreement—a harmony, at least in thought, in sympathy, in will, and in love; or that, according to the Apostle, they are of one mind and one spirit.

When we go out into the world we are confronted at once, and everywhere, with party names,—the exclusive

shibboleths of numberless sects. Each church, each temple, each little chapel has some distinctive title on its front; and in these very names alone we read a melancholy treatise upon division, strife, and confusion in the army of Christ. Perhaps some one will exclaim, "Why, my dear sir! do you not know that there is nothing in a name; that churchmen may wear different names, and yet be perfectly united in mind and spirit!" No, I do not. On the contrary, I believe the time has come to treat that poetic expression as a poetic lie. A name stands for an object or thing; it is used in language as the substitute or representative of the object, and a name is important just in the degree that the thing represented is important. What, then, means this diversity of names? It means a diversity of things and interests. Here the speaker illustrated humorously the importance attached to a name by the case of a newly-married couple, in which the groom wanted to be unmarried because the bride persisted in the refusal to wear her husband's name. Also, by the supposition that the names of all the houses of worship in this city should some night, by miracle, be changed. The people forget the old paths, and each one starts out to find "our church." May be, the Methodist brethren would happen to come here. It would be a cheery sight to see them so happy under their own fancied fig tree. They would think that the discourse on the glories of Messiah a good old-fashioned Methodist sermon. Indeed, but few are so educated in the science of theology, and in the differentia of creeds, as to be able soon to discover whether, as Ephraimites, we pronounced the pass-word "Sibboleth," or, as Gileadites, "Shibboleth!"

It would consume all our time to enumerate in detail the many evidences of division, and even of bitter strife in thought, word, doctrine, and theory, filling the religious world with confusing and uncertain sounds. Churches, schools, books, periodicals and papers,—everywhere antagonistic in their teaching,—show that God's people are not of one mind; they do not speak the same thing, and how can they be said to live in a spiritual union? As to love and genuine charity, the songs and the sermons sometimes, by their eloquence and beauty on extra occasions, cause us to exclaim, "How sweet, how heavenly is the sight!" But who is so ignorant as not to know that partisan jealousy is the rankest plant in our garden? Especially among one-ideaed clergymen has party spirit grown to be a huge upas-tree, whose very pestilential breath poisons the religious atmosphere, and withers every noble attempt to unite the army of Israel.

Truly may we exclaim, the union is invisible! There is no union—let us face the sad fact—spiritual or organic. And now let us look for light in the Word of God. Who can imagine the denominational walls, party lines of any kind whatever between God and Jesus; who can conceive the barriers separating Christ from his followers! Let him read the Savior's prayer, and then the eighth chapter of Romans. God and the Son are one in nature (so far as nature may be affirmed of Deity), one in spirit, thought, will and work; and the Redeemer prayed that all his disciples, those then living and those who should yet be born, might so be one. If there then be a union, it must evince itself by somewhat of the same love and harmony that exists between the Father and the Son—

between Jesus and his first disciples. Whenever there shall be even the distant approach to such a sweet and intimate union, such a oneness of mind, of speech, of heart and aim, then division will die. The loving children cannot be kept apart by bannered walls. There must be a courtship and a marriage. Oh ! then the bells, the great bells and the little bells, which now peal out their selfish discords, will grandly chime together the glorious wedding march.

The Bible teaches that all Christians should be in an organic union. The Church is figuratively represented as a body ; and it is expressly stated that there is "one body," and that too in distinction from one spirit which animates the body. Christ alone is the head, and all individual Christians are members. There is one Shepherd and one fold ! There is one King and one Kingdom ! It is not described as a petty limited monarchy, with no territory, and no positive organization ; but an absolute monarchy, in the best sense,—a despotism, having millions of subjects, a fixed constitution, and an all-sufficient statute-book. Again, Jesus, speaking to his followers, says : "I am the true vine—ye are the branches." You cannot find the passage where the great Master ever spoke of the different "branches of the Church." Each lowly disciple can thank God for this honor—that he belongs to no branch church, but is himself a branch of the great life-giving vine.

Finally, the Church is represented as the betrothed Bride of the Lamb. There is only one groom and one bride. The beautiful creature will be as one body in heaven ; and surely, if we can understand His language, she should not be divided upon the earth. All who love

and fear our Lord ought to stand united, for His sake, for our own sake, and for the sake of the dying world. Listen to-night to him tearfully pleading, "that they all may be one,—that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." This, as a prayer of Him who was God manifest in the flesh, was an expression of divine will and may be regarded as a prophecy. Upon its fulfilment, more than all else, depends now the salvation of this ruined and lost world. With intense earnestness can we say Amen! to the memorable words of Wesley, "Would to God that all party names were forgot, and that we, as humble, loving brethren, might sit down together at the Master's feet, read his Holy Word, imbibe His spirit, and transcribe His life in our own."

What tremendous influence a united Church would speedily have upon the world no mortal could foretell. With non-essentials all ignored, human opinions and theories held in abeyance every pulpit and every fire-side in Israel lighted with the blazing glory of the cross, the Church would appear as if suddenly awakened from the dead, and the powers of sin and darkness would tremble. All the Christian men and women standing panoplied in the living forces of a living religion, speaking the same thing, moved by the same spirit, the places of iniquity and death would be closed, the mouths of gainsayers be stopped, and thousands who now sit in the seat of the scornful would soon be brought in penitence to the Savior. Then would be proclaimed around the earth to all them that sit in darkness the great Gospel of light and liberty.

Would you have some feeble notion of what might be done, watch the silent but ever onward and restless

march of the admirably organized army of Rome. Let us be warned in time—unless those who recognize Jesus as the only King, and who take the Bible as the revelation of God's will—unite, ere long our country shall inevitably be the divided territory of Romanism and (so-called) Rationalism. Already they seem steadily and unopposed moving up to possess the land. The Protestant army is all divided, and each petty band of troops occupied in building up and defending its own stormed and crumbling fort. The time has come when the Church, in one grand consolidated column, should move in aggressive war, and prove herself terrible as an army with the banners of God.

Some man will ask, "If such a union be taught, how can it ever be brought about?" There are I believe about eighty different religious parties in the United States. Suppose, then, deeply impressed with the solemn necessity of combining all the Christian forces into one grand army, each of these parties should send her most prudent and devout men to a great Congress of the Church. The purpose of the Convention is to determine how to unite all the followers of Christ in one organic body. I think that the angels would hover over and around that meeting. Millions of good men and women at home would be kneeling in prayer—repeating the Savior's own petition to the Father.

The men assembled in that Congress are mindful that they are God's men come together for a holy purpose. They are not swayed by partisan motives, but by the love of Christ and of humanity. They will not waste time in idle gasconade, or in passing sugar words to and fro. They feel that they must fight through a season of

storm and battle before the grand object is accomplished and sternly will they frown down any mere personal considerations. Remorselessly will they cut to the right and the left, lopping off everything not essential to salvation. The fiery and awful earnestness of Paul, of Luther, Wesley, Knox and Chalmers, will pervade their grand efforts, as one after another unfolds his own conceived plan. Without hesitation, and only in

Phrases such as camps may teach
Sabre cuts of Saxon speech,

will each and every proposition be discussed.

As to their probable conclusion, we can boldly predict this much. Upon no creed made by man will that Convention ever unite, and no party name can they ever adopt! It would not be long before the Convention would so unanimously resolve. At last, some man will rise and propose that, forgetting all else, leaving all else behind, and beginning anew, let us take the Bible, nothing more, nothing less, as our sole authority in religious instruction; as containing the all-sufficient rule of faith and practice. Let us have no other test of fellowship but faith in Christ the Savior and obedience to his unmistakable commandments. If ever at all in time God's children unite, this proposition substantially must inevitably be the very first they adopt. Should it be desirable to have something more compressed and specific as a bond of union, such a bond would be given by the Apostle Paul, in the fourth chapter of the Ephesians. Let us read it:

1. "There is one God and Father of all." Of course every one accepts that as a fundamental truth.

2. "There is one Lord," Jesus the Messiah, the Son of the living God, the Savior of the world. Reject that and there would be nothing left. Unless that proposition be true, there is really no such thing as religion at all. All men are logically shut up to it.

3. "There is one Spirit," the Holy Spirit—the gift of which every Christian claims.

4. "There is one Faith"—indisputably the simple faith of the Gospel of Jesus. Thousands were made Christians without any knowledge of Moses; and before the letters of Paul or even the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were ever written. But no man ever became a Christian without accepting the Gospel which the Son of God commanded to be preached to every creature in all the earth.

5. "One Hope," the precious hope of everlasting life.

6. "One Baptism," immersion in water, into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. History declares unequivocally that the Roman Catholic Church (and so says the Popé) originated Baptism by sprinkling, and Protestantism there borrowed it. The united Church can only practice as in the first age—immersion.

And now what next? Why, Paul says there is :

7. "One Body." God speed the day, and let us live to see it, when the happy Church shall thus stand in power, and shall unitedly battle to conquer the sinful world in Christ's name.

Beloved, have you never thought upon the beautiful way of the waters in Nature, how they work, and in what sweet harmony bless the world? If we climb the

mountain side we see the little spring giving drink to deer and bird, to the shepherd and his flock, but seemingly nothing wasted, it dances down in the brook, to make green the meadow and cherish the life of the farmer's herd. We follow it on in the creek where it unites with many other springs and brooklets to turn the old water mill that saws the lumber and grinds the corn. Soon we find it poured into the smaller river, bearing the tug and raft, and making beautiful the landscape. At last, behold the tireless thing of life and good, sweeping on in the great, deep, broad river proudly bearing upon its bosom the gigantic ship or mighty steamer burdened with the riches of commerce, and hundreds of human beings. Thus should it be with Christian love! We would not do away with the little log church far out in the wild forest; we would not tear down one white-spired temple in the village, nor take one stone from the splendid and massive edifices of the city. Let them stand. The army will need more than we have. But let the congregations begin to flow outward; to give away somewhat of their unused and stagnating love to the great brotherhood—to the perishing world! Let them carry their constantly accumulating forces, pouring together brook after brook, river after river, into one mighty rolling stream, which shall be able to bear the Gospel ships down to the sea, and away to every land beneath the sun.

The petition of the Son of God will yet be granted—it must be answered. . Then the great cities of the world—the valleys of Montezuma—the jungles of Africa—the gardens of China and Japan, yea, even the far distant islands of the sea, shall all be made glad, and will join

to swell the anthem of the angels: Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace and good will to men! Then Christ shall have the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession :

“The shouts of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore,
Shall yet be heard the wide world o'er!”

CHAPTER XIX.

THANKSGIVING ADDRESS.

[Union Services at the Central Christian Church, St. Louis,
November 25, 1881.]

“Ezra opened the book in sight of all the people, and when he opened it all the people stood up. And Ezra blessed the Lord the great God, and all the people answered, Amen! Amen! All the people wept when they heard the words of the law. Then he said, “Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength.”—*NEHEMIAH* viii : 5, 10.

History informs us that the winter in Massachusetts two hundred and fifty years ago, was one of bitter and terrible cold. The clothing and dwellings of the settlers were insufficient for the severe climate. Famine followed disease, and hundreds of the colony died. The poor people were all compelled to live on shell fish, ground nuts and acorns. The sturdy old Governor himself lived on parched corn, and at one time “he had his last grain of corn in the oven.”

A day of fasting and prayer for the Colony was appointed for February 6th, but on the morning of the 5th, a ship unexpectedly arrived from England, well

laden with provisions, and the solemn day of fasting was changed to the gladsome Thanksgiving Day. This sweet old custom, then, is not an idle formality established by the will of mere arbitrary ecclesiastic government; it is a natural growth from a bitter soil; the plant that came from the seed of deep trust in God, suddenly developed even to blossoms by the joy and love of grateful men and women.

The orioles and robins are wont to hail the first blush of dawn with songs of stirring melody; they cannot help it. They are so glad to get out of the gloom of night into the light of day that they have to sing. They sing God's praise with tumultuous delight, which seems at times about to split their little throats. It is not so with all creatures. Pigs, (and some people might find their striking analogue in the pig!) greedily devour the apples on the orchard ground, but never look up the tree from which they fall. It is in the nature of the poor brutes to munch the fruit, to grunt and squeal for more; but they do not think and talk about apples; they sing no song of praise, and it is not in their nature to feel grateful and give thanks.

A popular American writer declares that "there is very much pig in human nature," and still we know that swinishness is not characteristic of man's normal and native disposition. He is a creature of much higher order, the highest being on the earth. With his heaven erected face he is given a mind to think and a soul to feel. While he eats to live, and enjoys the luscious flavor of the apple and the grape; he thinks of and admires the tree and vine; he considers the elements that enter into their growth, and thoughtfully looks up to the far

away sun which ripens the beautiful fruit, and thence far away again, "from nature up to nature's God!"

Since we have mentioned apples and the sun, we are reminded of the searching human intelligence which, in Newton, watched the apple fall to the ground; curiously wondering what made it do so; and at last discovered the law of that power which not only pulls down the ripe apples, but holds the sun in its place, and propels it forever onward over its sublime highway among the stars.

This is the force by which everything in the physical world is drawn towards every other thing, and all toward one great common center. Things about the earth are all attracted in a direction toward the center of the earth; the earth itself, the moon and many stars are drawn toward the sun; the sun and his planets are dragged through the immensities of space toward Alcyone in the Pleiades, probably the central point of the whole sidereal system. Job says, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" Strange words spoken in the black tent on the field of Idumea! Possibly, who knows! it is there in the Pleiades that God personally dwells in his eternal home, the house of many mansions. Now, there is a spiritual world; and the mind has recognized the existence of a spiritual force corresponding to, similar in phenomena to the physical in the material world. It is that mysterious force which draws the human spirit up toward a great unseen central power. When man is steeped in ignorance this natural drawing makes him what we call superstitious; when he has soul-helping knowledge it makes him religious. From this felt force pulling forever at him and in him,

man through the ages, has believed that there must be, that there is somewhere high up in the universe, one supreme and awful source of all power, the omnipotence which draws the sun, and draws the soul!

You have read how the mist is often seen rising from the ocean in great white columns, and then gliding away in lustrous streamers up the sky. The sailors call it "the sun drawing up water for the heavens." As it is carried up, the water is purified and beautified; and while it does adorn the sky with banners of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, it is not drawn for sun or sky, it is lifted up that it may descend in refreshing showers upon the earth. So, in some respects with the invisible power which silently draws up the thoughts, feelings and aspirations of men; not for the sake of the Almighty Power, but that the spirits of men may be made pure and beautiful and joyous; and that they being blest may make brighter and better the world. And men have always had either dim and vague, or distinct and vivid conceptions of that mysterious power as the infinite Jehovah of revelation, or the great unknown God in whom we live and move and have our being. That there is a God no nation has ever doubted.

Reliable history now takes us back through near four thousand years; and in Egypt, India, China, everywhere the people were impressed with this truth in some form. The fact is you might destroy the Bible, and wipe out the records of history, but you could never extinguish in the human soul the luminous thought, the vital, intuitive belief, God is! Inseparable from this untaught belief, or rather involved in this universal consensus of belief in the existence of Deity, is the

belief that God is in the world, that God reigns over all on the earth, in the earth, under the earth and above the earth. This earth is no abandoned outpost of the universe left to chance, or left to take care of itself.

History and the Bible teach that God rules among men; that he really commands and directs the march of nations. "God changes the times and seasons; he removeth kings and setteth up kings." "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." "He giveth seed time and harvest.—

"All that God owns, he constantly is healing;
He helps the lowliest herb, with wounded stalk, to rise again.
In the storehouse of wealthy nature,
A ready instinct wakes and moves
To clothe the naked sparrow in its nest,
Or trim the plumage of the aged raven.
In the slow decaying of the rose,
God works, as well as in the unfolding bud—
With gentleness unspeakable; yea, in death itself
A thousand times more tender, than even
The mother watching by her sick child."

If there is any one thing indisputably taught in the Bible it is the old fashioned doctrine of Divine Providence; the doctrine which holds that God actually watches over, superintends and cares for individuals, families and nations; that all are absolutely dependent upon him; that it is he who determines the conditions of continued existence, safety and happiness; prescribes the perfect underlying principles of all wise human government; that he is pledged to hear and to answer the cry of all who keep his law, and put their trust in

him ; and has made known, not as a cruel and arbitrary decree, but as the inevitable effect of an adequate cause the awful fact that, “the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.” If infidelity could successfully assail and refute this old doctrine of special and general Providence, it would easily drive the friends of the Bible from every field that the sun shines on. Somehow I can feel but little respect for the judicial opinion of the man who repudiates this characteristic doctrine, and yet professes to hold on to the Christian religion. Indeed, I have more admiration for the logic of that sable preacher in Richmond, Va., who dares stand before the world and stoutly insists that, “the sun do move round de earth!” Christian men must not, cannot lose sight ever of that comprehensive statement of the doctrine of Divine Providence,—**GOD REIGNS!** and we may confidently predict that this will be the great guiding star truth of coming church and political life for the nations yet to be born.

We have in the Hebrew Scriptures a marvelous and most awfully instructive portrayal of God’s dealing with the chosen people. The Jewish nation was confessedly of divine foundation, and a firm trust in the providence of Jehovah was in Judea, the central principle of national existence. So long as the Jews trusted in their God and obeyed his law, it was well with them! but when they became godless and disobedient, they were allowed to be carried into captivity ; when they became corrupt and torn by strife ; when they rejected the counsel of God in refusing to have his Son rule over them, then a sorrowful doom fell upon their whole land, they soon ceased to be a sovereign nation, and the king-

less people passed out from the gates of the immortal city and have never been able to return.

I earnestly believe that the representation in the Old Testament is of universal application. It is a lesson and a warning for all nations in all time. It is no special treaties on experimental government for a peculiar and exclusive nation ; but it is the revelation of the relation of the human race to God, and the expression of his perfect and immutable law for all nations. " Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our instruction." According to the same principles on which God dealt with the Jews, will he certainly deal with this nation.

Lord Beaconsfield has left on record these remarkable words : " It may be observed that the decline and disasters in communities have generally been relative to their degree of sedition against the Jewish principle. England notwithstanding her deficient and meagre theology, has always remembered Zion. The great trans-Atlantic Republic, the United States, is intensely semitic, and has prospered accordingly." We must turn again to hear the law of God. Our souls must stand up reverently to listen to it. We must hold again the old faith, cherish somewhat of the old wholesome fear of the Lord, if we would have a real reformation in family, church and state, which will go down to the roots of life, changing it from a sinful and self-seeking life, into a life of humility, purity, love and obedience, giving nobleness to our policy, our literature and art. There are thousands, it may be millions of men to-day who need to have thundered in their ears that this land is, in no mere poetic and secondary sense, but in the primary and real sense of the words, God's country !

In tears and blood this nation was baptized, and consecrated by our forefathers, to be a Protestant Christian Republic. From the day that Columbus threw himself upon his knees, kissed the soil, and with tears of joy gave thanks to God for guiding him to this new world—on through all the trials of the early settlers, there was ever the most devout recognition of the righteous claims of the Supreme Ruler. Every enterprise was begun and carried on, in prayer for the blessing of God. This was not formal or affected, it was in solemn earnest. In the first colonies, only the men who were members of the church, and were ready to give their lives for their country, for freedom and righteousness were allowed to vote in civil affairs, or to hold any office. I do not recall this for our full approval, or as our fit exact model, but to demonstrate what was the real origin, spirit and calling of the Republic.

In the most critical hour in the memorable convention of the representatives of the people, at Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin arose and said: "We have been told in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it': I firmly believe this, and I also firmly believe that without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages."

The reverse of the device for the great seal of the United States, which was adopted by the Continental Congress in 1782, and confirmed by the new Congress under the Constitution of 1789, represents a truncated

pyramid which covers a vast expanse of sea girt land. On its broad base is the immortal date, 1776. Above it rise the thirteen courses which represent the old thirteen States; and far above, with vacant space for all the new ones that have been and are yet to be added, like a cap-stone appears the ancient triangular symbol of the Deity, with the large, open, sleepless eye, surrounded by rays of light and glory. Encircling all is the legend, "*Annuit cœptis novus ordo sæculorum*," which freely translated means, "The new order of the ages smiles upon our undertakings." That pyramid is still rising and unfinished, and above its multiplied courses the All seeing eye looks down from the glory upon the builders and the structure, watching how we build it up in this new order of the ages.

Washington said in his first inaugural address: "No people can be bound to adore the hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States." And said Jefferson at the close of his inaugural, "I shall need, too, the favor of that Being, in whose hands we all are; who led our fathers, as he did Israel of old, from their native land, and planted them in a country flowing with all the comforts and necessities of life, who has covered our infancy with his providence, and our riper years with his wisdom and power, and to whose goodness I ask you to join in supplication with me." In his inaugurals, with what solemn and lofty speech did President Lincoln recognize the nation's dependence upon Him who will establish righteousness upon the earth, "whose judgments are righteous and just!" I wish you to note that Washington and Jefferson, and especially the great Lincoln revered and loved

the Bible. How he loved to read the Book of books, and how firmly he believed that God was with him to guide and help, is matter of history. One of our country's dear treasures is the cheap and common print of the picture of that glorious man sitting with the open Bible upon his knee.

And what of our warrior chief, still living, and to whom the peoples of earth have shown more honor than to any other man in history! In his speech to the American Sunday schools during the Centennial Exposition, Gen. Grant said, "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties, write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future. Let us remember that the Bible is not the scaffolding of the temple of liberty, to be thrown aside as useless lumber, but that it is built into the whole edifice, from corner-stone and foundation to the majestic figure that crowns its dome. And when, if ever, this Book shall cease to be the book of the people, not a stone of that temple will be left upon another, and our capitol will be as desolate as the once fair city of the Great King."

With such an array of authority on our side of the question we may boldly assert that this Nation was founded and grew up by the blessing of God, as a republic of Christian people. And such it must continue to be, or perish! That such it has remained through all the years in its essential genius and principles, is a great cause for profound gratitude and thanksgiving to Almighty God. Despite all our ills, and our many

shortcomings as a people, despite our unmindfulness of his law, he has been very patient with us, and has led us on and up in our high calling among the nations of earth. As a people we have been strangely blessed. In carrying out his far-reaching purpose concerning this nation, God has not dealt with us according to our deserts; for the time he has overlooked our sins, and it would require a long day to tell over the favors and mercies which have come from his beneficent care. But, while we have in his unmerited goodness superabundant cause for thanksgiving, we have to-day no ground for self-complacency, no reason for vain glory and idle boasting.

We have appalling cause for sober thought, for alarm and anxious concern as we contemplate the present, and look to the future, and our gratitude if it be thoughtful and sincere, must lead to humility of spirit and reformation of life.

When the men of Israel heard the law read, when they thought of the goodness of God, and remembered their sins, they wept!

A storm of black clouds, lurid lightning and bitter rain has but recently swept over our land; the days following were, and even yet are veiled with black crape; but, our atmosphere is already purer, our eyes are clearer, and we have grown to be a wiser, humbler, safer people.

By reason of suffering, peril and great horror, the people have been suddenly delivered from the benumbing influence of mad passion, sectional strife, and selfish indifference; and they seem to have waked up to a nobler conception of civic and religious duty.

The admiration and sympathy of foreign nations taught us to hold more dear our own great country. Indeed, all things have combined to superinduce more exalted conceptions of our privileges, and our responsibilities as free citizens. In this connection it may seem to you out of season, but I regard it opportune to remind you of a few points worthy the sober consideration of every man and woman in the United States. The church for long years, has been short-sighted, inconsistent, and unfaithful in its attitude and conduct toward the country. Christians, if not generally, then in very large numbers, have seen fit to stand aloof from all political affairs; have declined to take any active leading interest in the elections; often actually presuming to treat the freeman's vote—a thing of immense possibilities for good or evil—as a worthless thing, a foul and polluting thing.

A venerable bishop is reported as recently saying in convention, "I am opposed to letting woman vote, because the ballot would soil and stain her white hands." If that be the weighty argument against female suffrage, then I would reply, God speed the day when woman may have the ballot! for she would never rest content, until she had washed it, and made the ballot as clean and white and pure as the beautiful linen of her own bridal trousseau! Write me down, for one, as deliberately, thoroughly, and strenuously forever in favor of female suffrage, and if need be, I would gladly open the churches of the land on election day as the place of polls for American men and women. That would be, but to give to those edifices another noble and sacred purpose; and all the more stoutly assert the right and necessity of their existence. While the Christian relig-

ion inculcates universal philanthropy, it does not depreciate patriotism. The Jews loved their native land. They could not sing the glad songs of Zion while in captivity ; and God smiled upon the wild exultant joy they had over their return. Jesus himself loved with human tenderness the vine-clad hills and valleys of Judea ; and he wept over Jerusalem as he contemplated her coming desolation. Why, the whole Bible clothes patriotism with dignity and sancity ! And yet how often do we hear such miserable jargon in holy-tone cant, as, “ Politics is one thing, Religion is another ; keep Christ in the pulpit, and out of all secular affairs.” Our forefathers in their intolerant extreme confined politics to the church, and at first refused to allow “ the unbeliever ” to have any part or lot in the matter ; but, in our generation there is a tendency to the opposite dangerous extreme. Now, sublimated sanctimony would exclude political concerns from the church ; and does actually discourage the dear, pious, unworldly member from ever going near the primaries, or the polls—disreputable places.

I happened to ask a distinguished clergyman last summer, “ With which political party do you vote ? ” “ Neither Sir ! I am a minister of the Gospel ; I never did vote, and I take no interest in politics ! ” and as he answered he cast me a look of infinite superiority and would be withering reproach. It was only his white head, not his white cravat, that restrained me from hotly retorting, “ then God help you sir ; for such a man is not fit to teach the people, and not fit to live in this good land ! ” The best Christian ought to be the best citizen ; and no man is a worthy citizen who does

not love his country, and who does not look upon his vote as a thing of inestimable value. If there be no other way to recall the people from this political indifference and neglect, I would advocate the passage of a national law to correct it. Every preacher, priest, teacher, lawyer, doctor, merchant, every citizen that wilfully neglected to cast in his vote *at every election*, should be adjudged guilty of public offence, with penalty of fine of one hundred dollars, or imprisonment for thirty days! It is asserted in public print, that your great city is to-day ruled by the very worst class of people in it. If this be so, why is it so? Undoubtedly because many Christians are too unworldly, and multitudes of merchants are too selfishly busy to bother with political affairs, and they shamefully fail to do their manly duty.

“The careless trust that happy luck
Will save us;
Come what may!”

Take care, fellow citizens, lest your own supineness and blind folly hurry on the day when your streets will have to be swept with the hail of Gatling guns; when it will cost your time and money, possibly your lives to restore peace and order!

Again, another matter vitally essential to the public welfare, is the exercise of real and formal reverence for things that have been treated as sacred by the wise and good from the beginning of our history. This generation seems in danger of losing altogether the sense and habit of veneration, courtesy, civility and chivalric politeness. Our average young man is so full of the

Declaration of Independence ; he has seen and heard so much ; his sensibilities have been so blunted by fast and sinful experience, by familiarity with reckless and impious conduct, that few things can startle or appal him, and he has but a dim impression of what is due superior and sacred things. Indeed, we are inclined to suspect that young America would pride himself upon remaining seated with his slouch hat on in the presence of Queen Victoria, of our President, or if possible even in the immediate august presence of the Deity himself.

We need strong and severe instruction on this subject. The wise patriot must be anxious to see growing ever increasingly among the people solemn respect for the Bible, and at least a decorous observance of that "pearl of days," the Lord's day. President John Adams often and eloquently urged this upon his countrymen as a necessity to the safety and perpetuity of the Republic.

While we can never, and should never dictate how men shall spend Sunday, society has the indisputable right to say how men shall not spend it ; yea, society is bound to protect itself by the most rigid, moral, sanitary and precautionary measures. A Despotism may possibly be indifferent to morals, but a Republic cannot be and live ! Love of country, love of the old city, love of home and wife and children, love of the right, all should persuade you every one to lend helpful support to those dear brave women who "have set their faces as flint" in the struggle to secure a strict enforcement of the Sunday laws in St. Louis. You should deem it another great cause for thanksgiving that you have women of such courage and wise solicitude for the public weal in your midst. "Sunday in Europe" may be a

seemly and innocent thing in the haunts of tyranny, ignorance, poverty, degradation, tears and despair, but neath our blue sky, in our sweet sunshine, in this new world of Hope, the "Beer garden service," is an insult, a shame and a curse, and all true Americans should rise up in wrath and might to put it down once for all and forever! The hour will not permit, or I would be glad to discourse on several points that must be considered elementary subjects in any discussion of political pathology. Reverence due to parents, and due the aged; and especially the profound reverence due to the institution of marriage, which is perhaps less sacred than no other one thing out of heaven.

As we read the story of our ancestors, we are deeply impressed by the evidence of their fidelity, their chastity, and their gallant manly bearing in all their relations with woman. Noble, proud princes, they, more than any other set of men that ever lived, taught woman to hold herself a queen. Their deportment was characterized by the most delicate consideration, the most ceremonious and genuine gallantry;

In those primeval days, "holy wife taking" was the goal of fond ambition on the part of the young men; and strange as it may seem to you in 1881, the young women were not too timid and frail to accept their lovers without money and without price, go with them to the altar; and then perchance, to a log cabin and begin at the very foundation to build up a sweet home in the world. And those women were not afraid, not ashamed of children! Mark that! What families the old-fashioned folks used to have; ten or twelve boys and girls was a common number, and even fifteen was not thought to be any

cause for amazement. We are proud of and thankful for those sturdy and pure and loving foreparents; but are the children worthy of their sires? In the effort to give answer we are confronted here by facts, which are causes for shame and grave apprehension. For me to speak as plainly as may be I ought to speak, would be like uncapping hell itself, and causing you to walk through the sulphurous wards of the infernal prison. There is upon the bosom of society a horrid cancer which threatens to eat down to and through the very vitals; a rank and huge upas tree of pestilential breath has grown up in the midst of the people, and there is serious danger of it blasting our nation as it blasted even the great Roman Republic.

The fashionable young man of this period is not a marrying man; he informs you that he does not want to marry and cannot afford to marry.

Base, selfish, sensual views of the relation of man and woman have eclipsed the right and ennobling idea of man and his helpmate.

Alas! and it cannot be denied that woman herself too often helps place the wreath of orange blossoms in the dust, or hang it on the walls among the "faded relics of Puritanism and superstition."

You have probably anticipated what must be my last point this morning:

We need as individuals and as a people to cultivate and cherish far more reverence for those in authority over us; and especially for the honored citizen who is called by the people to sustain the executive majesty of the nation, to hold the balance of power, and wield the sword of justice. This is a thought that was suggested to millions

of minds when our great immortal chief lay facing death at Elberon. We all know too well without being told, what it was that struck down the man of men, our Garfield, the country's dear hope, the admiration even of the peoples beyond the ocean! It was the shameful, truthless, unjust and disloyal talk steeped in the caustic venom of party malice. The public press, public men, the scrambling host of greedy office seekers, had been for years unchecked indulging in unscrupulous speech; forgetting that the President of the Republic is clothed with the mantle of the sacred and august sovereignty of a mighty nation, that he and his office, so long as it is his office, are in fact one and inseparable; that to strike at him is to aim a blow at the honor and dignity, if not at the very life of the whole people.

A distinguished author says, "The horologue of time does not peal out the passage of one era to another!" but I am persuaded that those awful death telling bells in the night of September 19th not only proclaimed the saddest event in our history; but suddenly waked up the conscience and intellect of the nation, so that we have already entered a new era of political life that must be upon a higher plane than any that has gone before. Some of the signal characteristics of that era will be: Reverence for the Bible of our fathers; reverence for marriage; reverence for the ballot; reverence for hard won noble personal character; and reverence for the President—upon whom is imposed the great duty, under God, of guiding the nation onward in the path of freedom and righteousness—that the Government at Washington may live and not die; and mayhap, ages on from now, hundreds of millions of happy people under the same old beautiful flag, may with gladness keep our *Thanksgiving Day*.

MAN WRITES HIS LIFE FOR ETERNITY.

“Had it been given me to write down my life
Or only its beginning, but two lines,
Upon a solid tablet of pure gold,
How had I paused ! how pondered o’er the task !
But even now, as children on their slates
Write what is easily effaced, each man
Writes with light hand, but ineffaceably
His life upon the heavy mass of days
That towers behind us, dark, immovable,
An up-piled cloudy wall of adamant,
Infrangible, more solid than mere gold ;
He writes it, as a fate, on human hearts,
He writes it on his own with iron pen !
Then, writer ! think, create, engrave with care !
The lullaby we sing the cradled child
Preludes a picture of his coming days !”

—GOTTLIEB SCHEFER BROOKS.

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